





GLENDALÉ CALIF. PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9010 00973895 0

sC Collection  
~~ASK AT DESK~~

Inv. '53

GLENDALÉ  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

**REFERENCE**

R c.1  
979.4 Soc. of Calif.  
S Pioneers  
1924-25 Quarterly  
v.1-v.2

Not to be taken from  
the Library













Vol. 1

No. 1

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

MARCH 31, 1924


R

979.4

S

V. 1-2

1924 -



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2025



# The Society of California Pioneers

## QUARTERLY

---

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

Organized August, 1850.

---

### First President

Wm. D. M. Howard, 1850-1853.

---

Total Number Signing Roll Since Organization.....	3981
Total Number Seniors or Original Pioneers to Sign Roll	3111
Total Number of Juniors to Sign Roll.....	870

---

### Present Membership

Seniors: Original Pioneers.....	13
Juniors: Descendants of Members.....	435
Honorary Members .....	2





# The Society of California Pioneers

Organized August 31, 1850

---

## OFFICERS

From July, 1923 to July, 1924

---

### PRESIDENT

H. L. VAN WINKLE

### VICE-PRESIDENTS

DR. JOSEPH A. OLIVER.....	San Francisco
JAMES K. MOFFITT.....	San Francisco
R. R. RUSS.....	San Francisco
CORNELIUS COLE.....	Los Angeles
W. E. YORK.....	St. Helena

### TREASURER

CHARLES J. DEERING

### SECRETARY

HENRY L. BYRNE

### MARSHAL

J. H. P. GEDGE

### DIRECTORS

JAMES P. TAYLOR  
PHIL B. BEKEART  
JOHN J. LEMMEN  
O. P. STIDGER

W. I. STERETT  
C. S. CUSHING  
K. G. EASTON  
E. A. DOUTHITT

F. D. P. TELLER





# Organization of the Society of California Pioneers

(From the original manuscript of Willard B. Farwell)

---

Homeseekers, who had settled here prior to the discovery of gold, were the founders of The Society of California Pioneers, although up to the late summer of 1850 they were an unorganized group, known as the "earliest residents."

Plans began to develop when the steamship California arrived, bringing news of the death of President General Zachary Taylor. During the arrangements for the funeral ceremonies and procession to be held here in memory of the late president, the thought of mourning as a definite body occurred to the "earliest residents."

So many men responded to the call for marchers in the pioneers' division that it became one of the most conspicuous and imposing features of the procession. Then it was that plans for a permanent organization began to take shape.

On August 30, 1850, the following notice appeared in the San Francisco morning papers:

"The early pioneers of California are requested to call at the office of the iron warehouse of Howard & Mellus on Montgomery street on Saturday evening, 31st of August, at 7 o'clock.

"It is expected all old pioneers and residents of three years and upwards will attend. The object of the meeting will be announced.

"ANGLO CALIFORNIANS."

Preliminary organization plans were made on Saturday night and the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was requested to make a report at the meeting to be held on the following Wednesday.

It was not long before a constitution and by-laws had been adopted and permanent officers elected. They were:

President—W. D. M. Howard.

Vice-Presidents—Jacob R. Snyder, Samuel Brannan,  
George Frank Lemon.

Recording Secretary—Captain J. L. Folsom.

Assistant Recording Secretary—J. C. L. Wadsworth.

Corresponding Secretary—Edwin Bryant.

These men were prominent in business and social circles throughout the State. They had been definitely a part of the most important events in early California history.

The seven leaders and the members of the society at once pledged themselves to uphold the purposes of the organization, which were incorporated in the first article of the constitution. As stated there, they were:

“To cultivate the social virtues of its members, to collect and preserve information connected with the early settlement and conquest of the country, and to perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity, enterprise and love of independence induced them to settle in the wilderness and become the germ of a new State.”

The society soon became one of the most influential organizations in the State and took a prominent part in all public ceremonies. Eligibility to membership was at first confined to those who had resided in California for three years prior to joining. But it was not long before it became apparent that unless the conditions were made more elastic the society could not be perpetuated.

In July, 1853, the constitution was amended, making all those who had arrived in California prior to January 1, 1850, and their male descendants eligible to membership. This ruling has been strictly maintained ever since and will doubtless always stand. The society doubled in numbers before the close of 1853 and all fears as to its future existence were soon put to rest.

Early in the history of the organization James Lick made it the recipient of his first public gift. The co-operation of this great man insured the prosperity of the organization. In 1860, Mr. Lick gave the society the lot on the corner of Montgomery and Gold streets, where the first Pioneer Hall was erected in 1862. It was dedicated on January 8, 1863, and was the home of the society for the following twenty years.

In 1873, Mr. Lick made his second gift to the society: the lot on Fourth street near Market. In 1884-5 the new Pioneer Hall was erected on this site and became the permanent home of the society.

Having previously been made one of his residuary legatees under the deed of trust which disposed of his vast estate in many

public benefactions, the society ultimately received \$600,000 in addition to the many gifts previously made by Mr. Lick.

The Society of California Pioneers is now on such a sound financial basis, through prudent and successful management of its resources, that it is able to care and provide for such old comrades and members as are in need in their old age. This duty is being faithfully and honorably dispatched.

The presidents of the society from its organization up to the present day have been:

Name	Birthplace	Term
1 WILLIAM DAVIS MERRY HOWARD	Mass.	1850-3
2 SAMUEL BRANNAN	Maine	1853-4
3 JACOB RINK SNYDER	Pennsylvania	1854-5
4 STEPHEN RANDALL HARRIS	New York	1855-6
5 THOMAS OLIVER LARKIN	Mass.	1856-7
6 ALEXANDER GURDON ABELL	New York	1857-60
7 PHILIP AUGUSTIN ROACH	Ireland	1860-1
8 HENRY MARTIN GRAY	New York	1861-2
9 OWEN PAUL SUTTON	New York	1862-3
10 WILLARD BRIGHAM FARWELL	Mass.	1863-4
11 JOSEPH WEBB WINANS	New York	1864-5
12 PIERRE BARLOW CORNWALL	New York	1865-6
13 ROBERT JOYCE TIFFANY	New York	1866-7
14 WILLIAM RUFUS WHEATON	New York	1867-8
15 WILLIAM HENRY CLARK	Maine	1868-9
16 RICHARD CHENERY	Mass.	1869-70
17 CHARLES DANIEL CARTER	New York	1870-1
18 ALEXEY WALDEMAR VON SCHMIDT	Russia	1871-2
19 PETER DONAHUE	Scotland	1872-3
20 JAMES LICK	Pennsylvania	1873 to Oct., '76
21 WILLIAM TELL COLEMAN	Kentucky	Oct., '76, to July, '77
22 PETER DEAN	England	1877-8
23 SERRANUS CLINTON HASTINGS	New York	1878-9
24 HENRY LEE DODGE	Vermont	1879-80
25 JOSEPH GREEN EASTLAND	Tennessee	1880-2
26 WASHINGTON BARTLETT	Georgia	1882-3
27 NATHANIEL HOLLAND	Pennsylvania	1883-4
28 LOUIS SLOSS	Germany	1884-5
29 JOHN NIGHTINGALE	New Jersey	1885-6
30 GUSTAVE REIS	Germany	1886-7
31 ISAAC ELPHINSTONE DAVIS	Mass.	1887-8
32 ARTHUR MERCEIN EBBETS	New York	1889-9
33 EDWARD KRUSE	Germany	1889-90
34 ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY	Ireland	1890-1
35 LIVINGSTON L. BAKER	Maine	1891-2
36 C. V. S. GIBBS	Rhode Island	1892-4



Name	Birthplace	Term
37 CHRISTIAN REIS .....	<i>Germany</i> .....	1894-5
38 HEBER NUTTER TILDEN.....	<i>Vermont</i> .....	1895-6
39 ELLIOTT M. ROOT.....	<i>New York</i> .....	1896-7
40 JOHN H. JEWETT.....	<i>Connecticut</i> .....	1897-8
41 AYLETT RAINS COTTON.....	<i>Ohio</i> .....	1898-9
42 NILES SEARLS .....	<i>New York</i> .....	1899-1900
43 E. W. McKINSTRY.....	<i>Michigan</i> .....	1900-1901
44 WALTER VAN DYKE.....	<i>New York</i> .....	1901-2
45 HENRY BEAUCHAMP RUSS.....	<i>New York</i> .....	1902-3
46 JOHN JEFFERSON DeHAVEN.....	<i>Missouri</i> .....	1903-4
47 JOHN MAY BURNETT.....	<i>Missouri</i> .....	1904-5
48 WILLIAM WHITE HOBART.....	<i>Michigan</i> .....	1905-7
49 HENRY LOUIS BYRNE.....	<i>Louisiana</i> .....	1907-10
50 HART BOUTON .....	<i>New York</i> .....	1910-11
51 TITUS HALE .....	<i>Missouri</i> .....	1911-13
52 JOHN JACOB LERMEN.....	<i>California</i> .....	1913-14
53 JAMES PETER TAYLOR.....	<i>Australia</i> .....	1914-16
54 J. H. P. GEDGE.....	<i>Tasmania</i> .....	1916-17
55 FREDERICK RUSS .....	<i>New Jersey</i> .....	1917-18
56 M. STUART TAYLOR.....	<i>Washington, D. C.</i> .....	July, '18 to May, '19
57 W. H. WILLIAMS.....	<i>New Zealand</i> .....	May, '19, to Feb., '20
58 JOHN S. DRUM.....	<i>California</i> .....	1920-21
59 FRANK J. GEDGE.....	<i>Tasmania</i> .....	1921-Jan. 12, '23
60 H. L. VAN WINKLE.....	<i>New Jersey</i> .....	1923

## Present Membership

### SENIOR PIONEERS

From 1850 to date, 3,981 have become members of The Society of California Pioneers, of which 3,111 were original Pioneers. The present membership is 450, of whom 13 are senior or original Pioneers; 2 Honorary and 435 Juniors. The average of the 13 Seniors is 85 years. Of the founders' group, less than one-half of 1 per cent remain. They constitute the most reliable source of information and the remaining personal contact with the stirring events in the early history of California.

They are:

Name	Residence	Place of Birth	Arrived in California
Auradou, Jules.....	Healdsburg.....	France.....	Sept. 14, 1849
Brannan, Sam'l, Jr.....	San Diego.....	New York.....	July 31, 1846
Brown, Joseph.....	Los Angeles.....	Colorado.....	Sept. 15, 1849
Byrne, Henry L.....	San Francisco.....	Louisiana.....	Oct. 31, 1849
Chaigneau, Alfred.....	San Francisco.....	Chili.....	Apr. 16, 1849
Cole, Cornelius.....	Los Angeles.....	New York.....	July 20, 1849
Gedge, J. H. P.....	San Rafael.....	Tasmania.....	May 17, 1849
Gibson, H. G.....	Washington, D. C.....	Maryland.....	Apr. 24, 1849
Hale, Titus.....	Piedmont.....	Missouri.....	Sept. 1, 1849
Louderback, A. A.....	San Francisco.....	Pennsylvania.....	Sept. 15, 1849
Russ, Frederick.....	Piedmont.....	New Jersey.....	Mar. 26, 1847
Taylor, James P.....	Oakland.....	Australia.....	Apr. 1, 1849
Tibbey, H. S.....	Seattle.....	New Zealand.....	Aug. 1, 1849

### HONORARY MEMBERS

Crocker, William H.....	San Francisco	Mathews, Henry E.....	San Francisco
-------------------------	---------------	-----------------------	---------------

### JUNIOR MEMBERS

There are 435 Junior Members, male descendants of original pioneers..

Adams, F. B.....	Belvedere, Cal.	Bekeart, Phil B. ....	San Francisco
Ames, J. H. ....	Oakland, Cal.	Bekeart, Phil K. ....	San Francisco
Anderson, H. C. ....	San Francisco	Bennett, R. H. ....	San Francisco
Anderson, K. F.....	San Francisco	Bering, E. A. ....	San Francisco
Backus, S. W. ....	San Francisco	Bertheau, Cesar ....	San Francisco
Baker, C. M. ....	San Francisco	Bertheau, M. A. ....	San Francisco
Baker, C. H. ....	San Francisco	Blankman, H. G. ....	Dawson, Canada
Baker, J. M. ....	San Francisco	Bonestell, C. L. ....	Menlo Park
Baker, P. S. ....	San Francisco	Bouton, C. M. ....	San Francisco
Balm, A. R. ....	San Francisco	Bouton, W. E. ....	San Francisco
Barclay, G. R. ....	St. Louis, Mo.	Bradford, C. A. ....	San Francisco
Bates, Geo. W. ....	San Rafael	Brickell, J. C. ....	San Francisco
Beans, W. K. ....	San Jose, Cal.	Brown, P. K., Dr. ....	San Francisco

Bruner, J. W. ....	Oakland	Dennison, A. L. ....	Vallejo, Cal.
Bruner, W. C. ....	Oakland	Dimpfel, Geo. P. ....	Oakland
Bruner, W. W. ....	Oakland	Dolan, Wm. K. ....	Corte Madera
Buckley, D. J. ....	San Francisco	Dougherty, C. M. ....	Dougherty Sta., Cal.
Buckley, D. J., Jr. ....	San Francisco	Douthitt, E. A. ....	San Francisco
Buckley, E. M. ....	San Francisco	Downs, W. E. ....	Sutter Creek, Cal.
Bull, C. C. ....	Eureka, Cal.	Drinkhouse, F. R. ....	San Francisco
Burdell, J. B. ....	Petaluma, Cal.	Drinkhouse, Fred Roy ....	San Francisco
Burke, F. J. ....	Petaluma, Cal.	Drinkhouse, J. A. ....	Redwood City
Burnett, D. M. ....	San Jose, Cal.	Drum, A. V. ....	Burlingame, Cal.
Burnett, J. M., Jr. ....	San Jose, Cal.	Drum, F. G., Jr. ....	Burlingame, Cal.
Byrne, J. M. ....	San Francisco	Drum, J. S. ....	Burlingame, Cal.
Byrne, J. T. ....	San Francisco	Drum, J. S., Jr. ....	Burlingame, Cal.
Capp, C. S. ....	Berkeley	Duffield, W. W. ....	Kentucky
Cardinet, G. H. ....	Oakland	Duisenberg, E. G. ....	Honolulu
Cashman, Wm. F. ....	San Francisco	Duisenberg, C. F. W. ....	San Francisco
Chambers, E., Jr. ....	San Francisco	Duisenberg, G. A. W. ....	San Francisco
Chenery, L. E. ....	San Francisco	Dunphy, J. C. ....	San Francisco
Classen, J. W. ....	San Francisco	Dunne, J. F. ....	San Felipe, Cal.
Coddington, J. ....		Dutton, J. W. ....	Dutton's Landing, Cal.
Cole, R. Y. ....	San Pedro, Cal.	Eastland, Thos. B. ....	San Francisco
Coleman, R. L. ....	San Francisco	Easton, K. G. ....	Berkeley
Conly, W. H. ....	San Francisco	Easton, R. E. ....	Santa Maria, Cal.
Conner, J. L. ....	San Francisco	Easton, S. A. ....	Idaho
Cook, C. W. ....	San Francisco	Ebbets, E. L. ....	San Francisco
Cook, C. G. ....	San Francisco	Ebbets, L. S. ....	San Francisco
Cook, E. P. ....	Oakland	Ebbets, R. C. ....	San Francisco
Cook, H. N. ....	San Francisco	Eddy, H. H. ....	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Cook, M. H. ....	San Francisco	Eggers, H. C. ....	San Francisco
Cornwall, B. ....	San Francisco	Ellis, A. V. H. ....	New York City
Coryell, J. R., Jr. ....	Oakland	Ellis, Capen ....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Coryell, J. B. ....	Menlo Park	Ellis, H. H. ....	Watsonville, Cal.
Cotton, A. R., Jr. ....	San Mateo, Cal.	Ellis, P. A. ....	Niles, Cal.
Cushing, C. S. ....	San Francisco	Ellis, Robert ....	Pleasanton, Cal.
Cushing, O. K. ....	San Francisco	Engelberg, E. C. A. ....	Arizona
Cutler, T. B. ....	Crescent City, Cal.	Engelbrecht, W. R. ....	Oakland
Danglada, A. F. ....	San Francisco	Esberg, M. H., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Daniels, S. H. ....	San Francisco	Eyre, E. L. ....	San Francisco
Davis, J. H., Jr. ....	San Francisco	Farish, J. B. ....	San Francisco
Dean, B. S. ....	San Francisco	Ferguson, P. F. ....	San Francisco
Dean, C. D. ....	San Francisco	Feusier, H. E. C. ....	San Francisco
Dean, J. R. ....	San Francisco	Fine, H. M. ....	Camp Kearny, Cal.
Dean, R. A. ....	San Francisco	Finn, John III ....	Mill Valley, Cal.
Dean, T. R. ....	San Francisco	Fitzburgh, Wm. M., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Deering, C. J. ....	San Francisco	Flood, J. L. ....	San Francisco
Deering, F. P. ....	San Francisco	Flood, James ....	San Francisco
Degener, G. O. ....	San Francisco	Fonda, C. P. ....	San Francisco
Demerest, F. W. ....	San Francisco	Fonda, H. S. ....	

Fonda, W. G. ....	San Francisco	Irvine, J., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Geary, Ernest G. ....	San Francisco	Jewell, Chas. A. ....	San Francisco
Gedge, Dr. D. McC. ....	San Mateo, Cal.	Johnson, F. M. ....	San Mateo, Cal.
Gedge, Dr. H. E. ....	San Francisco	Johnson, F. M., Jr. ....	San Mateo, Cal.
Ghirardelli, D. ....	San Francisco	Johnson, R. V. ....	San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Gibbs, A. K. ....	Oakland	Jordan, R., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Gibbs, C. E. ....	San Francisco	Kelly, J. J. ....	Alameda
Gibbs, C. E., III ....	Sacramento, Cal.	King, H. L., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Gibbs, H. T. ....	San Francisco	King, R. M. ....	Milford, Cal.
Gill, C. D. ....	Redlands, Cal.	Kirkpatrick, H. C. ....	San Francisco
Graham, G. S. ....	San Rafael, Cal.	Knapp, Eddy ....	San Francisco
Graves, H. A. ....	Los Angeles, Cal.	Knapp, M. A. ....	Los Angeles
Grant, Wm. ....	San Francisco	Knapp, S. A. ....	Oakland
Grimes, E. M. ....	Monterey	Knopf, Gedge ....	San Rafael, Cal.
Hale, C. B. ....	Orland, Cal.	Kruse, E. P. E. ....	Berkeley
Hale, C. P. ....	Piedmont	Kruse, E. F. T. ....	Berkeley
Hale, E. ....	Piedmont	Kuner, R. A. ....	San Francisco
Hale, Wm. T. ....	Oakland	Lamberton, C. H. ....	San Francisco
Hall, C. E. ....		Langton, C. N. ....	Visalia, Cal.
Hallett, W. H. ....	San Francisco	Lask, H. J. ....	San Francisco
Halloran, A. H. ....	San Francisco	Lask, G. E. ....	San Francisco
Hamburg, W. E. ....	Oakland	Latham, W. C. ....	Berkeley
Hardin, Y. McE. ....	Pope Valley, Cal.	Lathrop, B. G., Jr. ....	England
Hart, L. E. ....	Pinole, Cal.	Lawrence, G. E. ....	
Havens, C. R. ....	Oakland	Leese, E. R. ....	San Francisco
Hawks, H. D. ....	San Francisco	Leese, W. A. ....	San Francisco
Hawks, J. L. ....	San Francisco	Lent, E. ....	San Francisco
Hawxhurst, R., Jr. ....	San Francisco	Lent, Geo. H. ....	San Francisco
Heesemann, C. J. ....	Oakland	Lermen, J. J. ....	San Francisco
Henry, A. J. ....		Lermen, J. J., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Herrmann, G. ....	San Francisco	Levy, E. P. ....	San Francisco
Herrmann, Wm. ....	San Francisco	Levy, E. W. ....	San Francisco
Hihn, F. D. ....	San Francisco	Lilienthal, B. P. ....	San Francisco
Hill, H. L., Jr. ....	Los Altos, Cal.	Lord, A. A. ....	New York
Hitchcock, J. L. ....	San Francisco	Lott, C. F., Jr. ....	Oroville, Cal.
Hitchcock, Wm. G. ....	Burlingame, Cal.	Louderback, Geo. D. ....	Berkeley
Holladay, E. B. ....	Pasadena, Cal.	Louderback, H. ....	San Francisco
Holladay, C. H. ....	Pasadena, Cal.	Lowe, W. E. ....	New York City
Holmes, D. S. ....	Kellogg, Cal.	Lowry, W. G. ....	
Hosmer, C. H. ....	San Carlos, Cal.	Luchsinger, A. G. ....	San Francisco
Hosmer, M. R. ....	San Carlos, Cal.	Lynch, F. W. ....	San Francisco
Howard, E. P. ....	Piedmont, Cal.	MacDermot, A. J. M. ....	Oakland
Howard, W. H. ....	Hillsborough	MacDermot, L. M. ....	Oakland
Hugg, R. H. ....	Seattle, Wash.	Madden, G. R. ....	
Hunt, E. W. ....	San Francisco	Madden, J. F. ....	
Hunt, W. B. ....	San Francisco	Mahoney, D., Jr. ....	San Mateo, Cal.
Hutchinson, E. C. ....	San Francisco	Mallett, Fowler ....	Berkeley
Hutchinson, J. S. ....	Berkeley	Mallett, J. H., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Hutchinson, L. ....	Berkeley		

Malville, N. J. ....	San Francisco	Noisat, P. L. ....	Berkeley
Mann, C. S., Dr. ....	San Francisco	O'Callaghan, C. F. ....	San Francisco
Markley, L. ....	Tacoma, Wash.	O'Callaghan, D. J. ....	San Francisco
Markley, S. ....		O'Callaghan, D., Jr., ....	San Francisco
Marsh, E. L. ....	San Francisco	Oliver, J. A. ....	San Francisco
Martel, L. S. ....	Mountain View, Cal.	Ord, E. O. C., Jr. ....	Berkeley
Martin, C. M. O. ....	San Francisco	Ord, James G. ....	San Francisco
Martin, O. B. ....	San Francisco	Ord, H. N. ....	Oregon
Martin, W. S. ....	San Francisco	Otis, Frank ....	Alameda
Mariscano, F. F. ....	San Francisco		
Marye, G. T., Jr. ....	San Francisco	Pasquale, E. V. ....	San Francisco
Masten, J. M. ....	San Francisco	Peckham, I. M. ....	San Francisco
Mauzy, C. S. ....	San Francisco	Peckham, J. A. ....	San Francisco
McGlynn, Frank ....	New York	Phelan, C. A. ....	Alameda
McAllister, B. P. ....	San Mateo, Cal.	Phelan, H. F. ....	Alameda
McAllister, Elliott, Jr. ....	San Mateo, Cal.	Phelan, M. J. ....	Alameda
McAuliffe, F. M. ....	San Francisco	Phelan, P. L. ....	Alameda
McKinstry, C. H. ....	New York	Phelan, Henry, Dr. ....	Alameda
McKinstry, J. C. ....	San Francisco	Phelan, J. D. ....	San Francisco
Meinecke, E. P. ....	San Francisco	Phelan, Louis ....	El Paso, Tex.
Merchant, B. D. ....	Reedley, Cal.	Phelps, F. A. ....	San Francisco
Metcalfe, G. A. ....	San Francisco	Pinkham, H. ....	Burlingame, Cal.
Metcalfe, Peter ....	Seattle, Wash.	Pioda, A. W. ....	San Francisco
Metson, W. H. ....	San Francisco	Pioda, C. L. ....	Spreckels, Cal.
Meussdorffer, O. E. ....	San Francisco	Pioda, L. E. W. ....	San Francisco
Mills, W. E. C. ....	Alaska	Pioda, P. L. ....	Spreckels, Cal.
Mills, Edgar ....	Sacramento, Cal.	Poett, H. W. ....	San Mateo, Cal.
Mills, Ogden ....	New York City	Posey, G. A. ....	San Francisco
Mills, O. L. ....	New York City	Pray, Milton ....	Burlingame, Cal.
Moffitt, James ....	San Francisco	Prichard, De Forest ....	
Moffitt, J. K. ....	Piedmont, Cal.		
Moody, F. S. ....	San Francisco	Reading, R. W. ....	Shasta County, Cal.
Moon, M. W. ....	San Francisco	Redington, A. P. ....	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Moore, A. A. ....	Oakland	Reis, C., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Moore, C. C. ....	San Francisco	Reis, F., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Moore, G. P. ....	San Francisco	Ricks, H. L. ....	Eureka, Cal.
Moore, L. H. ....	San Francisco	Roberts, M. R., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Moore, W. L. ....	Santa Cruz, Cal.	Robins, H. R. ....	Berkeley
Morgan, F. C. ....	San Francisco	Robins, J. H. ....	Berkeley
Mott, E. M. ....	Washington, D. C.	Root, H. G. ....	San Francisco
Mowry, J. C. ....	Irvington, Cal.	Ross, F. W. ....	San Francisco
Murphy, E. B. ....	Burlingame, Cal.	Rowell, L. G. ....	Oakland
		Russ, G. A., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Nachtingall, H. P. ....		Russ, E. F. ....	San Francisco
Neal, G. F. ....	San Francisco	Russ, F. G. ....	San Francisco
Neal, R. W. ....	San Francisco	Russ, H. S. ....	San Francisco
Neal, W. W., Jr. ....	Oakland	Russ, R. A. ....	San Francisco
Nealon, P. J. ....	Monterey, Cal.	Russ, R. R. ....	San Francisco
Neppert, G. P. ....	San Francisco	Russell, J. H., Jr. ....	Washington, D. C.
Neppert, J. P. ....	San Francisco	Ryland, C. T. (3) ....	San Jose, Cal.



Ryland, D. E. ....	Denver, Colo.	Theall, Julian .....	
Ryland, J. R. ....	San Jose, Cal.	Thompson, E. B. ....	Berkeley
Ryland, R. J. ....	San Jose, Cal.	Tiffany, Peer .....	San Leandro, Cal.
		Tiffany, Wm. Z. ....	Sausalito, Cal.
Sammi, J. C. ....	San Francisco	Tilden, C. V. ....	San Francisco
Sargent, G. C. ....	San Francisco	Tilden, H. V. ....	San Francisco
Schmidt, F. ....	San Francisco	Tillman, F. ....	San Francisco
Schmidt, H. A. T. ....	San Francisco	Tobin, C. R. ....	Burlingame, Cal.
Schmidt, O. B. ....	San Francisco	Tobin, J. O. ....	San Francisco
Schmiedell, E. G. ....	San Francisco	Toy, Harvey M. ....	San Francisco
Schroth, J. F. ....	San Francisco	Tripler, C. S., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Scooffy, L. J. ....	Mendocino County, Cal.	Turney, O. W. ....	San Francisco
Searls, F. ....	Nevada City, Cal.	Tuska, G. J. ....	San Francisco
Searls, N., Jr. ....	Berkeley	Tyson, James .....	Piedmont, Cal.
Shipman, C. H. ....	San Francisco	Tyson, James, Jr. ....	Piedmont, Cal.
Short, E. N. ....	San Francisco	Tyson, J. H. ....	Piedmont, Cal.
Shurtleff, C. A. ....	San Francisco	Tyson, L. H. ....	Piedmont, Cal.
Shurtleff, G. C. ....	San Francisco	Tyson, M. ....	San Francisco
Simpson, O. F. ....	Hayward, Cal.		
Simpton, F. G. ....	San Rafael, Cal.	Underhill, L. K. ....	San Francisco
Simson, L. ....	San Francisco		
Skinner, J. H. ....	Alameda	Valentine, W. L. ....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Skinner, J., Jr. ....	Alameda	Van Bergen, N. B. ....	San Francisco
Sloss, Joseph .....	San Francisco	Van Brunt, W. R. ....	Alameda
Sloss, Louis (No. 3) ....	San Francisco	Van Orden, C. H. ....	San Francisco
Sloss, Louis .....	San Francisco	Van Orden, G. N. ....	San Francisco
Sloss, M. C. ....	San Francisco	Van Orden, L. ....	Alameda
Slusser, W. P. ....	Windsor, Cal.	Van Pelt, F. E. ....	San Francisco
Smith, M. Y. ....	San Francisco	Van Winkle, Kellogg .....	Berkeley
Snook, C. E. ....	Oakland	Van Winkle, H. L. ....	San Francisco
Snook, W. E. ....	San Francisco	Vischer, H. B. ....	Berkeley
Sterett, G. H. ....	San Francisco	Von Bergen, H. ....	San Francisco
Sterett, W. I. ....	San Francisco	Von Schmidt, A. W. ....	
Stidger, O. P. ....	San Francisco		
Stilwell, C. W. ....	Oakland	Wallace, R. R. ....	San Francisco
Stringer, W. A. ....	San Francisco	Ward, C. T. A. ....	Valparaiso, Chili
Stuart, C. D. ....	Massachusetts	Ward, G. B. ....	San Francisco
Stumcke, C. E. ....	Massachusetts	Webb, C. C. ....	Kentucky
Sullivan, C. A. ....	San Francisco	Webb, H. H. ....	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Sullivan, F. J. ....	San Francisco	Webb, H. H., Jr. ....	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Sutter, A. ....	San Francisco	Webb, Louis .....	Montague, Cal.
		Webb, Torrey H. ....	Los Angeles, Cal.
		Webber, W. K. ....	Berkeley
Tallant, G. P. ....	Santa Barbara, Cal.	Weir, G. H. ....	Piedmont, Cal.
Taylor, E. K. ....	Alameda	Wentworth, C. J. ....	Fresno, Cal.
Taylor, H. B. ....	Oakland	Weston, J. A. ....	San Francisco
Teller, C. W. ....	San Francisco	Wethered, W. ....	San Francisco
Teller, F. de P. ....	Mill Valley, Cal.	Wheeler, A. A. ....	San Francisco
Teller, F. de P., Jr. ....	Mill Valley, Cal.	Wheeler, Harold .....	San Francisco
Tennent, J. H. ....	Corcoran, Cal.	Whipple, A. B. ....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Tevis, W. S. ....	San Francisco	White, Dr. Fillmore .....	San Francisco

White, E. ....	San Francisco	Williams, H. A. ....	San Francisco
White, G. A. ....	Seattle, Wash.	Williams, F. J. ....	San Francisco
White, Henry ....	San Francisco	Williams, R. V. ....	San Francisco
White, J. P. ....	San Francisco	Williams, Walter J. ....	San Francisco
White, Walter H. ....	San Francisco	Williams, W. H., Jr. ....	San Francisco
Whittell, G., Jr. ....	San Francisco	Wood, W. W. ....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Wilcox, A. H. ....	Los Angeles, Cal.	Woodworth, L. ....	New York City
Willey, W. J. ....	Berkeley	Wright, Hallock ....	Alameda
Williams, A. C. ....	San Francisco	Yale, Chas. G. ....	Oakland
Williams, Chas. J. ....	San Francisco	Young, J. H. ....	Eureka, Cal.
Williams, E. A. ....	San Francisco	Ziel, G. A. ....	San Francisco
Williams, E. A., Jr. ....	San Francisco		

# Recollections of Gold Digging

BY

WILLARD BRIGHAM FARWELL

---

Seventy-six years ago the discovery of gold near the little town of Coloma turned the eyes of the world toward a hitherto unknown portion of remote California.

From the spot where Marshall found the famous "chispa," a circle of gold claims spread, until the "men of '48 and '49" had reported "strikes" by the hundreds over a region covering 150 miles in the middle foothills of the Sierras and stretching from Siskiyou to Mariposa.

As the Middle and South Forks of the American River began to give up fabulous quantities of gold and the wealth in dry diggings near Coloma and Hangtown leapt into fortunes, amazing stories were carried to the East and Europe.

But the first official reports to the government at Washington, D. C., were made on accurate information concerning this region. Terse facts only were given. These facts, coupled with the colorful accounts of the rich discoveries told in letters and newspapers, soon brought about the great wave of immigration which swept westward in the hunt for gold.

Thomas O. Larkin, in a report to the State Department at Washington, D. C., early in 1848, wrote:

"I have had in my possession several pieces of gold about 23 carats fine, weighing from one to two pounds, and have it, from good authority, that pieces have been found weighing 16 pounds. Indeed, I have heard of one specimen that weighed 25 pounds."

General Mason reported that in Weber Creek he "found two ounces to be a fair yield."

"From a small gully," he went on, "not more than 100 yards long by 4 feet wide and 2 or 3 feet deep, William Daley and Perry McCoon had a short time before obtained \$17,000 worth of gold. Another small ravine was shown to me from which had been taken out upwards of \$12,000 worth of gold."

Before 1848, the year of discovery, had been completed, a party of five on the Feather River made \$75,000 in three months, according to Buffum's "Six Months in the Gold Mines."

A group of deserters from the United States vessels made from \$2,000 to \$5,000 apiece in a few days during April, 1848, and then left California.

Buffum goes on further and cites the case of Weber at Weber Creek, who took out \$50,000 in a few weeks with the aid of Indians.

John Sullivan, an Irish teamster, took a flyer into mining, and the diggings named after him on the Stanislaus yielded him \$26,000.

At the Dry Diggings, near Coloma, a man named Wilson gathered \$2,000 "from under his own doorstep."

Three Frenchmen decided to move a stump that obstructed the road between Dry Diggings and Coloma. They netted \$5,000 on the job, as the cavity left by the stump held "pay dirt."

One man, working a piece of ground less than 4 feet square over a period of 20 days, picked up nearly 30 pounds of gold.

The region since known as Amador County yielded \$8.00 to every spadeful of earth, according to Amador. Working with a companion and 20 native laborers, he declared that the result was from 7 to 9 pounds of gold a day.

Newspapers throughout California told of many discoveries. A correspondent of the "Californian," writing from the Dry Diggings in August, 1848, said that the earth, carried in wagons from 1 to 3 miles to reach water, yielded on an average of \$400 a load. He cited one instance where the total of 5 loads was \$16,000.

Trinity River and the surrounding country was giving up gold before the end of 1848. Pierson B. Reading was the richer by from \$100 to \$300 a day. Three years later, the "Sacramento Transcript" of February 14, 1851, set the Trinity minimum yield at an ounce a day, with \$100 a man not an unusual day's pay.

Early in 1849, a mule-load of gold created a sensation in Coloma. The owner of the mule and the gold appeared in town

one day, said his name was Hudson, refused to give any information concerning the location of his claim, forwarded his "dust" to San Francisco, laid in a fresh supply of "grub" and disappeared during the night.

Several weeks later he came plodding into town again. This time the mule bore an even heavier load of gold. But Hudson would tell nothing. Dust dispatched to San Francisco and the mule loaded with supplies, the man of mystery vanished once more.

This time H. H. Matthews and several companions set out in search of the hidden claim. Following up Canyon Creek, which empties into the American River, they came to a canyon, now known as Oregon Canyon, some little distance below Georgetown. Up Oregon Canyon they toiled until they came to a gulch from which ran a small muddy stream.

It was a "sign"—a clue—proof that someone was panning for gold. Not a great distance up the gulch they came upon Hudson, busy with pick, pan and cradle.

Hudson received them with the air of a stoic; neither glad nor surprised at the sight of visitors. He told them he was having poor luck and was about ready to give up. But when Matthews expressed a desire to stake a claim near by and try his luck, Hudson began to talk about the ferocious grizzly bears that came down the gulch. Several men had already been killed by the bears, according to Hudson.

Matthews, realizing Hudson's purpose, expressed great concern at the thought of a lone man working in such a dangerous place. He would stake a claim immediately and remain to protect the miner, who did not seem to appreciate this spirit of neighborliness.

Hudson soon saw that it would be impossible to keep his secret any longer, and reluctantly consented to the staking of other claims near by.

Hudson's Gulch, as it was named, was a treasure ravine. Matthews took 244 ounces of gold from one pan of earth shortly after he began work. Hudson, who had continued to hug his secret knowledge to himself, was evidently irked by Matthews' enthusiasm and broke his silence long enough to tell the men



that he had panned that much quite a time before. During the operations in Hudson's Gulch, a boy named Davenport took out 77 ounces in one day and countered that luck with 90 ounces the following day.

Through the year 1849, there was a great influx of gold seekers from all over the world. As the population of the gold fields increased, many more discoveries were made. By 1850 the Mother Lode section was a place of ceaseless activity.

Michigan Flat, on the American River, made one man richer by \$19,000 as a result of three days' work, according to the "Sacramento Transcript," August 30, 1850. In fact, the article stated that men were making \$500 to the pan and a score of pounds a day on the American River.

In the same issue of the Transcript, it was reported that up at Park's Bar on the Yuba, four men took out 525 pounds of gold in a few days and then went home.

At Rich Bar on the Feather River, one man took out \$15,000 in a few days, according to the "California Courier," which went on to say that reports from Downieville set the yield of gold at 2 pounds per day for each man.

According to the "Pacific News," the average at Foster's and Goodyear's Bar was \$60 a day. A streak at South Bar on the Feather River gave \$5,000 per day in quarter and half pound lumps. Two men got 56 pounds of gold in one day and the Montgomery and McCabe claim paid \$1,000 per hour.

Two pans of dirt from the North Fork of the Feather River yielded \$2,900, according to the California Assembly Journal of 1856. Four men took out \$50,000 in a short time and three others made \$36,000 in four days' work.

"The San Francisco Picayune," August, 1850, told of two Germans who made 35 pounds of gold in one day at Rich Bar on the Feather River.

Scott River miners, according to the "Sacramento Transcript," February 14, 1851, considered it usual pickings to find pieces weighing from \$2.50 to \$9.00, although they worked with only a pan and knife.

Poverty Gulch, in spite of its name, yielded \$4.00 per bucketful. On Frost Bar, Salmon River, during the autumn of 1850, a

large party made from \$2,000 to \$6,000 each in two months, according to the "Transcript."

"Two men came down from Salmon River with \$90,000, the result of three weeks' run," went the article, "One man made \$11,000 in eleven days."

The south country was no less rich. "In Tuolumne County near Peoria," stated the "California Courier," November 21, 1850, "men were making as high as 5 pounds of gold a day."

"They make 3 ounces and more daily below Keeler's Ferry," reads the "Sonora Herald," February 14, 1851, "One small party took out daily \$1,500 and even 28 pounds of gold."

"A Mexican took out 75 pounds of gold in a short time," went the story in the "Pacific News," August, 1850. "It is a common thing for two partners to divide 40 or 50 pounds of gold per week."

"A German obtained 40 pounds of gold at Sullivan's in two hours," stated the "California Courier," August 26, 1850, "Caldwell's claim at Shaw's Flat gave 289 ounces in two days, and Read's—40 pounds in 4 days. A claim at Middle Bar yielded 30 pounds daily, and at Columbia 4 pounds per week."

Mariposa, still further south, shows a generous yield in 1851. Six persons obtained \$220,000 in four days in Bear Valley and some Mexicans, working at Bear Gulch near Quartzburg, equalled that amount.

Five sailors, an unknown miner and John C. Birdseye, who later became a banker in Nevada City, figured in one of the most amazing cases of the gold rush days. It was one of Birdseye's favorite stories in the years that followed. Louis A. Garnett, to whom he told it, gave the facts to The Society of California Pioneers.

The unknown miner had been bothering Birdseye for a long time, beseeching him to put up the "grub stake" for working a deep pot-hole in Deer Creek. Birdseye, tired of the man's persistency, agreed to inspect the locality. Once there, it looked a hopeless project and Birdseye told the miner what he thought.

"But," he went on, pointing across the creek, "There is a ravine leading down toward the spot which I like the looks of,

and if you want to go to work and prospect there, I will stake you."

"No," said the miner, "There is nothing there, and I do not want to waste any time and labor in that direction."

That ended the miner's connection with the affair.

"Three weeks later," went Birdseye's story, "Five sailors came to the spot and began working in that very ravine. In a few weeks they took out \$400,000 and returned to San Francisco, laden with their cargo of gold which was placed on exhibition for a day in a saloon which then existed on the corner of Commercial and Montgomery streets."

California's gold production was not confined to dust in the early days. Nuggets worth more than \$100,000 each were found in Butte County. In fact that locality produced one weighing 54 pounds.

"On the North Fork of the Feather River," said the "Placer Times," June 23, 1849, "Two nuggets of 40 ounces and 25 pounds respectively, were found."

Less than a year later, April 26, 1850, the same paper reported the finding of two nuggets in that identical locality. One totaled 25 pounds, the other 16.

Nelson Creek, Plumas County, was literally strewn with nuggets, according to the "Alta California," July 14, 1851. Working rockers, the yield was \$520 a day.

An \$8,000 nugget was found near Downieville in 1851. French Ravine produced a 57-pound nugget in 1853. But the greatest nugget of all was found at Sierra City. It weighed 148 pounds, 4 ounces.

A great number of the towns that leapt into fame during the gold digging days have now dwindled to ghost camps. There were many along the bars of the American River where there was unusually rich deposits of gold.

In those days such names as Murderer's, Wildcat and Poverty were frequently heard during tales of sudden fortune. Yankee Slide was another. Sardine, Drunkard's, Greenhorn and Nigger were also along the American River.

Mud Canyon and American Bar are reported to have produced \$3,000,000 apiece. Horseshoe Bend, Volcano Bar, Greenhorn Slide and Yankee Slide yielded from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 each. Many others gave up half a million and more.

The divides between the forks of the American River were also rich. Iowa Hill, Yankee Jim's, Forest Hill, Michigan Bluffs and Ophir were among the localities that produced great quantities of gold.

"The San Francisco Herald," December 30, 1850, published the first reliable statistics on gold production. The figures were gathered from a variety of sources. They supply as accurate an account as could be gathered. The following statement gives data from the offices of the Law, Empire City and Howland & Aspinwall steamer lines, with the exception of the period between April 1, 1849, and May 1, 1850, when only the reports of the Howland & Aspinwall offices could be had.

"Tabular statement of gold dust shipped from San Francisco from April 1, 1849 to December 31, 1849, inclusive:

(Passengers at an average of \$500 each.)

Date	Passengers	By Passengers	Gold Dust
1849			
April .....	75	\$ 37,500	\$ 166,638
May .....	54	27,000	340,553
June .....	74	37,000	345,820
July .....	35	17,000	263,164
August .....	110	55,000	533,562
September .....	253	126,000	575,500
October .....	281	140,500	293,891
November .....	470	235,000	1,335,779
December .....	157	78,500	705,294
	<hr/> 1,509	<hr/> \$754,500	<hr/> \$4,560,201

1850	Passengers	By Passengers	Gold Dust
January .....	515	\$ 257,500	\$1,252,770
February .....	202	101,000	658,932
March .....	248	124,000	1,138,709
April .....	345	172,500	2,220,520
May .....	284	142,000	1,651,496
June .....	503	151,500	2,829,492
July .....	541	270,500	3,336,043
August .....	973	486,500	3,538,343
September .....	1,017	507,500	3,232,300
October .....	1,243	621,500	3,799,910
November .....	1,140	570,000	3,749,539
December .....	625	312,500	2,800,000
	<hr/> 7,634	<hr/> \$3,817,000	<hr/> \$30,010,054

The report, going further, apologized for the "incomplete statement" on gold production, as "an immense amount has been sent out of the country by merchants and taken off by passengers, of which no account has been taken. Miners from Mexico, South America and Oregon have carried off a very large amount. No inconsiderable quantity has been consumed here by manufacturers of jewelry and in various coining establishments. There is also a very large amount of gold dust on hand with the miners, merchants and bankers. Of these various sums some authentic information has been collected, of which statements and estimates are subjoined":

Gold dust shipped to Chile and Peru, by the Chile and California Flour Co., as per statement from their books, and for which there has been no manifest entry in the custom house.....	\$1,373,000
Shipped by one English commercial house on board Inconstant, Driver and Dadalus, merchant vessels, and not reported to custom house.....	\$ 873,000
Stamped bullion by one establishment, as per statement...	\$1,570,216
Jewelry manufactured by Jacks & Bros. (Late W. A. Woodruff) .....	\$ 51,520
Shipped on sailing vessels, as per custom house reports...	\$ 708,306
	<hr/> \$4,576,042



## STATEMENT No. 2.

“To these amounts may be added the following estimates, which are made up of the best information that can be obtained from well-informed persons”:

Gold dust carried overland and coastwise, by miners from Mexico, Chile, Oregon, etc.....	\$7,500,000
Shipped by merchants, of which there is no manifest entry .....	\$5,000,000
Manufactured into jewelry, coin, etc., other than above statement .....	\$ 500,000
In the possession of miners, merchants, brokers and others .....	\$6,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$19,000,000

## RECAPITULATION

Gold dust shipped by steamer from April 1, 1849, to December 31, 1849.....	\$ 4,560,201
In steamers from January 1, 1850, to December 31, 1850 .....	\$30,010,054
Estimated to have been taken by passengers from April 1 to December 1, 1849.....	\$ 754,500
By passengers from January 1 to December 31, 1850.....	\$ 3,817,000
As per statement No. 2.....	\$ 4,576,042
As per statement No. 3.....	\$19,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$62,717,797

In the above estimates, the value of gold dust has been computed at \$16 the ounce troy; to this amount can be added \$1.50 per ounce, the mint value say.....	\$ 5,869,794
	<hr/>
	\$68,587,591

Such was the wealth given up by nature during the “gold digging” days when the yield was in the form of dust and nuggets. Since then “gold digging” has waned and “gold mining” has taken its place, in the form of vast quartz and gravel operations.

Gold digging required patience, courage, strong arms, a pick, pan and rocker on the part of the miner. Gold mining calls for scientific methods, engineering skill, costly machinery and equipment, backed by adequate capital.

Gold digging, except for the few Chinese gleaners working abandoned claims, is now a thing of the past and has been for more than thirty years.

California produced \$156,591,173 worth of gold and silver during a period of 10 years or an annual average of \$15,659,017 between thirty and forty years ago. In 1893 the amount of gold mined sank to \$12,538,730, but in 1897 it was close on \$20,000,000 due to a resumption of quartz mining.

#### ADDENDA—(Editor)

Between the years 1907 and 1914, according to "The Mineral Industry," California's gold production climbed from \$16,727,928 to \$20,653,496. It was a steady increase.

In the 1922 report of "The Mining Industry," it was stated that many old mines had been reopened in the past few years, particularly in the Grass Valley section of the Mother Lode district.

C. S. Haley, investigating the gravels of Tertiary rivers, lying at the headwaters of the Yuba and American Rivers, reported in the August and October issues of the 1922 State Mining Bureau Monthly that a great quantity of gold bearing gravel still remained to be worked.

W. J. Loring, of the Plymouth and Carson Hill gold mines in the Mother Lode district, declared in 1922 that mining had continued under periods of trying conditions. Ore bodies, he said, were at a great depth, citing the Plymouth, which contains a blank stretch between the 3,050 ft. level and the 3,656. Below that, there lies a strong shoot which has been opened to the depth of 3,900 feet.

Since 1910, when the mine was reopened, it has yielded over \$5,000,000 in gold, while the Carson Hill, where work was resumed in 1915, has produced \$5,250,000, the shoots having been persistent to the 4,000 ft. level.

The two mines, whose initial capital expenditure was \$2,000,000, had yielded in the neighborhood of \$11,000,000 up to 1922 and had paid out a total of \$1,250,000 for supplies and wages. Loring suggested at that time that State aid be given in the development of mines and in exploration for further discoveries of ore-bodies in the Mother Lode district.

"The Mining Industry" reports the gold production of the period between 1915 and 1922 to be as follows:

1915 .....	\$22,442,296
1916 .....	21,980,400
1917 .....	20,087,504
1918 .....	16,784,400
1919 .....	17,398,200
1920 .....	14,810,900
1921 .....	15,061,300
1922 .....	14,829,100

The 1922 drop mining experts attribute to the Argonaut disaster near Jackson, when fire broke out in the lower levels of the Argonaut mine, causing the death of many miners. The Argonaut tragedy was felt all over the Mother Lode country, decreased the forces of many mines and took both the Argonaut and the Kennedy, a nearby mine, from the ranks of producers for a considerable length of time.

Despite science and modern inventions, California's top production of gold was reached in 1850 when the total was \$30,010,054. Forty years later, the yield had dwindled to \$12,538,730. In 1897, it began to climb with the reopening of quartz mines and reached \$20,000,000.

The year of the Panama Pacific International Exposition, 1915, California came within \$7,567,758 of the 1850 peak, the nearest in 65 years.

But the days of the great gold rush are gone. Today men toil deep within the earth, burrowing for the treasure that was once strewn through foothill and river bed.

The camps, where men used to talk of fortunes panned in a day from tumbling streams, are forsaken now and hushed but for the occasional flurry of a tourist's car, or the thunder of the auto stage speeding along the highway.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF WILLARD BRIGHAM FARWELL

Willard Brigham Farwell was born in Marlboro, Massachusetts, January 26, 1829. His family on both sides had been prominent in the history of Colonial and Revolutionary days.

It had been planned that the boy would go to Harvard but financial reverses prevented this. After studying law with his father for a short time, he went to Boston in 1847 where he worked in a mercantile house until 1849.

News of the discovery of gold turned the boy's thoughts to the distant west. He helped to organize the "Boston and California Stock Mining and Trading Company," the first organization of the sort to leave Boston for California.

Traveling around Cape Horn, the party sailed into the harbor of San Francisco, until recently Yerba Buena, in July, 1849. Shortly afterward they sailed up to Benicia where construction was started on a small river steamer, the equipment of which had been brought from Boston by the company.

Meantime the members went to the gold fields. Luck was poor. They returned to Benicia in time to see the launching of the little steamer, August 12, 1849. The "Pioneer" paddled up the Sacramento River on August 17, 1849, the first steamboat to ever sail up that stream.

About this time the company disbanded and Farwell, accompanied by a brother, returned to the gold fields, where bad luck prevailed no matter where they searched. After they were convinced that no riches lurked in stream or ravine as far as they were concerned the two young men tried farming a large tract of land on the south bank of Alameda Creek near where Niles now stands. In 1851, having sold the land, Farwell became one of the founders of the "San Francisco Daily Whig."

In 1855, he was elected a member of the State Legislature and while serving in the Assembly, introduced the first bill for the suppression of public gambling saloons. It became a law. Later he introduced a bill for the construction of a wagon road over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This also was passed.

In 1860, Farwell retired from journalism, after having served the final four years as editor-in-chief of the "Alta California." He at once started for Washington, D. C., with U. S. Senator-elect E. D. Baker of Oregon, whom he served as private secretary. In April, 1861, Farwell was appointed Naval Officer of the Custom House at San Francisco by President Abraham Lincoln.

From July 1863-1864, Farwell was president of The Society of California Pioneers. Shortly afterward he was made Resident Agent in Europe for the United States Treasury Department.

In 1870, he retired from office and helped organize a business which was dissolved in 1881, when he returned to San Francisco and was instrumental in settling the estate of James Lick, saving this society many thousands of dollars which might otherwise have been lost in too hasty sales of Lick's property. Farwell later compiled many historical records and biographies for The Society of California Pioneers.

Willard B. Farwell died February 10, 1903.

---

## WHEN CALIFORNIA ALMOST BECAME AN ENGLISH COLONY

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This address was written and read by James M. Hutchings, member, and delivered at a meeting of The Society of California Pioneers, November 6, 1899. Words italicized were underlined in Hutchings' manuscript.]

In the paper I am about to present to you this evening, I shall show how, by the patriotic and energetic action of *one man*, the glorious heritage of California was secured to the United States and the American people, beyond doubt or peradventure.

*That one man* was Dr. Wm. Maxwell Wood, of Baltimore, Maryland. But for his efficient and timely services there can be but little question that the attempt would have been made by Great Britain to secure California for the purpose of converting this marvelous country into an English colony.

The possibility of our narrow escape from this, I fear, has never been strikingly apprehended or realized, as a positive and historical verity, by the American public. Nor has the man, or his memory, who secured to us this priceless possession, been as



prominently and as appreciatively *honored* in the public mind *as they deserve to be*.

A reference to these facts, however, may prove to be a step in the right direction, and although but tardy justice, will help to carry out the old truism of our fathers, "Better late than never."

In the winter of 1870 it was my good fortune to visit Washington, D. C., and to become a frequent guest at the home of Dr. Ezra Baxter, Medical Purveyor for the U. S. Army, whose acquaintance I had made in Yo Semite, the preceding summer.

On one occasion Dr. Baxter invited Dr. Wm. Maxwell Wood, of Baltimore, Md., to join us at the dinner table. While thus seated Dr. Baxter (who had previously introduced me to Dr. Wood as an old Californian, and one of its pioneers), remarked:

"By the way, Mr. Hutchings, you Californians, as well as other people, are largely indebted to Dr. Wood for the part that he took, and for the timely services he rendered, in securing that country for the United States."

I, of course, at once became eagerly anxious to ascertain how such deeply eventful action, on Dr. Wood's part, could lead to such glorious results.

"I will tell you," was his instant rejoinder; and his narrative, as I remember it, was substantially as follows:

"I was for several years fleet-surgeon to the Pacific Squadron, but having had some valuable property willed to me in Baltimore, Maryland, and my presence there in its behalf being imperative, I asked for, and obtained, full leave of absence from my post as fleet-surgeon. To make the journey to Baltimore from off Mazatlan, in those days, was no easy problem to solve. There was no overland road, nor railroad; and the voyage round Cape Horn, at best, was uncertain as well as tedious. Looking this dilemma squarely in the face, I could see before me but one alternative, and that was, *to push directly through Mexico*.

"At that time the United States Squadron, in Pacific Coast waters, consisted of the Savannah, 54 guns (Commodore Sloat's flagship); Congress, 60 guns; the sloops Cyane, Warren, Portsmouth and Levant; the schooner Shark and the transport Erie.

"The Savannah, Cyane and Levant with Commodore Sloat in command, were lying off Mazatlan, on the Gulf

of California, in daily expectation of the arrival of the important news, *a declaration of war between Mexico and the United States.*

"The British man-of-war Collingwood, Admiral Sir George F. Seymour commanding, was also riding at anchor off Mazatlan.

"Under date of June 24, 1845, the following instructions had been sent by Mr. Bancroft, then Secretary of War for the United States, to Commodore Sloat:

" 'The Mexican ports on the Pacific are said to be open and defenseless. If you ascertain with certainty that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco; and blockade, or occupy, such other ports as your force will permit.'

"Again, on August 5th, and October 17, 1845, Secretary of War Bancroft called Commodore Sloat's attention to *former instructions.*

"As late as May 15, 1846, Secretary of War Bancroft again sent to Commodore Sloat the ensuing order:

" 'You will consider the most important public object to be, to take and to hold San Francisco, and this you will do without fail. You will also take possession of Mazatlan, and of Monterey, one or both, as your force will permit.'

"It may here also be stated that Admiral Sir George F. Seymour, in command of the British man-of-war Collingwood had received instructions from the English government that, as soon as it was authoritatively known that war had been declared between Mexico and the United States, he should sail for Monterey, the seat of Mexican authority for California, take possession, and retain California, as a substantial guarantee for Mexican indebtedness to English creditors.

"Off Mazatlan, therefore, lay the armed forces of the American and English governments, each jealously watching the movements of the other, although without knowledge of the orders which both sides had secretly received.

"These, then, were the circumstances that surrounded the representatives of the two governments, preceding my departure from off Mazatlan. Before me lay the journey with its uncertainties and risks. Should war be declared while I was *en route*, the consideration could not be overlooked that if it were known, that I, an American officer,

was traveling through their country at such a time, I might be taken up as a spy and instantly executed, or be surrounded by difficulties and dangers at every turn.

"But, relying on my bronzed face, my knowledge of Spanish as spoken by Mexicans as well as by Spaniards and my general makeup, I resolved to take the chances. Then there was the strongest of all motives to be considered that I could, perhaps, obtain and send important news of transpiring events to Commodore Sloat.

"Therefore on May 4, 1846, I started out on my adventurous journey through the heart of Mexico. Nothing of particular interest transpired until I arrived, May 10th, at the city of Guadalajara. I had been shown to my quarters, on the inner square of the hotel, and was quietly resting, when, to my surprise, a number of Mexican army officers entered the adjoining room, and from their excited manner and conversation, I soon learned that war had been declared between Mexico and the United States.

"As yet this knowledge was confined mainly to Mexican army officers and their friends. To sally forth into the city for obtaining positive and reliable information—official if possible—without exciting suspicion, required prudence and coolness. Here my knowledge of Mexican habits and characteristics, came into useful service.

"Convinced from my appearance and manners that but few, if any, would ever take me for an American officer, I set out on my quiet yet significant mission; and in an incredibly short interval secured positive evidence that Mexico had absolutely declared war against the United States.

"In less time than it takes to make you this brief recital, I had written to Commodore Sloat, enclosing documentary evidences of the fact; and, in order to avoid the least apprehension of the nature of my communications I sealed them up, and placed them in another letter, addressed to a personal friend of mine, a merchant in Mazatlan, requesting him to deliver the enclosed package to Commodore Sloat, *immediately on receiving it*, no matter at what hour of the day or night it might arrive.

"To insure expedition and promptness, moreover, I had previously engaged a courier to whom I gave special instructions to ride at his utmost speed, and deliver the package entrusted to him into the hands of my merchant friend, at Mazatlan, the moment he arrived.

"That courier most faithfully carried out his orders to the letter and although it was nearly 1:00 a. m. when he

reached the door of my merchant friend, who had retired for the night, he called him up and safely delivered the precious missives into his hands.

"I need not explain to you, now, how promptly and faithfully that friend of mine carried out my wishes, by placing the documents intrusted to his honor and care in the hands of Commodore Sloat at the earliest possible moment. That ends my story. You know the rest."

Thus it will be seen that to Dr. Wm. Maxwell Wood, of Baltimore, Maryland, is due the honor of sending, at considerable personal risk, the very first news of the breaking out of hostilities between the two countries; from the results of which California was secured to the United States as a perpetual heritage. Therefore let us emphasize and treasure this memorable fact. May his name be ever enshrined in the hearts of the American people, and especially in those of Californians.

As an addenda to this recital may be given the interwoven threads of history. How, after much hesitation and delay, Commodore Sloat eventually availed himself of the information obtained from Dr. Maxwell Wood, carried out at least a portion of his instructions from Secretary-of-War Bancroft, sailed for Monterey; and finding the Mexican flag still flying at the Custom House, ordered his marines to pull it down and hoist the Stars and Stripes in its place. This was accomplished July 7, 1846. On July 9th, ensuing, Capt. Montgomery officially raised the American flag at San Francisco; and on the 14th Capt. Stockton of the U. S. man-of-war "Congress" entered Monterey Bay and joined Commodore Sloat.

On the 16th of July succeeding, nine days after the American flag of possession had been thrown to the breeze, Admiral Sir George Seymour, with the English man-of-war "Collingwood," sailed into the bay of Monterey, for the purpose of carrying out the instructions of his government; but finding the flag of the United States proudly floating there, it is upon record that the first significant words uttered by him to Commodore Sloat after receiving him, were:

"Sloat, if your flag was not flying on *shore*, I should have hoisted mine there."

Thus it will be self-evident to every clear-minded American the very narrow escape California had from becoming an English

colony, instead of an American State. There can be but little doubt that the timely news sent to Commodore Sloat by Dr. Wm. Maxwell Wood, of Baltimore, became the ostensible means of averting it. Let these facts be ever gratefully treasured by ourselves and transmitted to our children.

From the flag-staff of the old Custom House, Monterey, as is well known, the American flag was first authoritatively thrown to the breeze in California; and here, God willing, it will continue to float through the ages to come, not only as the emblem of an united and prosperous country, but as the representative of everything that is noble, honorable and progressive in intelligence and humanity.—*J. M. Hutchings.*

---

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES MASON HUTCHINGS

James Mason Hutchings was born in Towchester, Northamptonshire, England, February 10, 1824. He left England when he was 16 years of age to search for adventure in the United States. For some time he worked in a New Orleans business house, leaving there in April, 1849, when word came of the gold discovery in California.

He reached the gold diggings by way of the overland route, arriving October 9, 1849. With pick, pan and cradle, Hutchings soon made a small fortune, several thousand dollars, which he took to San Francisco and deposited in the Frank Ward & Company Bank, while he made arrangements for the purchase of several city lots. The bank failed two days before the sale was completed and Hutchings was penniless. Fortune came to him again in the gold diggings, after a series of disappointments.

The controversy between blue law advocates and the miners started Hutchings on his literary career. The reformers objected to the miners' custom of making Sunday the principal business day of the week. They wished to see the Sabbath observed in the manner of the East.

So Hutchings coined a miner's Fourth Commandment:

"Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance should not compare favorably with what thou doest here, etc."



The commandment created so much of a sensation that Hutchings originated the Miners' Ten Commandments.

In later years he wrote many articles on miners and mines.

On July 1, 1856, appeared the first issue of his magazine, pioneer of Pacific Coast monthly publications. "Hutchings Illustrated California Magazine" continued until June, 1861, when poor health forced the editor to abandon this work.

A short time later he opened the "Hutchings' House" in Yo Semite Valley, as it was then spelled. In 1880, he was appointed guardian of the Valley.

He died October 31, 1902, in Yo Semite, the valley he loved. He was the author of numerous books and articles on California and the great valley. Among them are "In the Heart of the Sierras" and "Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California."

---

## THE MINER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

By James Mason Hutchings.

A MAN SPAKE THESE WORDS, AND SAID:

I am a Miner, who wandered from "away down East," and came to sojourn in a strange land, and "see the elephant." And behold, I saw him, and can bear witness, that from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail, his whole body has passed before me; and lo! I followed him, until his huge feet stood still before a clapboard shanty, then with his trunk extended, he pointed to a candle-card tacked upon a shingle, as though he would say, "READ!" And I read:

### THE MINERS' TEN COMMANDMENTS

#### I.

Thou shalt have no other claim than one.

#### II.

Thou shalt not make with thyself any false claim, nor any likeness to a mean man by jumping one; whatsoever thou findest on the top above, or on the rock beneath, or in a crevice under-

neath the rock; for, if thou doest, I shall surely visit the miners around, and tell them what thou hast done; and, should they decide against thee, thou shalt take thy pick-axe and thy pan, thy shovel and thy blankets, with all thou hast, and "go prospecting" for "new diggings," but thou shalt find none. Then, when in sorrow and despair thou returnest to thine old claim, thou shalt find it all worked out; and yet no "pile" made for thee, that thou mightest bury it in the ground, or hide it in an old boot underneath thy bunk, or in a buckskin or bottle beneath thy cabin floor. Besides this, thou shalt discover that all that thou hadst in thy purse has quietly drifted away; that thy boots and thy garments have been worn out, so that there is nothing good about them but the pockets, and thy patience will be like unto thy garments; and, as a last resort, thou shalt hire thy body out to make thy board and save thy worthless bacon.

### III.

Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Neither shalt thou take thy money nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gaming-table in vain; for "monte," "roulette," "twenty-one," "faro," "lansquenet," "poker," or any other game will conclusively prove to thee that the more thou puttest down, the less shalt thou take up; and when thou thinkest of the gray hairs that thou art bringing "in sorrow to the grave," of the home thou hast disgraced, of family and friends that thou hast wronged, thou shalt ask thyself, "Verily, am I not a simpleton of the first water?"

### IV.

Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance should not compare favorably with what thou doest here; for well thou knowest that on that day thou washest all thy dirty clothes, darnest all thy stockings, patchest up thy nether garments, dost tap thy boots, chop thy whole week's firewood, make up and bake thy bread, and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when at night thou returnest from thy labors weary. But, alas! thou rememberest not that for six days thou mayest dig, or pick, or wash, all that thy body can stand under; by which, if thou are careful, thou canst not wear out thy body in two years, but if thou workest hard on Sunday also, thou canst do it in six months; and thou

and thy wife, thy son and thy daughter, thy male friend and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience, be none the better for it; and thou shalt not strive to justify thyself because the trader and the blacksmith, the carpenter and the merchant, the tailor and cheap-john huckster, the gamblers and buccaneers, defy God, religion and civilization, by keeping not the Sabbath Day, such as memory, youth and home made hallowed.

## V.

Thou shalt not think more of gold, and how thou canst make it fastest, than of how thou art likely to enjoy it, after thou hast ridden rough-shod over all thy good old parents' precepts and examples; that thou mayest have nothing to reproach and sting thee, when thou art left ALONE in the land to which thy mother's love and father's blessings hath unswervingly followed thee.

## VI.

Thou shalt not ruin thy health, nor kill thy body, by working in the rain, even though thou shouldst make enough thereby to buy physic and attendance with. Neither shalt thou destroy thyself by getting "tight," nor "high," nor "slewed," nor "corned," nor "half seas over," nor "three sheets in the wind," by drinking smoothly down, "brandy slings," "gin cocktails," "whisky punches," "rum toddies," nor "egg nogs," neither shalt thou suck "mint juleps," nor "sherry cobbles" through a straw; nor gurgle from a bottle's neck into thine own the "raw material," nor "take it neat" from a decanter, nor guzzle "lager beer," or "half and half" until thou art like a swine; inasmuch as while thou art swallowing down thy purse, and thy coat from off thy back, thou art burning it from off thy stomach, besides devouring thine own and others' heritages. And if thou couldst see the houses and lands, with piles of gold and silver thou hast gobbled up, and the home comforts thou hast sacrificed and wasted, thou shouldst feel a choking in thy throat; and when to these thou addest thy crooked walkings, and thy hic-hiccuping talkings, of lodgings in the gutter, of broilings in the sun, of prospect holes half full of mud and water, and of shafts and ditches from which thou hast emerged like a drowning rat, thou shalt feel disgusted with thyself and all such reminiscences, and enquire: "Is thy servant a dog that he doeth these things?" Surely, then, thou wilt be tempted to say: "Farewell, old bottle, I will kiss thy whisky-

- moistened lips no more. And thou slings, cocktails, punches, toddies, nogs, julips, and sangarees, forever farewell. Thy remembrance shames me; henceforth, therefore, 'I cut thy acquaintance,' and with thee, headaches, tremblings, heartburnings, blue devils, and all the unholy catalogue of evils that follow in thy train. My wife's welcoming smile and kiss, and my children's merry-hearted laugh, shall charm and reward me for having the manly courage, at all times, and under every kind of circumstances, to say NO. Strong drink, comest thou in any form or garb, I wish thee an eternal farewell."

## VII.

Thou shalt not grow discouraged because thou hast not made thy "pile," nor think of going home for not having "struck a lead," nor "found a rich crevice," nor "sunk a hole upon a pocket," lest in going home thou shalt leave three or four dollars a day, and there go to work, ashamed, at fifty cents—and serve thee right—for, as thou well knowest, sooner or later here thou mightest strike "pay dirt" in some shape, keep thy self-respect and then seek home to make thyself and others happy.

## VIII.

Thou shalt not steal a pick, or a shovel, or a pan from thy fellow miner; nor take away his tools without leave; nor borrow those he cannot spare; nor return them broken; nor trouble him to fetch them back again when he needs their use. Neither shalt thou spin long yarns to him while his water rent is running on; nor remove his stakes to enlarge thy claim; nor undermine his bank in following a lead; nor pan out gold from his riffle box; nor wash the tailings from his sluice's mouth. Neither shalt thou take specimens from the company's pan and put them into thy mouth until thou canst, unseen, transfer them to thy purse; nor cheat thy partner of the smallest portion of his fair share; nor steal from thy cabin-mate his gold dust to add it unto thine; for in any one or all of these things he will be sure to discover what thou hast done, when he will straightway call "a miners' meeting," and if the law hinder them not, they will hang thee; or give thee fifty lashes, accompanied with the ejaculation "vamoose"; or they will shave thy head, and brand thee like a horsethief, with "R" burned in upon thy cheek, to be known and read of all men—Californians in particular.

## IX.

Thou shalt not tell any false tales about "good diggings in the mountains" to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit a friend who hath mules, and provisions, and tools, and blankets he could not otherwise sell; lest, after thus deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow, with naught left him but his rifle, he present thee with the leaden contents thereof, and, like a dog, thou shalt fall down and die; when public opinion expressed upon the case would be, "served him right."

## X.

Thou shalt not commit "unsuitable matrimony"; nor covet "single blessedness"; nor forget "absent maidens"; nor neglect thy "first love," knowing how patiently, and faithfully, aye longingly, she watchingly awaiteth thy return, yea, and covereth every epistle that thou sendeth her with kisses—until she hath thyself. Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife, nor by presents or attentions steal away her heart-love from him, nor trifle with the affections of his daughter; yet, if thy heart be free, and thou lovest and covetest each other, thou shalt "pop the question" like a man, lest another more manly than thou art should step in before thee, and thenceforward thou love her in vain; and in the anguish of thy heart's disappointment thou shouldest regretfully express thyself thus: "Verily, such is life!" and thy future lot be that of a poor, crusty, lonely, despised and comfortless old bachelor.

### "A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO THEE"

If thou hast a wife and little ones that thou lovest dearer than thine own life, thou shalt keep them constantly before thee, to nerve and prompt thee to every noble effort, until thou canst say, "Thank God, I now have enough, I will return to them." Then, as thou journeyest toward thy much-loved home and precious ones, ere thou hast crossed the blessed threshold, they shall welcome thee with kisses, and falling upon thy neck, weep tears of unutterable joy that thou art come. So mote it be.

FORTY-NINE.

(First published in the "Placerville Herald," 1853.)









Vol. 1

No. II

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

JUNE 30, 1924





# The Society of California Pioneers

Organized August 31, 1850

---

## OFFICERS

From July, 1923 to July, 1924

---

### PRESIDENT

H. L. VAN WINKLE

### VICE-PRESIDENTS

DR. JOSEPH A. OLIVER.....	San Francisco
JAMES K. MOFFITT.....	San Francisco
R. R. RUSS.....	San Francisco
CORNELIUS COLE.....	Los Angeles

### TREASURER

CHARLES J. DEERING

### SECRETARY

HENRY L. BYRNE

### MARSHAL

J. H. P. GEDGE

### DIRECTORS

JAMES P. TAYLOR	W. I. STERETT
PHIL B. BEKEART	C. S. CUSHING
JOHN J. LERMEN	K. G. EASTON
O. P. STIDGER	E. A. DOUTHITT
F. D. P. TELLER	

Vol. I

No. II

QUARTERLY  
OF  
THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

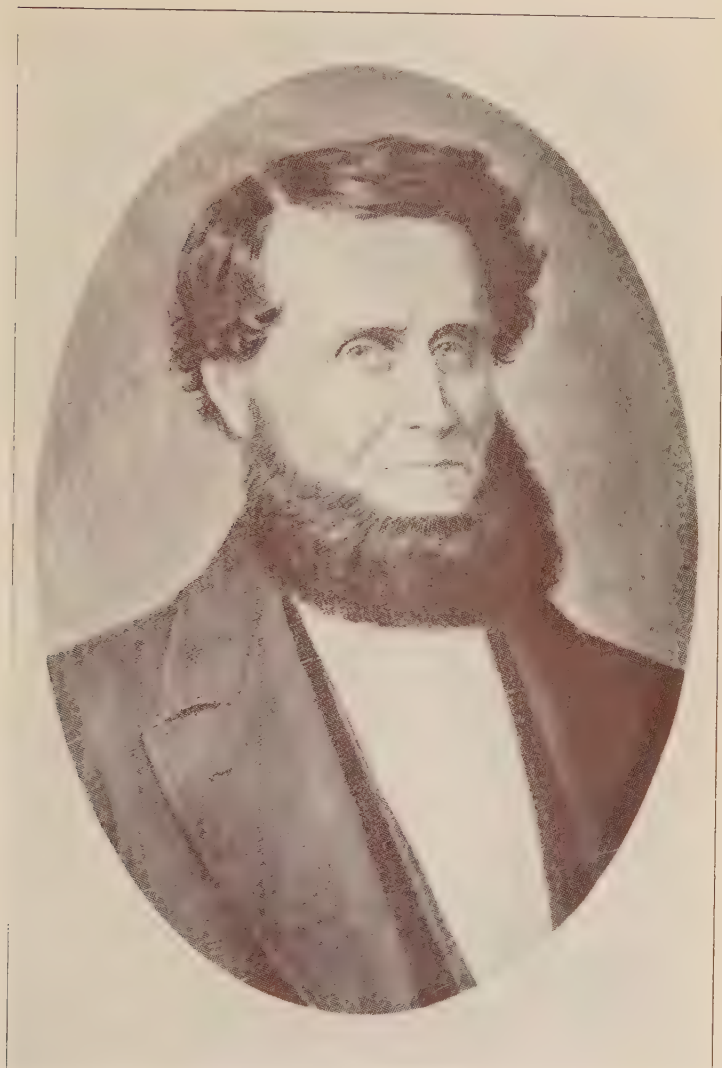
---

Contents

*Copyright 1924 by the Society of California Pioneers*

---

	PAGE
Foreword, Brief History of San Francisco Lands.....	5
The Life of James Lick.....	14



*James Lick*



# Foreword

## Brief History of San Francisco Lands

---

In order to understand the wealth that James Lick accumulated through the purchase of beach, water and sand lots in early San Francisco, one must first consider the land itself and how man came to settle on it.

In 1769, Friar Juan Crespi and Captain Portola, searching for Monterey Bay, missed their objective and traveling to the north, found their way blocked by the Golden Gate.

They were in a region of many hills and shifting sand dunes. To the east was the great bay. No ships cut the vast waters or lay at anchor near the cove. The islands were barren and wind-swept. Rocks jutted up cruelly close by them. On the western coast the towering cliffs plunged down to the ocean.

The land on which San Francisco now stands was a place of green fields, rich in a mintlike plant. Scrub oak and chaparral clambered up through the valleys to the rising hills. The swamps and marshes by the bay smelled evilly at low tide.

Crespi, thinking that he had happened on "the bay of San Francisco" discovered in 1579 by Sir Francis Drake, gave the region that name. The English explorer's discovery, "Drake's Bay," lies to the north in the crook of Point Reyes.

Friar Crespi and Captain Portola did not remain in the region of San Francisco harbor and settlement was postponed until June 27, 1776, when a little colony arrived and set up camp close by the site of the present Mission Dolores.

Friars Francisco Palou and Benito Cambon, with the military leader, Don Jose Morago, had charge of the settlement. With them were civilian settlers, their families and also the families of the company of dragoons.

In the course of time a mission was constructed and was variously called the Mission of San Francisco de Assis or the San



Francisco de Dolores. The Mission settlement and the Presidio were the beginnings of the future San Francisco.

Mission rule extended thirty miles south of the Golden Gate until August 17, 1835, when the Mexican Congress passed an act ordering the secularization of the missions of Upper and Lower California. On August 9, 1834, Governor Figueroa, of California, authorized the secularization of ten missions. San Francisco de Dolores was eventually one of the ten. A pueblo was to be established but the governor died in September, 1835, before any action could be taken.

The cove of Yerba Buena, named for the mintlike "good herb" that grew in the fields near the shore, had remained a desolate and uninhabited place all during the years of the Mission settlement. While it offered better harbor facilities than Mission Bay, no one settled there until 1835.

W. A. Richardson, an Englishman who had lived near the site of Sausalito since 1822, packed up his belongings in 1835 and sailed across the bay to Yerba Buena. His dwelling, the first ever erected there, was made of redwood posts and a ship's sail. Richardson established a trading station for the handling of hides and tallow.

Neither the village of Dolores, near the Mission, or the tiny settlement at Yerba Buena were ever officially proclaimed pueblos, but in November, 1835, the residents of Dolores elected J. J. Estudillo to the office of alcalde. He was to serve one year and had the power to grant lots within the limits of the town. As the boundaries were never regularly defined, the limits were left to the judgment of the alcalde.

Three grants are recorded for the year 1835. J. A. Galindo received 2,220 acres, known as the Rancho Laguna de la Merced. San Pedro Rancho, 8,926 acres, went to F. de Haro, while Francisco Sanchez became the owner of the Buri-Buri Rancho, 15,796 acres, south of San Bruno Mountain.

Alcalde Martinez succeeded Estudillo at Dolores in 1836. Early in that same year Jacob P. Leese, an American, left Los Angeles and set out to the north. Shipping men had advised him to establish a commission house at Yerba Buena.

On the way he fell in with the newly appointed governor, Don Mariano Chico, who questioned him concerning a lynching in Los Angeles. Leese was able to give valuable information on the affair and won the governor's gratitude.

Yerba Buena boasted two structures when Leese arrived. Richardson's tent-house stood lonely on a tiny rise. Today the site might be set somewhere between Clay and Washington streets on Grant Avenue. Farther down the slope stood the sweathouse of Richardson's Indians. It was on the shores of a little fresh water lagoon, about at the corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets.

Leese, like Richardson, preferred Yerba Buena's landing place at Clark's Point, now the corner of Broadway and Battery Streets. But when Leese asked Alcalde Martinez for a grant in Yerba Buena, the leader of Dolores said it was beyond his power to give away.

There is an account to the effect that in 1835, shortly before his death, Governor Figueroa forbade the making of grants of land within 200 varas of Yerba Buena beach. Only by special order from the Governor could such a grant be made.

At any rate the alcalde shook his head to all of the American's arguments, and Leese had to travel south to Monterey, secure an order from Governor Chico and return with it before he could take up residence at Yerba Buena.

Leese chose a lot near Richardson's tent, in the vicinity of Montgomery and Commercial streets. On the 100 vara lot he built the first frame house ever erected on the site of Yerba Buena. (The vara, a Spanish yard, measures  $33 \frac{1}{3}$  inches.)

In 1839 Don J. B. Alvarado, constitutional governor of California, ordered Alcalde Francisco de Haro to have a survey made at Yerba Buena. Captain Juan Vioget surveyed the town between the boundaries now marked by Pacific Street on the north, Sacramento on the south, Grant Avenue on the west and Montgomery Street on the east.

The following year Jose C. Bernal was granted Potrero Viejo, an area of 4,446 acres, including Hunter's Point and the basin of Islais Creek.

In 1841, Leese, the only foreigner of the vicinity to receive such a grant, was presented with 8,880 acres south of Islais Creek and known as the Rancho de la Visitacion.

Two years later, according to his story, Jose Limantour, a trader, was given a great grant of land by the Mexican Governor Commandante General of the Californias, Don Manuel Micheltoarena. The grant was in payment of a debt, said Limantour. But it was proven a fraud all through.

For having loaned Micheltorena money to manage the departmental government, Limantour declared he received a grant to one-half of San Francisco, all of Alcatraz, Yerba Buena Island, Angel Island and the Farallones.

Limantour said the grant had been given him in 1843, but the matter seems to have been Limantour's secret until the fifties when San Francisco lots jumped in value.

In the meantime, during 1845, J. J. Noe received a true grant to 4,443 acres known as the San Miguel grant. It extended four miles south of the Mission Hills.

Mexican rule ceased in Dolores and Yerba Buena on July 9, 1846, when Captain Montgomery, of the United States war sloop "Portsmouth," raised the American flag over the plaza of the cove village.

In 1847, by order of Washington A. Bartlett, the first American alcalde, Yerba Buena became San Francisco. The order, dated January 30, 1847, read as follows:

"AN ORDINANCE."

"Whereas, the local name of Yerba Buena as applied to the settlement or town of San Francisco is unknown beyond the district and has been applied from the local name of the cove on which the town is built;

"Therefore, to prevent confusion and mistake in public documents, and that the town may have the advantage of the name given in the public mass

"It is hereby ordained, that the name of San Francisco shall hereafter be used in all official communications and public documents or records appertaining to the town.

WASHINGTON A. BARTLETT,

Chief Magistrate."

Published by order:

J. G. Y. DUNLEAVY, Municipal Clerk.

On February 27, 1847, Edwin Bryant succeeded to the office of alcalde, Bartlett, a lieutenant in the United States navy, having been called back to the "Portsmouth."

On March 10, 1847, General S. W. Kearny renounced the government claims to the water and beach lots between Rincon Point and Fort Montgomery. The following notice was published:

"GREAT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN THE TOWN  
OF SAN FRANCISCO, UPPER CALIFORNIA."

"By the following decree of His Excellency, General S. W. Kearny, Governor of California, all the right, title and interest, of the United States, and of the Territory of California, to the BEACH and WATER LOTS on the east front of the town of San Francisco, have been granted, conveyed, and released, to the people or corporate authorities of said town;

"DECREE OF GENERAL KEARNY

"I, Brigadier-General S. W. Kearny, Governor of California, by virtue of authority in me vested by the President of the United States of America, do hereby grant, convey, and release unto the town of San Francisco, the people, or corporate authorities thereof, all the right, title, and interest of the Government of the United States, and of the Territory of California, in and to the beach and water lots on the east front of said town of San Francisco, included between the points known as Rincon and Fort Montgomery, except such lots as may be selected for the use of the United States Government by the senior officers of the army and navy now there;

"Provided, the said ground hereby ceded shall be divided into lots, and sold by public auction to the highest bidder, after three months' notice previously given; the proceeds of said sale to be for the benefit of the town of San Francisco.

"Given at Monterey, capital of California, this 10th day of March, 1847, and the 71st year of the independence of the United States.

"S. W. KEARNY,

"Brigadier-General and Governor of California."

"In pursuance of and in compliance with the conditions of the foregoing decree, all the ungranted tract of ground on the east front of the town of San Francisco, lying and situated between Fort Montgomery and the Rincon, and known as the water and beach lots (the reservations by the general and town governments excepted) will

be surveyed and divided into convenient building lots for warehouses and stores, and offered at public sale to the highest bidder on Tuesday, the 29th day of June next, at ten o'clock a. m. A plan of lots in connection with a general map of the town will be made out and exhibited before the day of sale.

"Terms of sale, one-fourth cash, one-fourth in six months, one-fourth in twelve months, and one-fourth in eighteen months, the purchaser giving approved security bearing an interest of ten per cent per annum from the day of sale.

"Other conditions will be made known on or before the day of sale.

"The site of the town of San Francisco is known to all navigators and mercantile men acquainted with the subject, to be the most commanding commercial position on the entire eastern coast of the Pacific Ocean, and the town itself is, no doubt, destined to become the commercial EMPORIUM of the western side of the American continent. The property offered for sale is the most valuable in, or belonging to the town and the acquisition of it is an object of deep interest to all mercantile houses in California and elsewhere engaged in the commerce of the Pacific."

"EDWIN BRYANT,

"Alcalde, or Chief Magistrate, Town and District of San Francisco.

"San Francisco, Upper California, March 16th, 1847."

The lots were  $16\frac{1}{2}$  varas wide by 50 varas deep. At flood tide, four-fifths of them were covered by 8 feet of water. During the three-day sale 200 of the 450 lots were sold at fair prices. In August, 1847, \$16 was the price of a 50-vara lot.

During the fall of 1847 Jasper O'Farrell, an Irish civil engineer, made a survey of the town and cut it up into lots.

In 1848, the year James Lick arrived in San Francisco, the town had advanced rather timidly toward the south of Market Street. O'Farrell, who had indicated Market Street in his survey, following the general direction of the road to the Mission, mapped out several groups of lots on Fourth and Second streets. O'Farrell's plan called for large lots south of Market. But there had been no great rush of purchasers.

San Francisco was a town of shanties and adobe houses in 1848. The wharves ran up Sansome Street on the east and Telegraph Hill held a cluster of tents and shacks. California



Street was the southern boundary of the town proper and Montgomery straggled through the sandhills toward Happy Valley.

Into this quaint seaport town came James Lick with \$30,000 and an eye to future values. The previous year, which had begun with so much promise for the new city of San Francisco, had dwindled away in fading hopes. No great influx of immigrants had come by land or by sea. In fact, only a dozen had crossed the plains, and less by sea. The war vessels had sailed from the harbor and there was no movement of troops. The residents awoke at dawn of 1848 to find themselves burdened with land, and no purchasers in sight.

Forerunners of the present booster organizations were hastily organized. Special articles were published and sent East in the hopes of bringing settlers to San Francisco. The "*California Star*" published a special edition late in March, 1848, and on April 1 a courier was sent East with two thousand copies of the paper. It contained a six-column article by Dr. V. J. Fourceaud on "The Prospects of California."

As a follow-up on this plea for settlers, a second edition was to be issued the first of June. News of James W. Marshall's discovery at Coloma eliminated the necessity of publishing any more literature on the charms of California, for the purpose of bringing settlers at any rate.

By May 29, San Francisco was well on the way to becoming a ghost town. Three-quarters of the men had gone to the "diggings," town lots were to be had for half and a third of the price set on them a month before.

Two months later business began to speed up. Gold dust became a medium of exchange. By fall there were 1,000 residents in San Francisco.

The year 1849 brought men by the thousands. The city leaped in population. And then rose the inevitable court battles over land titles.

One strange case was that of Dr. Peter Smith, who having contracted with the city officials to care for the indigent sick, demanded payment on the resulting bill. Smith said the city owed him \$61,431. There wasn't that much money in the treas-



ury. In fact, there was nothing in the treasury. Smith took the case to court and got judgment for \$19,239.

On July 8, 1850, the sheriff sold a quantity of city property to satisfy the debt. Members of the city government who had fought the case vowed that purchasers of this land would lose both their money and title to the land. These objections frightened away many possible bidders, lowered the amount of money derived and necessitated offering more property.

The old city hall, the hospital and buildings, the wharves; great blocks of municipal land were put up for sale.

As late as 1860 courts were hearing suits over titles to land sold to pay Peter Smith. The city lost practically all of its valuable holdings.

The courts were jammed with land cases in the fifties. Liman-tour's claim dragged on for many years. There were others such as Costa, Marchena, Santilla and Peter Sherreback, who demanded satisfaction on "grants." Disputes over land caused many a shooting and bitter court battle. And land holders like James Lick spent great sums of money to maintain their titles.

In December, 1853, a sale of water lots farther out in the bay than those disposed of in '47 and '48, revealed the leap in San Francisco real estate values.

Lots 25 feet by 59 feet 6 inches brought from \$8,000 to \$16,000 and four small-sized buildings in the business district netted \$1,200,000 which "restored the injured credit of the city," according to the "Annals of San Francisco."

The following year, 1854, the future of San Francisco worried many of the best citizens. How was it to grow? In what direction could it spread? It was as serious a problem to the citizens of that day as the bay bridge and the peninsula highways are to San Franciscans today.

The "Annals of San Francisco," published in 1854 stated the problem in this wise:

"The deepening water will prevent the city from moving much farther into the bay, while the steep rising grounds in the rear will equally prevent it from climbing and spreading over the sandy, irregular country beyond them. The city will probably therefore be forced to pro-

ceed northward toward the North Beach, where there is already a long pier formed, but where there is remaining but limited building room at best. It will also spread, as it is beginning to do, over the extensive and comparatively level tract of ground lying to the southwest, on the banks of Mission Creek, and in the direction of the Mission Dolores.

"Perhaps not many years hence the whole shores at North Beach and South Beach (Mission Bay) and the bay itself, a considerable distance from the present high water mark, will be covered with streets and houses, quays and long piercing piers, just as now is the cove of Yerba Buena. The existing surveys and plans of the city, anticipating futurity, already exhibit these places, both on land and sea, divided and fairly mapped out into streets and wharves.

"Over all these square miles of contemplated thoroughfares, there seems no provision made by the projectors for a public park—the true 'lungs' of a large city. The existing plaza or Portsmouth Square, and the other two or three diminutive squares, delineated on the plan, seem the only breathing holes intended for the future population of hundreds of thousands. This is a strange mistake, and can only be attributed to the jealous avarice of the city projectors in turning every square vara of the site, to an available building lot.

"Indeed the eye is wearied, and the imagination quite stupefied, in looking over the numberless square—all square—building blocks, and mathematically straight lines of streets, miles long and every one crossing a host of others at right angles, stretching over sandy hill, chasm and plain, without the least regard to the natural inequalities of the ground. Not only is there no public park or garden, but there is not even a circus, oval, open terrace, broad avenue or any ornamental line of street or building, or verdant space of any kind, other than the three or four small squares alluded to, and which every resident knows are by no means verdant, except in patches where stagnant water collects and ditch weeds grow."

It was a young town, fretful with growing pains. Like most young things it did the unexpected. In the years that followed it climbed the steep ground back of Yerba Buena Cove, sprawled out over the Mission flats, fingered its way into the sandy, irregular country among the dunes and brought great wealth to the men who had bought in '48 and '49.

Practically all of James Lick's San Francisco property investments were made during those two years. His \$30,000 returned to him in millions.

He was no longer young when he came to Yerba Buena, the village of adobe huts and frame shanties; a man in his maturity staking everything on a brave young town. The story of his career is the story of a city's growth.

---

## The Life of James Lick

---

Fourteen years before San Francisco Bay was discovered, a little village known as Stumptown\* appeared on the fertile valley land of southeastern Pennsylvania. To the northwest loomed Kittatiny Mountain, a blue upland beyond the area of verdant country. Beneath the soil were rich deposits of iron and copper.

Frederick Stump, who founded Stumptown in 1755, was an Indian fighter and a pioneer of the early Colonial days. To this section came settlers who in later years were known as "Pennsylvania Dutch."

The years brought the Revolution and the dread winter at Valley Forge. Among the men whose bleeding feet left vivid prints upon the snow was William Lük, a German immigrant.

He had a son, John, born September 13, 1765, near Norristown, Montgomery County. It was not long before the boy dropped the German spelling of his surname and became plain John Lick. When he was a young man he moved to Stumptown, Lebanon County. There he remained.

He was a carpenter and wood-joiner, the genius of the countryside. Townsfolk boasted of his skill.

His wife was a Long, born of pioneers. During the days of bitter Indian fighting, a considerable portion of her ancestors had been slaughtered by a redskin raiding party.

On August 25, 1796, a son was born to Sarah and John Lick. They named him James. He went to the village school where he did as well as any other small boy. What history he learned was given color by the stories of the grandfather who had suffered the ordeal of Valley Forge, and the mother who had been a Long. The story of the Indian raiding party, swooping down on his

---

\*The name Stumptown was afterward abandoned and the town became Fredericksburg.

maternal ancestors was a glorious tale for evenings by the fire-side. The boy never forgot these family legends.

His schooling done, James was early apprenticed to his father, an exacting teacher. He worked hard and was scolded in no mild terms when mistakes were made. In the end he became an excellent cabinet worker.

When James was a young man he fell in love with the miller's daughter. It is evident that she loved him, too, for the boy felt sure enough to ask the miller's consent.

The exact wording of the miller's answer is not known. He is quoted in various terms, but all versions of the affair agree on his emphatic refusal.

In fact, the miller thundered indignation at the idea of a poor wood-jointer aspiring to the hand of the pretty young heiress.

"Have you a mill like this? Have you a penny in your purse?" he demanded. "When you own a mill as large and costly as mine, you can have my daughter's hand, but not before."

"Some day I'll own a mill that will make this look like a pigsty," was Lick's answer, according to the fragmentary legend handed down by the townsfolk.

On June 3, 1818, a boy was born in Stumptown and his mother named him John H. Lick. The following year, 1819, James Lick left his home in search of the fortune the stubborn old miller had demanded of him. With one dollar in his pocket, Lick walked out of town into the unknown future. The dollar and the suit of clothes he wore made up his worldly possessions.

At Hanover, Pennsylvania, he found work with Aldt, the organmaker. A short time later he began a journey south, supporting himself on odd jobs. At Alexandria, Virginia, he was employed in the furniture factory of Green & Company. But promotion was slow and young Lick quit to seek better fortune in Baltimore. Over the dirt pikes and the rolling hills, trudged the young journeyman.

Joseph Hiskey, whose pianos were famous in those days, hired James Lick and the young fellow settled in Baltimore near the factory. There he met Conrad Meyer, a young German

who had learned the trade of piano-making back in Germany, his Fatherland. They struck up a friendship that lasted all through the years.

Meyer, a placid youth, was very different from the fiery and impulsive American. It was not long before Lick, again tiring of the slow progress, set out in quest of better opportunities. Meyer remained with Hiskey.

Lick found work in New York City. The spirit of the town and the knowledge that experience had brought him gave the young man greater confidence and energy. He had everything but the capital necessary for a business venture of his own. It made him alert, as watchful as a cat at a mousehole.

Every day a truck loaded with chairs, tables and such household furniture went rumbling by the workshop. It became a part of the routine of his life—each day the truck went by at a certain time. Eventually Lick slipped out of the shop and followed the truck. Down among the wharves it went, James Lick close after it. A good-sized vessel lay at the wharf. Piece by piece the load was swallowed up in the hold. Lick stood watching and thinking. Loungers said the furniture was bound for Buenos Ayres.

He wondered. There must be quite a demand for furniture in Buenos Ayres. Look at the truck-loads that had gone by the shop! If furniture made in New York could be sold at a profit in Buenos Ayres, despite transportation costs, what might the profit be to a maker right on the ground?

Lick's goal became Buenos Ayres. All he lacked was the money. He lost no time in meeting the captain of the ship. Lick made a bargain with him. He was to build a piano for the captain and install it in the ship's cabin. In exchange the captain would take as passengers Lick and two helpers, fare free. With these men, his tools and very little money, James Lick sailed for Buenos Ayres.

Meyer had refused to join him. The placid German had no taste for adventure and Lick's pleading could not change him. So the two friends parted at the crossroads some time in December, 1820.

Always thorough and painstaking, Lick took special care that the products of the piano- and furniture-making venture



should be objects of wood-joiner's art. For twelve years he worked, prospered and gained fame.

In 1832, he reviewed the years, counted his fortune and prepared to return to the United States. Without stopping to write of his decision, he took ship for home. With him he brought \$40,000 worth of hides and nutria skins.

Conrad Meyer, who was in business on Fifth Street near Prince in Philadelphia, looked up from his work one day to see James Lick come walking in the store.

Several days later Lick paid \$400 in advance for a year's rental of a house on Eighth Street near Arch, where he intended to set up business as a piano-maker. Then he left town, saying that he was on his way to New York and Boston for short visits.

Instead he bought a horse and carriage. It was a pretentious outfit.

That was how James Lick returned to Stumptown. Thirteen years ago he had walked out bravely; a poor boy, scorned by the father of the girl he loved. He returned in elegance, sitting in a fine carriage drawn by a brisk-stepping horse, its harness new and glittering.

He had come back to marry the mother of the little boy who had been born in 1818. Whether she was the miller's daughter or some other village girl is not known. Suffice that Lick returned with a fortune in his money belt and the wish to marry her.

Their son was now in his fourteenth year. Townsfolk say that when the mother heard of James Lick's return, she hurried the boy out into the country and hid him in the house of a relative.

No one knows what Lick thought when he learned that the mother of his child had married and that she was raising the boy as the eldest of her young family. But the story goes that Lick tried to find his son and could not. Two weeks passed. Then he gave the horse and carriage to his brother, William, and disappeared.

The horse died not long afterward, so the story goes, and William sold the carriage, putting the proceeds by against the day when James' son should come of age.



It was not long before Conrad Meyer received a letter from Lick, who, writing from Boston, announced a change in his plans. Would Meyer call on the house agent and cancel the lease, making the best settlement possible? Meyer returned the key and got \$300 of the \$400 paid down by Lick. This was sent to his friend, ending the Philadelphia venture.

Lick's plans soon took form. Stumptown was behind him, Philadelphia was behind him, and he found himself looking to South America once more. And back he went. The vessel on which he sailed carried a cargo of flour and staples, which he had purchased out of the money he meant to spend in Philadelphia and Stumptown.

But when he sold the cargo, which brought good profits, he became dissatisfied with business prospects in Buenos Ayres. It is not known whether the piano and furniture market had fallen or that the wanderlust had him again.

At any rate he sold out his newly established business and prepared to cross the plains and mountains to Valparaiso, Chile.

The journey is not a pleasure jaunt even today, in spite of the railroad. In Lick's time it was made by mule train over miserable trails, along which lurked dank fever and marauding Indians.

The route followed by Lick led along the west bank of the broad La Plata River, up the right bank of the Parana, a tributary to Rosario where the trail set out across the bleak Pampas. For miles ahead the dreary land loomed desolate but for the heavy growth of Pampas grapes, among which Indians lurked. And even if there were no Indians, the grape thorns cut and tore the travelers as they threaded their weary way.

"I was worn out, stripped of my clothing and completely exhausted," Lick said in later years, "And I was glad when I first caught sight of the distant Andes. It gave promise of a break in a monotonous and wearisome journey."

At Mendoza, near the foot of the Andes, Lick rested. It was a pretty little place, surrounded by green, fertile corn fields, vineyards and orchards. Trees shaded the adobe houses and flowers bloomed brightly beside them. Mountain streams tumbled noisily nearby.

Lick liked to watch the life of the little town. Soldiers lounged in the sun; pretty girls smiled at them and the water carriers rocked slowly with their burdens, toiling from house to house.

One day Lick found a companion, a little Indian boy who sat sketching the people in the square. Lick was struck with the child's ability. He began to inquire about his parents. Some one said the child belonged to an Indian woman. She refused to give up the boy, claiming him as her peon. She would not name his parents, but said the boy was a pure-blooded Indian.

Lick begged her to let him take the boy. He promised to educate him and bring fame to Mendosa. But the woman shook her head.

"I offered her one-half of all the money I was carrying with me," said Lick.

The woman declined with contempt in her voice. She said she would not part with her peon for fifty times that amount.

James Lick was sad. He saw in the boy's sketches the touch of a genius. To him the little peon had a sense of true art that only the masters could have equaled. But it withered in Mendosa and James Lick went up the Andes alone.

As he toiled up the winding trail that skirted the Sierra de los Paramillos on the way to Minos, he thought with envy of the little Indian boy.

"I said to myself why couldn't I have a gift like that," he used to say when he told the story, "Why was I sent into the world so poorly equipped in contrast with the talent of that child?"

Minos is 9,500 feet above sea level. Lick and his mule train toiled through the little village and on to the south until they reached the Mendosa River. Up the banks they went to the Puente del Inca, where Inca's Bridge, a natural rock formation, crosses the hot springs in the grottoes below. A few miles more and they had reached the crest of the Andes, 12,795 feet above sea level.

In traveling through the pass at Cumbre, Lick suffered the agony of "puna," fighting for breath in the rarified air. To make it worse a swift icy wind blew snow and hail upon the creeping

train, but somehow they survived and started on the steep descent to Juncal, Chile.

Juncal was a dismal place and Lick ordered the party to keep on until they reached Ojos del Agua, where they rested.

And after many days he came to Valparaiso. Four years passed while Lick built pianos. Again, he became restless. Business had not come up to his expectations.

It wasn't long before he began to pack up. Peru was now his land of promise. As Chile and Peru were on the point of actual hostilities, he had to hurry in order to reach Callao before the blockade went into effect.

Lick sailed on the "Brilliant," a rotting hulk, bound for Callao and Guayaquil. It reached the former city one day before the blockade and Lick landed, setting out immediately for Lima. The "Brilliant" had no sooner turned her nose to the outer harbor, on the way to Guayaquil than she wearied of the journey before it was begun and promptly sank.

Lick, the piano-maker, became well known in Lima. He prospered. Business boomed and he took a trip to Europe. It was as near a vacation as the man ever took during all his years. He spent four weeks in London and a month on the Continent. It is evident that he visited piano-makers while on his travels. Sometimes he spoke of his experiences in after years. The difficulties he had with the moneys of the German States always amused him.

"I went to my bankers," he used to say, "and obtained a variety of coins, which I carried in my overcoat pocket. When I had occasion to pay for anything, I just pulled out a handful and told them to take what they wanted."

In England he bought a machine for cutting and working brass. Bringing new ideas back to Lima with him, he went to work once more. The machine for working brass proved a wise investment.

Lick bought up all the brass he could lay hands on and cornered the market. He made \$20,000 in one year as a result. Besides making Lima's best pianos and cornering the brass market, James Lick ran a theater, an amphitheater for bull fighting and dabbled in various mercantile ventures.

In all these years Lick had written no letter to anyone in the States. His relatives and his old friend Conrad Meyer had given him up for dead. It was characteristic of Lick that he should say nothing until he thought he had something to say.

"I had begun to believe him among the dead," wrote Meyer in his reminiscences. "One day I received a letter in his own handwriting, enclosing an order for between \$1,300 and \$1,400 in Spanish doubloons, the same being brought to New York by a government war vessel. The money was intended as payment for the inside work or action of twelve upright pianos, which I soon had finished and shipped to him at Lima."

In 1846, news of the Mexican war reached Lima. California had been occupied by the United States Government. And California became Lick's new goal. Friends urged him to remain in Lima. Why should he leave assured success to risk his life in a strange country? How could he be sure that California would remain under the American flag? Besides, wasn't the region full of cut-throats and ruffians?

Lick replied that he'd always been able to take care of himself, notwithstanding cut-throats, ruffians or any other sort of obstacle. And he'd always noticed that once the United States got hold of territory it wasn't apt to let go.

Nothing hindered Lick's migration to California but that matter of twelve pianos. He had taken the orders and he meant to fill them. His workmen, having been struck with the desire to reach Mexico, and not being burdened by any sense of obligation to customers, quit their benches and sailed at once for the north.

And there was Lick with twelve pianos to make and no workmen! It took him eighteen months to complete the pianos, which he fitted with the action sent by Meyer.

In November, 1847, Lick sold out his business for \$30,000, a great deal less than it was worth. What with his other moneys, he managed to keep the \$30,000 intact. He sailed on the brig *Lady Adams*, entering the Golden Gate on January 7, 1848. The money, Peruvian doubloons for the most part, he carried in an iron safe. His tools and his work bench were with the safe in the hold of the *Lady Adams*.

His strong box upset the routine in the Custom House. It was too large to be safely stored there. Captain Folsom was

very much concerned about the affair. It was most unusual for a man to seek the little seaport town with so much cash about him.

Land-poor residents, who had been languishing in the depths of a financial slump, took on an air of alert expectation as James Lick walked about the town, his keen eyes studying the cove and the rolling meadows beyond.

On January 24th, seventeen days after Lick arrived, James Marshall found a chispa of gold in the sluice box of a mill at Coloma. But news traveled slowly in those days. Many miles of wooded upland and grassy valley land lay between Coloma and the shores of San Francisco Bay.

It took weeks for the cry of "gold, gold" to reach the ears of San Franciscans and then it was heard but faintly. May was half over before the real rush began, and the cry of "gold, gold" rose to a shout.

In the meantime Lick tramped over San Francisco, choosing the lots he desired. Everyone was loud in prophesying great commercial success for the town, but no one else seemed gambler enough to invest in the land that was to be had. In fact, lots could be bought for little more than the value under alcalde grants.

The latter part of January, James Lick began to buy. By December of 1848, he had probably the largest land holdings of any one man of his time. With but few exceptions he retained ownership of these purchases until the day of his death.

One of the first purchases he made was an adobe house on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets. It stood on a 50 vara lot and Lick paid \$3,000 for the house and lot. So far as is known it was the largest lump sum he paid for any one of his San Francisco holdings.

Had it not been for the cellar of that adobe house, it is doubtful that S. J. Ellis and his wife, former owners, would have realized such a neat sum from their property.

As soon as Lick made this purchase, he had his iron safe with its Peruvian doubloons, moved into the cellar of the adobe house. On top of the safe he piled his bench, tools and other belongings. Then satisfied that his money was at last in a secure place, James Lick went out to seek other holdings.



During the year 1848 he made between 35 and 40 investments. The gold rush came and left the city deserted. James Lick went right on buying land, some of it six and eight feet under water at high tide.

The following list gives the location, price and size of his San Francisco lots:

<i>Date of Purchase 1848</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Price</i>
Feb. 1—	Lot 138 ft. from southwest corner of Montgomery and Pacific Sts. 14 vara, south 25 vara, west 36 vara, south 25 vara, north 50 vara to place of beginning; bought of Gregorio Es-salante .....	\$ 270.00
Feb. 2—	50 vara lot No. 189, northeast corner Jackson and Montgomery, adobe bld., in same; bought of S. J. Ellis and wife.....	3,000.00
Feb. 7—	Water lots 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, Mission St., between First and Fremont. Frontage of whole block on Mission; bought of George Hyde .....	300.00
Feb. 11—	50 vara lots 554, 574, 575, Montgomery, Sutter and Post Sts., from George Hyde.....	275.00
Feb. 11—	50 vara lot 457, northeast corner Stockton and Filbert St., from Benj. S. Lippincott.....	60.00
	50 vara lot 459, northwest corner Dupont and Filbert St., from Benj. S. Lippincott.....	60.00
	50 vara lot, Green St., between Stockton and Powell, from Benj. S. Lippincott.....	200.00
	50 vara lot 458, Filbert, between Dupont and Stockton, from W. McDonald.....	70.00
Feb. 16—	50 vara lot 424, southwest corner Dupont and Filbert, from John McClain.....	82.50
	50 vara lot 120, northeast corner of Powell and Clay, from Wm. Evans and wife.....	157.00
Feb. 18—	50 vara lot 423, southeast corner Filbert and Dupont, from Geo. Dohling.....	50.00
Feb. 18—	Water lot 135, southeast corner Washington and Sansome, from Geo. Dohling.....	70.00
Feb. 20—	Water lots 45 and 46, northeast corner Jackson and Sansome and northwest corner Jackson and Battery, from Wm. Pettet.....	170.00
Mar. 2—	50 vara lot 620, Broadway between Mason and Taylor, from Jno. Bigley.....	150.00
Mar. 3—	50 vara lot 70, Vallejo between Dupont and Stockton, from Henry Smith.....	200.00
Mar. 3—	Water lot 41, Sansome between Pacific and Jackson, from John Joice.....	500.00



Mar. 7—	Water lots 131, 132, 133, 134, Sansome between Washington and Clay, from Benj. S. Lippincott and Geo. McDougal.....	16.00
Mar. 13—	50 vara lot 153, southwest corner Sacramento and Powell; bought at public sale, held by Alcalde Hyde by order of town council.....	18.00
	50 vara lot 150, southeast corner California and Powell; alcalde grant.....	16.00
	50 vara lot 154, northwest corner Sacramento and Powell; public sale.....	19.00
	50 vara lot 217 Vallejo St., between Montgomery and Kearny; public sale.....	16.00
	50 vara lot 400, north side Union, between Taylor and Jones; public sale.....	16.00
	50 vara lot 401, northwest corner Taylor and Union; public sale.....	16.00
	50 vara lot 402, northeast corner Taylor and Union; public sale.....	22.00
	50 vara lot 403, Union, north side, between Mason and Taylor; public sale.....	43.00
Mar. 14—	50 vara lot 436, southwest corner Taylor and Filbert; continuation public sale.....	20.00
	50 vara lot 437, south side Filbert, between Taylor and Jones; public sale.....	16.00
	50 vara lot 438, southeast corner Filbert and Jones; public sale.....	16.00
	50 vara lot 439, southwest corner Filbert and Jones; public sale.....	16.00
	50 vara lot 523, southwest corner Jones and Lombard; public sale.....	28.00
	50 vara lot 524, Lombard south side between Jones and Leavenworth; public sale.....	27.00
Mar. 14—	50 vara lot 525, northeast corner Lombard and Leavenworth; public sale.....	19.00
	50 vara lot 529, northeast corner Lombard and Dupont; public sale.....	16.00
	50 vara lot 530, north side Lombard between Dupont and Kearney; public sale.....	24.00
	50 vara lot 533, south side Chestnut, between Kearny and Dupont; public sale.....	18.00
	50 vara lot 534, southeast corner Chestnut and Dupont; public sale.....	29.00
	50 vara lot 565, southeast corner Powell and Sutter; alcalde grant on petition.....	16.00
Apr. 5—	50 vara lot 117, southeast corner Jackson and Powell; bought of Wm. S. Clark.....	150.00
	50 vara lots 1471, 1472, 1478, 1479, Sansome between Greenwich and Filbert; bought of George Hyde.....	100.00

Sept. 5—100 vara lot 126, southwest corner Market and Fourth; bought of George Hyde.....	150.00
Sept. 18—50 vara lots 700 and 705, Powell between Francisco and Chestnut; bought of George Dohling .....	150.00
Water lots 427, 428, 429, 430, Beale and Fremont, between Howard and Folsom; bought of George Dohling.....	150.00

There was a great leap in property values during the year 1849. Lick learned that to his cost. In the spring of 1848, he had managed to buy up all the water lots on the east side of Sansome Street from Washington to Clay, with the exception of lot 130 on the corner. In all they cost him approximately \$240.

But Lick wanted to complete that block front. The wish was close to his heart, so close that on November 9, 1849, he paid Rodman M. Price \$12,000 for that one small corner lot, with its 25-foot frontage on Sansome Street.

In 1848 his whole list of properties cost him only \$6,762. By the fall of 1849, his holdings had made him the richest man in San Francisco.

On April 22, 1848, to get back to the sequence of affairs, Manual Diar Maranter and his wife received \$3,000 from James Lick in payment for their interest in a tract of land on the Guadalupe River near Santa Clara, Santa Clara County. On this property was a mill with complete machinery. The \$3,000 included water rights.

In May, 1848, every man talked of gold. It rather got Lick's taste for adventure. So he tried his luck at Mormon Island on the American River.

Although it was a warm May up there in the Sierras, Lick went about rocking the cradle and sifting with a long overcoat wrapped about him. It flapped far below his knees, almost hiding his squeaking rubber boots. On his head was a tall plug hat.

"I invited him up to my camp," wrote Captain W. F. Swasey, who happened on Lick at Mormon Island. "Under the cool shade of a liveoak tree we lunched and drank a bottle of claret together and discussed the question of the gold discovery and the influence it was destined to exert upon the future of California.

"Mr. Lick expressed himself as profoundly impressed with the enormous values, at the same time expressing the idea that

his field of future operations would be in and about San Francisco, and not in the gold region."

Sometime within the following year Lick made a \$1,500 investment in old John Sutter's pet project, Sutterville, four miles down the river from the present site of Sacramento. Sutter's dream town soon waned and died. And with it went Lick's \$1,500.

For nearly two years he did nothing with the Santa Clara County mill or his interest in the land. But on January 1, 1850, he acquired the title to 167 acres more on the Guadalupe, paying \$1,512. On December 20, 1850, he bought from Oliver Mag-nant, half owner of the mill property, 50 additional acres, completing a great tract.

Before long construction was begun on a flour mill. Lick was very particular about the material used. No one in the region knew of the promise he had made to the Stumptown miller. But a deal of gossip swung around the countryside as work progressed.

About this time the land title disputes began to crowd the courts in San Francisco. Lick was called from the mill in order to protect his fortune. Jose Limantour, the trader who claimed land under a grant made by Governor Micheltorena, on Limantour's say-so only, caused Lick considerable anxiety. Limantour's claim was eventually declared a thorough fraud by the United States District Court for the Northern District of California. But Limantour, cashing the concern of property holders, whose titles he contested, managed to make a tidy fortune out of "satisfactory considerations" paid him by these men. In exchange Limantour gave each property holder a "deed" to his lot.

James Lick paid Limantour \$10,000 in order to clear the title to his 100 vara lot on the southwest corner of Market and Fourth streets and to the land at Montgomery, Sutter and Post, for many years known as the Lick House property.

Squatters gave him a good deal of trouble in the early fifties. Many of these "settlers-keepers" landlords, disputed the legal rights of a man holding an alcalde grant. Belligerent homesteaders, they chose likely lots, built shanties and defied the title of the owners.

Lick hired men to dispossess these defiant squatters and the action frequently became a free for all fight. His guards were ordered to drive the landgrabbers from the property, destroy their improvements and remove them from each lot.

Lick spent large sums of money to protect his interests. One gang of men, hired to guard some property at North Beach, received \$20 each for every night on duty. They were to evict the occupant of what was known as a "China House," a portable affair imported from the Orient, and quite common in those days.

Now the owner of the China House was comfortable enough and at peace with the world. He declined when Lick's men requested him to leave. Further discussion of the matter necessitated the aiming of a revolver. It was in the hands of the Lick leader and pointed directly at the squatter. He departed. Very shortly afterward, his house began to trundle over the ground in pursuit. Once it was off Lick's land, it stopped and there it stood on no man's land, awaiting the return of its owner.

In time such affairs were adjusted and Lick, leaving his properties in the care of an agent, returned to his holdings on the Guadalupe River.

The red brick walls of the new mill were three stories high when a severe earthquake twisted them badly. Lick called a halt in the work. The top story of brick was torn away and in its place Lick had the men put redwood timbers, each one a perfect piece of wood.

There was a buzz and flurry of neighborhood comment when Spanish cedar and mahogany were heaped before the interior carpenters. Every beam and plank was fitted and polished with great care.

Then the machinery arrived from Boston. It was of glittering brass and shining steel, as finished as that of a present day steamboat.

One day the mill was done. Lick looked on it with pride. A palace could have had no finer fittings. Then, so the old folks used to say in Fredericksburg, Lick had the mill photographed and the pictures were sent to the miller's daughter. At any rate the home folks soon learned of the mill, which was without any doubt the most elaborately fitted in the world.

Several years of difficulties followed the completion of the mill. An incompetent millwright had bungled the installation of the machinery and a good portion of the work had to be done over. It was a great expense, but Lick insisted that the work be done.

All this time, in spite of his mahogany mill with its polished machinery, James Lick lived in a little frame shanty. It was dwarfed in the shadow of the great mill. The frame of an old grand piano was the principal piece of furniture in this ramshackle home. A mattress spread on top, covered by some blankets, was bed enough for the mill owner. He ate with the hired help. His working hours were the same as theirs and no job was too hard for him. San Francisco seldom saw him. His few visits there were on business and he made them short.

Sometime in 1852, during the year that Lick discovered the millwright's blunder, a young man, landing at Alviso from the steamboat "Jenny Lind," walked the three miles that lay between the bay and Lick's Mill.

He told the workmen he wanted to see James Lick. They pointed out a man who was working in a shack where sacks of flour had been heaped. One sack was missing. He was making an energetic search.

The stranger told the workmen that his name was Lick. When they carried this message to the man in the shed, he quit his search long enough to step outside, ask the young fellow to repeat his name, shake hands and go back to work again.

Young Lick didn't like this. His temper rose and he started for Alviso. He hadn't gone very far when he heard a shout. It was James Lick hurrying after him. The elder man questioned him.

It seems that the young man's name was James W. Lick. He had come west with the rush of '49, but had had poor luck at the gold diggings. He was working at American River, when a chance acquaintance from San Francisco, told him that a man with a name spelled like his had made a fortune in city real estate.

Young Lick learned that the James Lick in San Francisco had come from South America. He remembered that he had a long lost uncle who had gone to South America and been given



up as dead. The facts tallied so well that he decided to see the man. It wouldn't do any harm and he was sick of gold digging.

But when James Lick questioned him, the young fellow said nothing of this. The old man had to pry it out of him. According to the records, the conversation went something like this, after the boy had given his name as James W. Lick of Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania.

"Do you know William Lick? He lives there."

"Yes, sir, he is my uncle."

"Do you know John Lick?"

"Yes, sir; he was my father."

There was a quick catch in the elder man's voice. It rather joggled him out of his shell. He put the question in other words.

"And your father, my brother John, is he living?"

"No, uncle," replied the boy, "He died thirteen years ago, in 1839."

Lick was hit hard. He had gone on in his hermit-like way through all the years, making his plans without a thought for other influences.

Something like the case of the village girl, mother of his son. To all appearances he had worked during the thirteen or fourteen years before his return in order to bring her a fortune. Evidently he never wrote to her, never thought of writing. To his way of thinking it hadn't been necessary. And when he came home, she was married. She would have nothing to do with him. She hid their son and he could not find the boy.

And now his plans had once more come tumbling down upon him. There was something pathetic about the rough old fellow's disappointment.

"My, my," he said, shaking his head, "I had hoped your father could come to California and live near me. I bought property in San Jose. I have a house partly erected on it. It was to be his home. I didn't dream he was dead."

Later on he took his nephew to see the house and lot. It was on First Street, not far from the present Vendome Hotel. Rec-



ords describe it as "fronting 100 varas on First Street and containing 11 acres."

But that's running ahead of the story.

Lick, separated from home folks and all news of the old town for so many years, wanted to know everything that had happened; all the family gossip. What about the town?

"When he had exhausted all his questions and my patience," said James W. Lick afterward, "He told me I could retire when I wanted to, and pointed out the place where I was to sleep on the hard surface of the top of an old piano, without a mattress or anything to make it comfortable, except my blankets; while he laid down in almost equally uncomfortable quarters, save for his mattress, which was spread upon an old door laid upon the tops of four nail casks in an adjoining room in the cabin."

Next morning when the nephew prepared to return to San Francisco, James Lick would not let him go until he had promised to return and make his home by the mill. James W. Lick remained with his uncle for many years.

By the time the repairs about the mill machinery were done, Lick had planted a wide orchard, laid out gardens filled with rare plants and created a beautiful setting for his mahogany mill.

During the year 1853, William Tecumseh Sherman, then a member of the banking house of Lucas, Turner & Co., learned the value of James Lick's property by the following experience of which he wrote in his memoirs:

"Shortly after arriving in 1853, we looked around for a site for the new bank, and the only place then available on Montgomery Street, the Wall Street of San Francisco, was a lot at the corner of Jackson Street, facing Montgomery, with an alley on the north, belonging to James Lick. The ground was sixty by sixty-two feet, and I had to pay for it thirty-two thousand dollars."

In the fall of 1855 right after the new mill began operation, Lick decided to send for his son, John H. Lick. There are several versions of this story. One, told in Fredericksburg, is that when James Lick wrote, asking his son to join him in California,

John Lick replied that he had his business\* to tend to.

"If you can't sell your store, give it away. Come at once. I have enough for both of us," wrote James Lick. His son arrived during the autumn of 1855.

Rudolph Jordan, who handled the selling of Lick's flour in San Francisco, used to visit the eccentric man every week at the mill where they would go over the books and inspect the flour. Lick was always working as hard as any of his men. As Jordan came to know him better, he asked the mill owner why he did not send for his boy, John.

"Why doesn't he come? I have no objections," replied Lick, according to Jordan's story. So, the agent said, he wrote to John Lick.

One of the stories must be right, for John Lick did arrive. He had a good many of his father's qualities, taciturn and stoical. They met without any display of emotion, and promptly settled in their ruts, the father plodding about the gardens, the son reading or working at odd jobs.

Somehow they never got along well. One irritated the other. Lick wanted his son to travel, to spend money—to enjoy the wealth of his father.

He used to complain to his friends that his boy didn't seem to care for the fine things of life. Poor James Lick never had the opportunity of roaring at the size of his son's expenses. Strange, for all of his thriftiness, James Lick actually felt hurt because his boy wasn't typical of so many rich men's sons.

It took a great amount of argument to induce John Lick to visit Europe, but his father finally managed it. He spent a year traveling over the Continent and England. Then he returned to the mill where he read countless novels and spent very little money.

All the while James Lick was puttering about his flowers and trees. As he worked he must have planned improvements, for no sooner was one task finished than he started on another.

---

\*John Lick went into business for himself when he was 21. His capital was about \$300. The hundred dollars which his Uncle William had put by from the sale of James Lick's carriage in 1832 made up one-third of this amount.

He paid no attention to the price of such things. He wanted what he wanted, no matter how much it cost. His garden and the orchard grew in luxury. The man lived like a pauper, but for the meals he shared with his help.

He paid his workmen well. He fed them good food and plenty of it. One minute he would shun luxury, even comfort, and the next he would spend a thousand dollars on some person or project that had aroused his sympathy and interest. He drove a close bargain in business dealings, fighting for every penny he considered his due.

He was a lean-faced man with sharp blue eyes and thin features, surrounded by a tufted beard that lined his jaw. He wore odd, ill-sorted clothes, flung carelessly on him, as if time spent in dressing was time wasted.

He used to ride about the country in a rickety old wagon that creaked as the warped wheels tumbled over the roads. Bits of rope flapped loosely from a dozen mended parts. A greasy bear skin folded on the hard seat served as a cushion.

Some people thought him a bit touched in the head when they saw him picking up the bones of long dead cattle that lay weathering on the open fields of the valley. Many a night he used to return to the mill, the old wagon heaped with skulls, thigh bones and big knuckles.

Even when the neighbors learned that Lick ground the bones and used the meal for tree fertilizer, they sniffed and raised their eyebrows.

Year after year he rode about in the old wagon. Nursed and coaxed along, it never quite reached the point of collapse. The old residents said that whenever James Lick wanted to drive into San Jose, he used to announce it the night before by saying:

"Jimmy, put the wagon wheels to soak, I'm going to town."

In 1860, he decided to build a house. Perhaps the shanty looked sad and miserable in the midst of luxuriant gardens with winding, shaded paths wandering among them. It was a magnificent house, built of the best, no matter what the price.

So far as is recorded he never furnished it. Something killed his interest. Perhaps it was his disappointment in John, who

returned to Fredericksburg in 1871 and never saw his father again.

At any rate Lick had his own room furnished and there he spent his free hours reading and pondering. His library was made up entirely of books on scientific, metaphysical and theological subjects. It was a large collection but he read each book many times. He read others, borrowing them from the few friends he had among the valley folk.

Practically all of his property had been put in the hands of agents. Even the mill was leased to others. He lived among his flowers and wondered about the universe. It fascinated him, the mystery of it all.

His infrequent dealings with the Valley people revealed the strange conceptions of the lonely man's mind. Caius T. Ryland, a pioneer of San Jose, had as a favorite story this account of a chance meeting with James Lick:

Ryland was driving from San Jose to Alviso one warm summer day, when he came upon Lick treading heavily under the weight of an ox yoke which he carried on bent shoulders.

Ryland who knew Lick well greeted him and stopped. Lick was to put the yoke in the back of the buggy and ride the rest of the way to the mill, some two miles or more.

Lick thanked him and declined. Ryland insisted. Lick continued to decline. Well then, wouldn't Mr. Lick put the yoke in the buggy and chat as he walked alongside?

"No," said the mill owner, "I have borne my yoke patiently so far in life and I will not shirk my duty now."

And hunching his shoulders under the yoke, he plodded along the dusty road, while Ryland, reining his horses to a walk, chatted with him.

Going back to 1853, they tell another story of the man's whims. In those days he had one horse and a dump cart. These he used about the mill and garden. It wasn't long before it became necessary to order a cart and harness from San Francisco. When they arrived Lick decided that he would rather rent a horse. So young Jimmy was dispatched on the search for a horse to hire. One of the neighbors said he would rent

his horse at one dollar and a half a day, or the animal could be bought for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Lick replied that he wanted to hire, not buy the horse and ordered his nephew to bear the tidings to the neighbor. The days came and the days went until the horse hire amounted to two hundred dollars.

James Lick made no comment, merely handed his nephew three hundred and fifty dollars, two hundred for horse hire and one hundred and fifty for the purchase of the animal. Jimmy returned with the receipt for the money and the horse remained in Lick's barn. Years afterward it died of old age, having spent a most comfortable life among green pastures and good bedding.

Young James W. Lick was the source of many stories concerning his uncle. He rather liked the grim old man and understood him better than most people. He must have been an observing young fellow with something of his uncle's dry humor.

Cruising about the place shortly after his arrival in '53, he discovered an open well with a pump in it. There didn't seem much reason for either the well or the pump and he asked one of the workmen why it was there.

It seems that some time before a squirrel had occupied a hole on that site, leaving it for deeper tunnels from time to time in order to dine on the roots of Lick's beloved trees. A gang of men were put to work to dig out the squirrel. They struck water during the job and he had a pump installed to bale it out. They never did find the squirrel. But Lick was satisfied. It was a very good well.

Not many years passed before the Lick Mill became Lick's Folly as far as the countryside was concerned. What pleasure he may have had in building a mill more splendid than that of the Fredericksburg autocrat soon faded and the whole affair became a burden. Practically every winter the creek overflowed, flooding his gardens and orchards. In spite of all the money he spent, he could find no way to check the power of the stream.

Such worries as these evidently wiped out all thought of glory over the Pennsylvania miller. His letters home concerned other affairs. In his stumbling, blundering way he tried to



aid and even glorify the few people who held his affections. Take for instance this letter:

Lick's Mill, March 29, 1859.

Mr. William Lick,  
Dear Brother:

I have sent you a few Newspapers, you will see by them that the troubles and contentions about our California Land Titles are far from being quieted. I came very near being shot this morning in Court Room, where a case of murder was pending originating out of a quarrel about titles. A young man that was shot was seated next to me on the same bench.

How are my Brothers and Sisters, let me know all about them as I have not heard from them for a long time. I hope they are all well.

I wish you would make inquiry about my Grandfather William Lick, as I intend to have a monument erected to his memory. I heard him say that he carried the musket five years under Washington. He underwent all the hardships and severe trials of those brave and noble men of Seventy-Six, his place of residence was about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, the place was called Falkamer Swamp about one mile east of Norristown, my uncle Jacob Lick lived within a half mile of him at the time I paid him a visit, so that you cannot help finding some one of the family living in the neighborhood, you oblige me if you will go in person and get all the information you can get, also any papers or writings of my Grandfather's. Any troubles and experiences may be put to, you will charge me with and I will send you the money. Please let me know if my Sisters are in need of assistance.

Yours respectfully,  
James Lick.

The following year came the "Washoe excitement," brought on by the discovery of valuable silver deposits in Nevada Territory. Lick's agents, acting on his orders, dabbled in various projects up there and while he neither made a great deal or lost much at it, he was touched with the fever. Wildcat discoveries found him interested.

It got about somehow that pay ore had been struck on Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of Los Angeles County. This land, originally a grant to Thomas Robbins by Pio Pico in 1846, was then the property of Jose Covarrubias, whose right had been upheld by the United States Land Commission.

Stories of the wealth of this island spread all over the State. It was soon declared that it was rich in gold, silver and copper.



But Covarrubias owned the island. There was little chance for a gold, silver or copper rush.

The more Lick heard about this island, the more interested he became. James H. Reay, who had a taste for plunging, managed to negotiate a conditional purchase of the island. He got the money from Lick, mortgaging his title in order to put the deal over.

The whole affair boomed gloriously for a while, even as far away as the London stock market. All at once it fell through, leaving a tangled wreckage of law suits, claims and counter claims out of which rose James Lick with a perfect title to Santa Catalina Island.

But he left it to the wild goats that clambered over its slopes. In those days it was too remote, too inaccessible to be of any immediate value.

By 1860, Lick had lost all interest in the mahogany mill. It was a great expense and a deal of trouble. The little satisfaction he had in its splendor soon vanished, and in the late fifties he set about the improvement of his San Francisco property.

He would build a hotel, the most pretentious on the Coast. San Francisco would be proud of it. The Lick House was built on Montgomery between Sutter and Post streets, on the very fringe of the business district. All indications pointed towards a drift of the town to the south. In that case the new hotel would soon be in the center of the city proper. And James Lick was right.

The hotel would have been larger but for the lot at the corner of Montgomery and Post streets. Some time before various friends in the Masons had induced Lick to sell this lot for the site of the Masonic Temple. Construction of the temple was begun in 1860. It cost \$150,000.

Lick's three-story red brick hotel opened in 1862. It contained 60 complete suites and catered to people with children. The menu cards bore the announcement that children's meals were served at certain hours. It was generally half an hour before the regular meal time.

The Lick House cost a fortune. The chandeliers in the great dining room were made of countless glittering prisms. Paintings

by Hill, Keith and other famous artists of the day hung on the walls, alternating with great mirrors. The picture and mirror frames were made by James Lick, of the finest rosewood, hand carved.

Everything about the hotel was of the best and most costly. Rich carpets, solid furniture of polished woods, heavy linens and glittering silver. The floors in the dining room were of inlaid woods, tiny blocks fitted together. At meal hour it was like a palace banquet hall; the long tables of white and silver, with rows of fat goblets, the fan-shape pleating of the napkins arching from their mouths; the parade of dark chairs and the long shimmering reflections in the polished floor. Not the wild West but a splendor of which even far away New York might be envious.

Yet the man who owned it all lived in an unfurnished house, alone with his books.

In 1860 he had given a lot on the corner of Montgomery and Gold streets, to his fellow members of the Society of California Pioneers. On January 8, 1863, the building which had been erected there was dedicated as the home of the Society. The adjoining lot was given to the Protestant Orphan Asylum. Since early days this lot had been occupied by the Sansome Hook and Ladder Company on a long term lease from James Lick.

The disposition of these two lots caused a flurry of talk about town. It was the first intimation of Lick's desire to become a public benefactor.

During the years immediately after the opening of the Lick House, the owner was under considerable debt. He preferred the burden to the necessity of parting with any of his San Francisco land. At the end of four or five years the debt was clear and he stepped into the "multimillionaire" class, according to the records.

The Lick House and the rest of the city holdings were left entirely in the hands of agents. Lick was quite happy among his plants, his trees and flowers. Day after day he harnessed up his rheumatic old horse and climbing aboard the creaking wagon, went out in search of bones.

All over the Valley folks called him queer and raised their eyebrows. He did not care. A man of single purpose, he had

little use for the opinions of others. He lacked that quality which attracts friends. His money made it more evident. The very fact that he was rich made people study him more. His every act and word was retold about the countryside.

There was the story of the sixty-acre field on the Almaden Road. It was well fenced and a good piece of land. Some unnamed Valley man thought he'd like to buy it. He went to Lick and asked the price. Lick said he could have it for the cost of the fence.

The prospective buyer said he'd think it over. He'd heard a lot about James Lick. He was afraid there was a catch in it; maybe the fence was built when lumber was high.

He questioned several farmers and learned that the fence had cost the average price. At that, the cost of the land would be cheap enough. He went back to Lick's Mill and said he'd take the sixty acres.

"If you had taken it then," said old Lick, "you would have it now, but at present you can't have it at any price."

Lick was a tempestuous old fellow in his dealings with humankind. He often found them ridiculous. Their stupidity irritated him. But with his flowers he was gentle and tender. His days were spent among them, hovering over the plants as if they were capable of love. The flowers bloomed luxuriantly, as if to thank him.

When night came, he would sit down with his books and read with a concentration that left the world entirely. He had little use for creeds and churches. They were well enough for those who believed. But he could not believe that which he could not see or touch.

He was what men call an Agnostic. Blind faith did not suit him. The stars, the sun and the moon, swinging on their slow paths through the dark heavens, filled him with wonder and with awe. As he read what the wise men said of them, a plan began to form.

He would aid the wise men in their search. He would provide them with a telescope that would be larger and more powerful than any the world had ever known. He would leave it with them when he went out alone into that dark beyond.

He told no one of this new plan.

Towards the close of the sixties, he decided to give up the mill property. It had been a ceaseless expense and the winter floods ravaged his gardens. He made up his mind to move to the Lick Annex, in the southern part of San Jose.

Instead of moving merely the young plants and his personal belongings, he gave orders for his men to move every tree, every shrub. They were transplanted at his direction in the new home. For more than two years a parade of swaying trees and plants went slowly over the roads from the old mill to the new Lick Homestead.

It was tedious work. Transplanting could be done only at certain seasons of the year. And the trees were taken up with great clumps of earth clinging to the roots. But it was done while the old man stood by directing the workmen, frequently putting out a helpful hand himself. Many a ride he took on the seat with the driver, a tree swaying from the lumbering boxlike body of the dray.

But there were two locust trees that could not be taken from their native earth. For twenty years their roots had been gripping into the soil. So Lick had them cut down carefully, and the butts, right at the roots, were sawed up into veneering of a particularly beautiful curly grain and color. In 1872 he shipped the veneering East, heralded by the following letter:

San Jose, December 17, 1872.

Mr. C. Meyer,  
Philadelphia,  
Dear Sir:

I have this day forwarded by the Central Pacific Railroad to your address, one case containing 100 feet locust wood veneer, and a *ne plus ultra* sound board wood, and a model, or pattern, showing the best way of putting on the ribs or sound board, that is, according to my experience in upright pianos—and a package for Joseph Long. Please send it to him by express as soon as you receive it. The box is also made of *ne plus ultra* sound board wood, fastened with screws to save all the wood.

I think you will find the *ne plus ultra* the most extraordinary wood for sound boards you ever did use. I can, however, only speak confidently of the soft kind. I got a few pieces of it from a captain of a vessel from Peru. It

was very soft, and I could only use it for a few octaves in the base. It did make the most powerful, and also the sweetest tone I ever did hear without exception, in all my long experience in pianos. Make your sound board in the base very thin, not over one-eighth of an inch thick, and do not cut in your ribs Joseph Hiskey fashion. You want all the elasticity of your sound board. You have a collection of wood of all degrees of hardness, so that you can tune your sound board, with a little care, octave by octave from one end to the other. Use the softest wood in the base. I am satisfied you have a good thing if you keep it to yourself. Make me a piano for my parlor of the Lick House. Do not make it all of locust wood, but judiciously and skillfully distribute it in panels and borders. My dining room doors are made in that style. The effect is beautiful. The doors are thirteen feet by five.

By that time he had gone to live at the Homestead fronting on First Street and running out to the San Jose city limits. The whole 105 acres were surrounded by a high board fence. The neighbors immediately decided that Lick thought he was much too good for them, and didn't intend that they should even see what his workmen were doing.

As a matter of fact the fence was built to keep squirrels, not humans, out of the garden. The boards were sunk sixteen inches in the ground and were too tall for the little marauders to climb over. But Lick let the neighbors think what they pleased. He never took the trouble to explain matters.

A branch of the Guadalupe ran through the grounds. In order to prevent any repetition of the floods, Lick had the banks boarded with planks, matched and laid like a floor. Broad avenues wound through luxuriant gardens, planted ground that had been leveled and filled in until it stretched out like a great floor. One piece of five acres was graded in this way at a cost of \$10,000.

An eighteen foot fence protected the plant nursery on the northern side of the Homestead. It contained practically every variety of plant and shrub then known. They had been imported from foreign lands, from the tropics. In this nursery were made many experiments from which Valley orchardists and florists gained valuable knowledge.

The winter staff of workmen was fifteen, but during the summer months many more were added. According to newspaper



accounts at the time, Lick paid on an average of \$750 a month in wages over a period of eight years. That did not include improvements made or the great sums expended for rare specimens of plants and trees.

James Lick was content on his Homestead. It is probable that he kept in touch with his agents in the city, for there is one letter on record in which Lick expressed his disapproval of certain business methods. It is characteristic of the man and gives a better idea of his nature, perhaps, than any other document remaining:

San Francisco, June 28, 1869.

Messrs Johnson Co.,  
Lick House,  
Gentlemen:

I much regret the misunderstanding on your part in regard to the rent to be paid for the Lick House. If your mind lacks the faculty of remembering past transactions, you ought to had your *frind*, Mr. Montague present, instead of soliciting a private interview, it is not true that you was to keep the House for one year, or any other time, nor did you ask for it.

Your refusing to pay rent according to the notice of the first of April *compeling* me to have resource to a court of Justice and Receive green backs. You will please therefore, taken notice that on and after the fifteenth day of July, the rent of the Lick House will be seventhousand five hundred dollars (\$7500) payable monthly in advance in United States gold coin.

I remain Gentlemen yours,  
JAMES LICK.

He wrote in a fine hand with a flourish. His spelling was not entirely in accord with Webster, but his meaning was always clear.

He was quite alone after John left in 1871. So far as the records indicate, his nephew must have gone away about that time, if not earlier. John Lick went back to Fredericksburg, where he established himself in business once more.

Left to his Homestead and his flowers, Lick decided to give the mill to a corporation known as the Paine Memorial Hall of Boston, Massachusetts, in honor of Thomas Paine, the patriot. Lick admired the man and gave the property to this organization with the understanding that it would sell the property, using



half of the proceeds for the construction of the Paine Memorial Hall in Boston. The other half was to be invested and the income used for the maintenance of the hall, payment for lectures and such expenses.

On January 16, 1873, he executed the deed of trust. The trustees of the fund, all Boston men, sold the mill for something less than \$20,000. Once the money was turned over to the society, a wrangle began. Eventually the entire sum was spent on the building, leaving nothing for the upkeep. Lick was disgusted. He refused to have anything to do with the society. And that was the last he had to do with Lick's Folly.\*

The daughter of one of Lick's few friends told her memories of the lonely man, in an interview with Williard B. Farwell, when he was compiling material on the life of James Lick. Her father, who, owing to poor health, moved to Santa Clara Valley during the late sixties, became acquainted with Lick in some way and a friendship developed.

"Mr. Lick came occasionally to see him for several years," said the woman, whose name does not appear in the records. "When he came he nearly always brought books for my father to read, or to get books that my father had that he wanted to read.

"I used to be in the room now and then. I remember that the books he brought were nearly always philosophical and scientific books. My father once complained to Mr. Lick that he had tried all over San Francisco to get a couple of books he wanted, and said he would have to send East for them. The next day he came and gave them to my father with his name written in them. One was 'The Correlation and Conservation of Forces,' and the other was a book that was intended to show that the religion of the Egyptians was founded on Astronomy. That was a pet book of Mr. Lick's.

"Religion was the main thing that he was always disposed to talk about. Although when any one was in the room he would have nothing to say, when they would leave he would walk about the room and talk for two or three hours at a time with a great deal of pleasure.

---

\* The mill later became a paper factory until 1882, when it burned down. Another mill was built on the site, but there was no talk this time of Spanish cedar and mahogany.

"My father always spoke of him as well educated and as a man of great ability. Mr. Lick not only read these books, but seemed to enjoy them, which showed that he must be an educated man. My mother used to say it was a great mistake to think he was not an educated man.

"We used frequently to drive through his place down between San Jose and Alviso, where the mill is. The first time I remember to have gone there he took us through the mill and I remember that all of the wood in the mill was solid mahogany. After that we went through the house.

"Although it was a very well built house, there was nothing in it—no carpets, no curtains. We went into what appeared to be his living room. There was nothing in this room except a table and two or three chairs. There were rows and rows of newspapers and fruits drying on them. In one corner of the room there was a very fine piano and on top of it there was a mattress and roll of blankets.

"I often heard he slept on that piano but I don't believe that. I remember that he took a great deal of pleasure in showing the piano. He took down the blanket and ran his fingers up and down the keys.

"He took a great deal of pride in the piano. He brought out wine, and they sat there and talked about his place; and the next time that we went that I remember, we went first to the house and asked for him and were told he was not there.

"We then went to the mill and a man said he was down in one corner of the place hard at work and in a very bad temper. He was down among his workmen digging away as vigorously as any one there. He came up to meet my father. My father said, 'What are you going to build there?'

"'Build, be damned,' said he, 'I am going to get this weed out of here before I stop.'

"Morning glory had got all over his place and he was in a great temper, but he took us to see his conservatory, and I saw the first orchid I had ever seen. The hothouses didn't amount to anything, but he had a great number of rare plants and seemed to be well acquainted with botany and was as much interested in it as in astronomy. He seemed to be a man of many sides.

"After that he concluded to give a botanical garden and park to San Jose. The mill was at the north end of the town and this park and garden were to be at the other end. He had a great number of very fine trees growing down at the mill, and he undertook to move these trees. We had never seen trees as large as that moved. People used to say that if anyone else moved them they would die, but he always had luck in whatever he did.

"He was never known to wear an overcoat in any weather, but he used to wear a big blue silk handkerchief that had great stars on it. He would be out in any weather. He had brought from the East a very fine conservatory, but J. J. Owen, a newspaper man, published a notice of the old gentleman's appearance and eccentricities, and he declared he never would do anything for the town again. The conservatory\* was bought by Charles Crocker.

"I should never have known anything about him but that my father was an invalid and he came there to see him. I suppose he was never in a house where there was a woman but in our house. He never liked to have people about him, but he didn't seem to notice me. My father and he never had the slightest disagreement in any way. He never could do enough for a man he seemed to like. He was really a very amiable man, but he never put himself out to please people he didn't care about. He didn't seem to care whether they understood him or not.

"My father was always a student and that was one of the reasons, I believe, that attracted Mr. Lick to my father. You would think from the way that people spoke of him that he was a barbarian, but he was no such man. He had very good manners when he chose to use them. I suppose he had another manner for people outside. Mr. Lick was very extreme in all his opinions."

Lick was always the master. His workmen were hired to work, not to think. He demanded blind obedience. It would not

---

\*In December, 1877, the material for two conservatories, which Lick had imported from England, was sold by the Lick trustees to a group of San Francisco men, and the conservatories, copies of those in the Kew Gardens, London, were erected in Golden Gate Park. Charles Crocker was one of the group, which included: William Alvord, A. J. Pope, Wm. F. Whittier, James Irvine, Charles Main, W. P. Fuller, J. G. Kittle, M. P. Jones, J. M. McDonald, Adam Grant, W. F. Babcock, R. N. Graves, Samuel Crim, Isaac E. Davis, Charles Lux, George C. Hickox, Milton S. Latham, W. W. Montague, A. P. Hotaling, Robert Johnson, A. L. Tubbs, J. G. Eastland, S. L. Jones, C. Spreckels, Leland Stanford, D. A. MacDonald

be surprising if this trait led to the quarrels which separated him first from his nephew James, and then from John. Both young men had a try at running the mill. Perhaps that caused the trouble. The old man never forgave either of them.

As he grew older he became suspicious of all those who might think they had claim on his wealth. Just what fears aroused suspicion no one knows. But he was not a miser. Gold coins held no charm for him. His books and his flowers held all his love.

Praise of his garden brought a rare smile to his lean face. One resentful woman saw to it that the following story joined the famous Lick legends. The old man's version never was told. It might have been enlightening:

A party of enthusiastic ladies in frills and rustling silks, exclaimed their way through the mahogany mill one day. Their praises warmed the heart of the lonely old miller and he took them on a tour of his garden.

Courteous and smiling, he guided them along the winding paths and pointed out the various varieties.

Then one of the women stopped in front of a certain plant and let it be known that she had seen a much finer specimen in San Francisco.

The smile left Lick's face. Gruffly he told them of another garden. If they would follow him? They did, right into the middle of a field of wild mustard, head high and bright with bloom.

Before the ladies knew it they were quite alone and not one of them could remember the way they had come. Mustard to right of them, left of them—all around.

Lick was nowhere in sight when they finally struggled out of the wilderness. They were very angry and went scolding among themselves back to their carriage. Of course Lick got all the blame.

And then there's the story of the fruit trees. It was frequently told in such a way as to cast some doubt on Lick's sanity. There were many men who liked to think he was "not quite right." How could a man be sane and order that his trees be planted upside down?

And this is how it happened:

Work was slack around the Homestead and several groups of likely looking young fellows had asked Lick for work. They impressed him. He did not like to turn them away.

Finally he said to one gang: "You can go to work planting trees; here are the trees; there are the holes in the ground. You plant those trees tops down."

"But that is not the way to plant trees," objected one of the gang.

"Never mind, when I hire you to plant trees I want you to plant them as I tell you."

The men did as he ordered.

Then he sent for the other gang to dig up the trees and plant them right.

Here's another story that was common gossip for many years:

A block of Lick's property known as the Knox Block in San Jose, had burned to the ground. One day as Lick stood studying the blackened debris a young man asked him for work.

Lick ordered him to pick up the bricks cluttered about and pile them in one corner. He indicated the spot. Without a word the young fellow set to work. When the job was done he reported to Lick, who said tersely: "Now pile them up in the other corner." He pointed to the opposite side.

The young man obeyed without a word of protest.

After that he had a steady job on the Homestead.

As Lick approached eighty, the hardships of his early life took their price. Early in the seventies, the old man said goodbye to his flowers and gardens, and came away to San Francisco. He settled at the Lick House, taking a room that looked out on Montgomery and Sutter streets. And there he began definite preparations for the disposal of his fortune.

He knew there was but little time left. He had so much to do, so much he wanted to do himself. It irked him because he had to leave it to others, and when they were not done at once, as quick as magic, his temper flared. It was a short temper he had in



those days. He battled everyone as if he feared a conspiracy to keep him from bequeathing the money as he wished.

It was as if the money was not his, but the wealth of many entrusted to his care.

There was the telescope and observatory. They came first. Then the monuments in honor of great patriots and of the grandfather who had carried a musket in the Revolution. He wanted to provide for the orphans, homeless old ladies, youth in quest of learning, even protect animals from cruel masters.

On June 2, 1874, after days of stormy sessions in that room at the Lick House, a trust deed was executed. James Lick signed over all his properties, his entire fortune, to certain charities, and this was to be held in trust by a board of seven men. They were: Thomas H. Selby, D. O. Mills, H. M. Newhall, John O. Earl, James Otis, William Alvord and George H. Howard.

During the following months they sold considerable property, in accordance with the plan for converting everything into cash, to be used later in making the bequests. In all, the cash went a little over \$500,000, what with rents and profits from various enterprises of the estate.

Meantime the old man fumed and worried. Lick questioned Selby's views and actions. Selby, a man of as quick a temper as the millionaire, took offense. Selby thought Lick was mistaken in his attitude towards John H. Lick and told him so. The battle broke.

Selby said Lick should have provided more generously for his son and that he should have acknowledged him as his lawful son in the trust deed instead of merely referring to him as one John H. Lick.

Now, Lick had never forgiven John since that quarrel years before. All the old resentment against his son rose up in him. He took it out on Selby. On January 23, 1875, Thomas H. Selby was requested to resign from the Board of Trustees.

In the meantime other men had approached Lick with the same advice concerning his son John. They pointed out the fact that while Lick might have every good reason in the world to cut off his son with a mere \$3000, he was putting his plans in

the way of being set aside by court action. By refusing to acknowledge his son, he had only made it easier for anyone who might wish to start a contest.

It frightened the old man. Something like terror came on him when he realized that he had signed away all right to change the personnel of his trust or the wording of the document.

The question was submitted to Judge William P. Daingerfield, who answered as follows:

"In the matter of the Deed of James Lick in trust—

#### OPINION

'The question presented for an opinion is, Can James Lick revoke the trust in his deed of July 16th, 1874, to Thomas H. Selby, D. O. Mills, Henry M. Newhall, William Alvord, George H. Howard, James Otis and John O. Earl, parties of the second part, and the California Academy of Sciences, and the Society of California Pioneers, both of the latter being bodies, politic and corporate under the laws of the State of California, parties of the third part.

This is a deed of trust and the title is vested in the parties of the second part by apt words. Indeed it would be impossible to frame language more stringent on the granters than these used.

Whereas it is expressly declared that it is desirable that the parties of the second part should be fully *invested* with the *entire* title to said property in trust for the use and purposes hereinafter *declared and not merely* with a *power of trust*. Now therefore as the party of the first part hath granted, bargained to sell, convey and confirm unto the parties of the second part and their successors and assigns *forever*, all and singular the lands, tenements, hereditaments and property followed, etc.'

"If the language had not been so emphatic, after the *cestui que* trust had accepted the donation, Mr. Lick would not have been permitted to retract, but, to say that by this he did not convey an irrevocable interest is to say that a man cannot dispose of his own property.

"In this case all the beneficiaries in existence have accepted the gifts, the trustees have accepted the trust, and the property has vested absolutely beyond all hope of revocation by the grantor.

"Before an acceptance of a benefit by the beneficiaries a trust *simpliciter*, not accompanied with an absolute interest, may be revoked, but after an acceptance by the beneficiaries the grantor loses all control over the subject matter, and even when a trustee named is such an one as cannot take title, a court would appoint another, for it is a rule of equity that a trust is not defeated by reason of there being no trustee capable of executing the trust for the benefit of the beneficiary.

"Another point has been presented for enquiry, and that is, whether the fact that Mr. Lick retained the possession and use of the Homestead property invalidated the grant. To this I answer that it *does not*, for the title may be in the trustees and the right of use in another.

"In short, I find that the deed distinctly names trustees, all of whom are capable of receiving—it clearly defines the property conveyed and the duty of the trustees in administering—it distinctly states who are the beneficiaries, both of whom are capable of giving their assent in receiving the benefits, and I can find no reason or authority in the books treating of the subject of gifts or uses, that would warrant the belief that a grantor *laboring under no disabilities*, cannot make a valid deed of trust conveying property.

"It would serve no good purpose to refer to the authorities examined, in preparing this opinion, but I may be permitted to say that I have commenced with the earlier elementary books and continued my research through adjudicated cases up to date, and I can gather no reason therefrom to believe that *any* covenant in the deed under consideration can be revoked by the grantor."

Respectfully submitted,

WM. DAINGERFIELD,

Attorney at Law, No. 507 Montgomery St.,  
of Daingerfield & Olney, Attorneys at Law."

San Francisco, February 16, 1875.

Not long after Lick had finished reading Daingerfield's document, he composed the following letter:

San Francisco, March 24, 1875.

Messrs. Thomas H. Selby,  
D. O. Mills,  
Henry M. Newhall,  
Wm. Alvord,

Geo. H. Howard,  
James Otis, and  
John O. Earl.

Gentlemen:

When I executed the instrument in which you are named as my trustees, I supposed I had a very short time to live and that if my intentions of founding an observatory and other institutions were ever to be carried out it would be through you.

I was therefore induced hastily and without due and proper consideration to execute the instrument referred to. It is still my intention and ever will be to carry out the general purposes therein expressed, but I now find upon a cool and careful study of the provisions of that instrument which my improved health has enabled me to make, there are many serious mistakes and errors of detail in it which might be corrected. One of the most serious of these is, that by the term of said instrument the execution of the great works which I have contemplated is virtually postponed until after my death, a result which I certainly never intended.

Another serious objection is that some of the beneficiaries (whose claims on me perhaps I did not sufficiently consider) have declined to accept its terms, and this fact, I am advised, will indefinitely delay if not entirely revert the carrying out of the plans for that execution of which you were appointed my trustees and agents.

Under the circumstances and as I desire while I still live, to see the work contemplated at least started, and as I am advised and am entirely satisfied that the instrument referred to does not and cannot accomplish the purposes desired by the public, as well as myself, I respectfully ask you to resign, or to revert in me the subject of the Trust so that by the execution of other papers better calculated to carry out my plans, the work contemplated from the beginning may at once be commenced, and carried out without delay.

I request you not to sell any more of the property included in my deed of trust, and I beg of you the favor to answer this communication immediately.

I remain with great respect,  
JAMES LICK.

Then before official answer had been received, he made the following contract with John B. Felton, one of the cleverest lawyers of the time:

#### AGREEMENT

This agreement, made this twenty-fifth day of March, A. D. 1875, by and between James Lick of the City and

County of San Francisco, State of California, the party of the first part, and John B. Felton, the party of the second part; witnesseth:

That the said Felton agrees to do and perform the necessary professional services to oust the present Trustees of the Lick Estate, so-called, from their position as such Trustees and obtain either their resignations or such other arrangements as will enable said James Lick to appoint such new trustees as he may choose; and also to draw up, prepare and superintend the execution of the necessary papers, and documents for such disposition of said estate as may be desired by said James Lick for the trusts which he may wish to create.

In consideration whereof, the said James Lick agrees to pay to said Felton, contingent upon his success in ousting or obtaining the resignation of said Trustees or enabling said Lick to appoint other trustees or to make such disposition of his estate as he desires, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars in gold coin, which said sum is to cover all expenses of every kind incurred or to be incurred in the management and carrying out of the purposes above indicated and to be payable upon the happening of any of the contingencies hereinbefore specified: and said Felton is to have no further or other claim upon said Lick and it is distinctly understood and agreed that in the event of failure in the accomplishing of any of said objects the said Felton will make no claim or demand whatsoever upon said Lick or his estate.

Witness our hands and selves the day and date above.

JAMES LICK (seal)

JOHN B. FELTON (seal)

Felton had been called into the affair by Theodore H. Hittell, counsel for Lick. Backed by these brilliant lawyers, the bewildered philanthropist prepared to make the fight. The whole affair was settled peaceably after numerous conferences. The first board was eliminated and a second deed of trust was drawn, with the following trustees: Richard S. Floyd, Faxon D. Atherton, Sr., Bernard D. Murphy, John H. Lick and John Nightingale. The younger Lick never served.

The first deed had stipulated the locality of the observatory to be on the borders of Lake Tahoe in Placer County, where Lick owned a tract of land. In case it should have proven unsuitable, the land was to have been sold and another site chosen somewhere in California.



The second deed of trust merely said that the observatory should be erected on a site to be later designated by James Lick. It also provided that when completed, "the telescope, observatory and all the machinery and apparatus connected therewith should be conveyed to the corporation known as the Regents of the University of California," instead of the title remaining in the trustees' hands, which had been the order of the first deed.

A monument in honor of Francis Scott Key was to be erected at a cost of \$60,000. Another monument, commemorating the history of California in its various stages, was to be built at a cost of \$100,000 and to be erected near the City Hall, San Francisco. It was to depict all periods in the progress of the State up to January 1, 1874.

The sum of \$500,000 was to go to the establishment of a school to be known as the California School of Mechanical Arts, for the training of boys and girls in technical courses.

The Homestead and his personal property were to go to James Lick's residuary legatees, the Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers.

During his life he was to receive all rents, issue and profits from the Homestead. The Trustees were also to pay "whatever debts" he should require for the support, running expenses and improvement of the Homestead.

The Society of California Pioneers and the Academy of Sciences, as residuary legatees, were to receive all moneys remaining when his other bequests had been paid. Each organization was to use the money at its own discretion, spending it "generally in the carrying out of the objects and purposes for which such societies were respectively established."

The sixteenth clause of the second trust deed eased Lick's fears concerning any attempt to shatter his plans:

Sixteenth.—In further trust, to pay to the lawful son of the said party of the first part, John Henry Lick, one of the trustees herein named, the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$150,000) in gold coin.

The second deed of trust provided for the trustees in this wise, "each trustee in lieu of his statutory fees, shall receive during the continuance of this trust the sum of ten thousand dollars

in gold coin per annum, to be paid out of the expense of the execution of the trust."

It was not long after the second board had gone into office, that John B. Felton presented his bill. The trustees did not take very kindly to the idea of one hundred thousand dollars for a lawyer's fee. They would pay it only on the receipt of Lick's written consent.

B. D. Murphy, acting for the Board, accompanied Felton to Lick's room.

"Mr. Lick," said Murphy, "I have brought over Mr. Felton to see you about a little matter of \$100,000, for which he presents a claim upon your property. The Board of Trustees deemed it wise to have him obtain your written authorization before payment of the amount. The claim is for his services in setting aside your first deed of trust."

"Mr. Felton," said Lick, "when we made the contract upon which that claim is based, we supposed that to cancel my first trust deed would be an exceedingly arduous matter, involving much expense, a long delay and years of the most elaborate and tiresome litigation. The whole entanglement has been adjusted in a few months without any difficulty, but little outlay and with only a formal litigation. I think under the changed circumstances you ought to diminish the amount of your fee."

"Your proposition," replied Felton, smiling, "reminds me of a story I once heard about a countryman, who had a bad toothache and went to a rustic dentist to have the offender extracted. The dentist produced a rusty set of instruments, seated him in a rickety chair and went to work.

"After some hours of hard labor to himself and the most extreme agony to the countryman, the tooth was extracted, and he charged a dollar.

"A few months later the same countryman had another attack of toothache and this time he thought best to procure relief from a metropolitan dentist. He went to the city, found the best dentist in it and offered his swollen jaw for operation. The expert dentist passed his hand soothingly over his face, located the tooth with painless delicacy, produced a splendid set of instruments,

and before the countryman knew it, had the tooth out. His charge was five dollars.

“‘Five dollars,’ cried the countryman, ‘why when Jones down at the village pulled my last tooth, it took three hours, during which he broke his chair, broke my jaw, broke his tools and mopped the floor with me several times, and he only charged a dollar. You ought to diminish your bill.’”

Mr. Lick, grim and silent, gazed steadily at Felton during the story. For several minutes after it was done he made no reply.

“I don’t think it is a parallel case,” he said at last, “but I guess, Mr. Murphy, you had better pay the bill.”

And he signed the authorization. Here are copies of the authorization and the receipt for the fee:

James Lick, Esq.	
to John B. Felton	Dr.
To professional services as	
per contract between James Lick and	
John B. Felton	\$100,000.
* * *	

Received Payment  
November 4, 1875.

The above bill of John B. Felton for one hundred thousand dollars being in conformity with the contract, the Trustees of the James Lick Trust will please pay the same.

JAMES LICK.

Witness, F. WARD.

\* \* \*

Received from James Lick and from R. S. Floyd, F. S. Atherton, Sr., B. D. Murphy, John H. Lick, and John Nightingale, Trustees appointed by said Lick on the 21st day of September, 1875, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) in full satisfaction of all claim and demands against said Lick or said Trustees up to date. And, in consideration of said amount so received, we and each of us do hereby release, discharge and acquit the said Lick and the Trustees aforesaid, of and from any and all claims, demands, suits and rights of action of any nature or kind whatsoever, existing in our favor or in favor of either of us against the said Lick or the Trustees aforesaid up to the present time, March 17, 1876.

JOHN B. FELTON  
THEODORE H. HITTELL

Witness: H. E. MATHEWS

During the spring of 1876, Lick began seeking a suitable site for his pet project, the astronomical observatory. Among the mountain peaks suggested were Mt. Diablo, Mt. St. Helena and Loma Prieta, in Santa Clara County.

It irked Lick to lie in bed and hear the opinions of other men. He would see the mountain tops for himself. So far as is known now, he was able to make but one journey. It was in the summer of '76. He traveled in a wagon lying on a mattress. He was determined to make the summit of St. Helena, but part way up the wagon toppled on the steep rutted trail, spilling the old man out upon the road, where he lay cursing all Napa County. That settled Mt. St. Helena's chances as a site for any telescope purchased with Lick money.

He was taken directly to Calistoga. The shock of the fall and the resulting burst of temper had weakened him and he was quite sick. While he was recovering in the little country hotel, Charles M. Plum happened in Calistoga and called on the lonely old man.

It was a casual visit, without purpose, but during the conversation Lick said he was thinking of changing his trustees again. Plum, evidently an outspoken chap, replied:

"Mr. Lick, why do you wait until you are dead? Why don't you carry out all these things that you propose while you are alive? Matters of this sort go to the dogs when a man dies. Why not see that they are properly carried out while you are alive?"

Lick sat up in bed, tense with rage. It was the first time in weeks that he had been able to lift his head.

"Young man," he stormed, "you are always visionary. You are always interfering with my affairs."

Plum, regretting the effect of his remark, turned to leave the room, but he could not resist stopping at the door long enough to add, "Well, that is what I would do if I were you."

Plum went on about his own affairs and the matter rested so far as he was concerned.

In the course of days Lick was carried back to his room in the Lick House. Plum's remark was pocketed while the room teemed with discussions on the site for the observatory. Thomas E. Fraser, manager of the Lick Homestead in Santa Clara County,

suggested Mt. Hamilton, the highest peak in the range that walls Santa Clara Valley to the east.

He had toured the summit, studying the site carefully. His argument was sufficiently convincing. Lick sent scientists up the mountain. They agreed with Fraser. Lick made his decision. On June 15, 1876, the following letter was sent to the members of the second trust:

Office of the James Lick Trust, Lick House,  
San Francisco, June 15, 1876.

Messrs. Richard S. Floyd, Faxon D. Atherton, Bernard D. Murphy, John H. Lick and John Nightingale, Trustees of the James Lick Trust.

Gentlemen:

This is to certify that I have designated the summit of Mount Hamilton in Santa Clara County, as the site selected by me for the location of the observatory to be erected by the James Lick Trust, under and by terms of my deed of trust to you dated September 21st, 1875.

I am yours truly,  
JAMES LICK.

At the same time he sent the following communication to the Santa Clara County Board of Supervisors:

Being more interested in the observatory and telescope which I have ordered to be erected on the Coast, than any of the other projects, and which I intend to be in advance of any other scientific work in the world, the question of its location has been a matter of deep interest to me. Of the many locations proposed, I have, after much deliberation, thought favorably of locating it on the summit of Mount Hamilton, Santa Clara County, providing this, my petition to your Honorable Body is received with favor.

The advantages its near vicinity would be to the general public and tourists abroad, of course, I have taken into consideration, but above all, the benefits to be derived from it by the inhabitants of Santa Clara County, and especially the City of San Jose. You are, no doubt, aware that I have donated for the purpose above mentioned, \$700,000. Out of this sum a corps of astronomers and engineers are to be engaged and salaried for an indefinite period, and you will observe that economy must be practiced in its distribution, which I have studied by presenting the following request, viz:

That the County of Santa Clara will build a road to the summit of Mt. Hamilton, where the proposed observatory is to be located, extending from Santa Clara Avenue, or any other point most economical to the county; but it must



be understood that the road will be first class in every particular and that you, gentlemen, will take action in the matter without delay, as my earnest desire is to have it matured at once and work commenced immediately. I am willing, if it would facilitate matters, to take bonds of the County of Santa Clara in payment, and advance money for the purpose specified, all of which please give due consideration and, praying for an early and favorable answer to this, my petition, I am, respectfully yours,

JAMES LICK.

The matter was rushed by the supervisors, the State legislature authorized the bond issue and it was settled. Mt. Hamilton\* was to be the site of the Lick Observatory.

All during the long summer, Plum's remark in the Calistoga hotel must have been seething through Lick's thoughts, for one day a message was dispatched to the young man. He was to come to Lick's room at once.

"Mr. Plum, I am going to discharge my trustees, and I want you to get me four more," said the old man gruffly.

Plum, astonished at the effect of his remarks, objected and tried to reason with the fiery-tempered invalid.

Lick roared him down. Plum was to get him four new trustees by three o'clock that afternoon, and it was Sunday! He picked up a big open-face watch that always lay on his bedside table, close within reach.

"Mind you," he said, looking up from his watch, "I want them by three o'clock!"

At three o'clock Plum returned with Edwin B. Mastick. Lick was waiting, watch in hand.

He greeted Mastick's attempts to reason, with a snort and a scowl. Plum and Mastick won out in their fight for postpone-

---

\* Mt. Hamilton was named after Rev. Laurentine Hamilton who, in August, 1861, climbed a then unnamed peak rearing some four thousand feet above sea level and situated in the range east of the Santa Clara Valley. Wm. H. Brewer, at that time in charge of the field party for the State Geological Survey, accompanied by Professor Charles F. Hoffman, then State Topographer, were with Hamilton, a visitor from the East. Although the peak had been prospected in '49, it had never been named. Out of courtesy to the minister who had reached the peak ahead of any other member of the party, the mountain was given his name. He was a well known preacher in Oakland for a number of years. Brewer later became a professor in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale.

ment, but only because Lick remembered it was Sunday and there could be no transaction of legal business.

But he expected four new trustees before sundown Monday. In the course of the week this was done. Captain Richard S. Floyd, then in Paris on the business of selecting material for the telescope, was retained as chairman of the Board. The four new appointees were Edwin B. Mastick, William Sherman, Charles M. Plum and George Schonewald. The deed of trust was not altered. The third Board had the same rights and powers as the second. The new appointments were consummated September 4, 1876.

As Lick discharged one Board of Trustees after another, gossip got about. Whispers regarding his sanity were heard in this and that group. Every temper, every act of the old man was questioned, dissected and analyzed. By the fall of 1876, a considerable portion of the town believed that the feeble millionaire was downright crazy.

He heard about it. He always heard everything. The next the public knew of events in the Lick quarters, a jury of physicians stood around the old man's bed, examining him for indications of insanity. He had insisted on it. The jury tested his mind, voted and agreed that he was quite sane. Shortness of temper and a tendency to change of mind, did not, in their estimation, constitute insanity.

Their decision was made public at the order of James Lick. He was easier of mind after that. At least no one could break his will on an insanity charge. That was his great fear. Suppose some one broke his will and ruined the purposes to which he had given his entire estate?

Back in January, 1875, he had even made a formal revocation of all wills he might ever have executed. He must have tortured his mind, conjuring up possible flaws that lawyers might later find in his legal arrangements for the future. And as each possible tactic occurred to him, he had warded off all chance of it coming to pass by drawing up an armor-proof wall of words.

Day after day he battled for the speedy realization of his dreams.

All during September he grew weaker and weaker, becoming more feeble every day, fading away to a still, silent shadow of the fighting man he had been.

He seemed an unhappy old man. "He never smiled," wrote Henry E. Mathews, secretary of the second and third boards, "although I saw him nearly every day from January 1876 until October."

He went out slowly. Probably no other San Franciscan had such a public deathbed as that lonely old millionaire, dying in a hotel room.

Up on the second floor of the Lick House, in Room 127, an aged and wasted man mumbled faintly while an open face watch ticked noisily on a little table beside the bed. There was a heap of papers on the table, papers relating to beneficiaries of the Lick Trust. The dying man's eyes were closed. He was too weary to look at the papers any more, but his lips moved nervously. He called George Schonewald to him. The trust again—dying, he thought only of the trust.

The bed was set diagonally across the room, the foot towards the windows that looked out on Montgomery and Sutter streets. On the walls hung two pictures, one of the Pioneer Building and the other a drawing of the Paine Memorial Building in Boston.

It recalled Lick's Folly, the mahogany mill that had made the Stumptown flour mill look like a pigsty.

And now the poor wood-jointer was dying among strangers. With all the town talking of the millions his death would give to the people.

Someone had put a vase of flowers within the line of the old man's vision, but he did not see them. And all the while he mumbled of the trust.

Newspaper reporters stepped into the room, whispered and went out. All day they came and went. Their stories told in detail of the millionaire's last hours. The following quotation is typical:

Thin, weak and cadaverous as the face, worn down by natural decay, had heretofore appeared, it now assumed a

new appearance. The mind began to fail. At times he could express some request to his nurse for assistance, but even in this he at last became incoherent and his desires had to be guessed at.

Night came; Lick still lived. By his side ticked the open face watch. At frequent intervals Dr. Thomas Bennett, his physician, took the pulse from an artery. Others in the room were: L. Markley; Smythe Clarke; Charles Plum; Wm. Huefner, Marshal for the Society of California Pioneers; Charles I. Ziele; A. C. Bradford, Secretary of the Society of California Pioneers, and Mrs. Rose Messiter, the nurse, besides a restless parade of reporters and numerous hotel attendants.

Not one relative!

"In the early morning, he became moribund," ran one newspaper story, "his extremities grew cold and the pulse beat but faintly. Still the breathing was steadily kept up, the action of the lungs only decreasing in intensity by the most imperceptible degrees."

The open face watch was at 1:08 on the morning of October 1, 1876, when James Lick sighed and left his trust to its keepers. The doctor's watch was a little faster than the old open-face, setting the time at 1:15 A. M.

The papers ran columns on the death. Dr. Bennett declared it the most peaceful passing he had ever witnessed. One journalist described it in this fashion:

"At one o'clock in the morning of October 1, death came as gently and peacefully as slumber falls on the eyelids of the little child at the invocation from infant lips, of 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

Lick was eighty years old on his last birthday, one month and six days past, and strangers stood about him.

Every issue of the papers carried more details concerning the death and the funeral arrangements. They described his suit, the old fashioned style of collar, the casket, a splendid affair of silver and iron. All day, once the undertakers were done, people went whispering over the carpets to Room 127.

William Huefner sat at the foot of the bed. As Marshal of the Society of California Pioneers, he kept watch by the dead.

A handkerchief was spread over James Lick's wasted face.

Some time in the morning of October 1, the following resolutions were adopted after a hasty meeting of the Lick Trustees:

Office of the James Lick Trust, Lick House,  
San Francisco, October 1, 1876.

At a special meeting of the Trustees of the James Lick Trust, this date, the following resolution was adopted, viz:

Whereas, James Lick, the founder of the James Lick Trust, departed this life on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1876, and whereas he was at the time of his death President of the Society of California Pioneers; therefore be it resolved, that the Society of California Pioneers be invited to take charge of the obsequies, and in order that the body may lie in state, that the parlor of the Lick House be appropriately draped and placed at its disposal.

Attest:

H. E. MATHEWS, Secretary.

The Society of California Pioneers accepted, and James Lick lay in state at the Pioneer Building from Monday until one o'clock Wednesday, when the funeral ceremonies began. A winding file of people went slowly by the casket from ten to four each day.

The Governor of California, State officers, the Mayor of San Francisco, Supervisors, members of the Chamber of Commerce, the judges of the United States Courts and State Courts, and the ex trustees of the James Lick Trust were among the honor guests at the funeral. The ex presidents of the Society of California Pioneers were selected as pall bearers.

On October 4, 1876, a funeral procession formed at Pioneers' Hall. William Huefner marshalled the funeral cortege, assisted by E. B. Vreeland, Wm. F. Swasey and George W. Thomas, all of the Society of California Pioneers. The trustees of the Lick Estate escorted the casket with the following pall bearers:

Samuel Brannan, J. R. Snyder, S. R. Harris, Alex. G. Abell, P. S. Roach, O. P. Sutton, J. W. Winans, G. Troyer, S. P. Cristal, Prof. John Le Conte, Prof. Moses, W. R. Wheaton, W. H. Clark, Richard Chenery, S. W. Von Schmidt, Peter Donahue, P. B. Cornwall, Henry Edwards, H. C. Hyde, Charles G. Yale, C. D. Gibbs, and Professor Gompertz.



Members of the Academy of Sciences, the Governor and his staff, various army officers and their staffs, Federal, State and city officers, the faculty, regents and students of the University of California, members of the Mechanics Institute, the Board of Fire Underwriters, Sons of the Golden West, Territorial Pioneers and innumerable other organizations followed James Lick's casket on its slow journey from the Pioneer Hall to the Mechanics' Pavilion. Elaborate ceremonies were held and the procession formed again.

With muffled drums, the shuffling of marching men and the uneven tapping of horses' feet, they carried James Lick to the Masonic Cemetery, where his body was deposited in a vault, awaiting the completion of the observatory on Mt. Hamilton.

Some time before his death it had been suggested to Lick by Floyd, that he might be laid within the great observatory. Lick made no answer at the time, but it was afterward understood that this was to be done.

When Lick died, Floyd, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, was in Paris in conference with glass makers regarding the lens for the Lick telescope. While the millionaire had appointed a new Board, no formal election took place until November 29, 1875, when the old Board retired.

Henry E. Mathews, who had acted as secretary for the second Board, and who had been retained in that office on the third Board, was the only active member of the Lick Trust from the date of Lick's death until November 29. The burden of the business fell on his shoulders as it was impossible for Floyd to return.

More than \$40,000 in taxes were due in December. Atherton, member of the second Board, refused to pay anything out of the funds. By dint of great thrift, Mathews accumulated rents, interest, earnings of the Lick House (less the weekly bills), and collections on notes. He just made the \$40,000, deposited it in various banks about town in the name of H. E. Mathews, Secretary of the James Lick Trust, as trust funds, and awaited the action of the new Board. On December 12, 1876, he paid the money over to the Board, and the long three months were done with.

Then followed years of difficulties. The newspapers and the public wrangled and fumed. From December 12, 1876, until July 12, 1895, hardly a day passed but what there was a column of comment in one newspaper or another.

Members of the Lick Trust were ridiculed, cursed and lauded as the mood struck the critics. On November 1, 1876, John H. Lick, then a solemn man of 58, arrived in San Francisco, and applied for letters of administration on his father's estate. He retained Hall McAllister as his attorney, and it looked as if there was trouble ahead for the Lick trustees.

For a month or more all sides were drawn up for action. But a contest was averted by the following compromise, signed January 19, 1877:

1st. The parties hereto are to act together in good faith to accomplish the performance of this agreement.

2nd. John H. Lick is to endeavor by all proper means to be appointed Administrator of the Estate of James Lick, Deceased.

3rd. After the appointment of said John H. Lick, as such Administrator, he is to compromise, settle and release all his claims to the Estate of James Lick, Deceased, both as an individual and as such Administrator, for the sum of five hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, in United States Gold Coin, which sum is also to be a full payment of the Legacy of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to said John H. Lick under the Deed of Trust of James Lick, of September 21st, 1875, which is recorded in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, in Liber 810 of Deeds, page 26, etc.

4th. The parties of the first part, as such Trustees as aforesaid, by and with the consent of the beneficiaries hereby agree to the compromise and terms of compromise with said John H. Lick, individually and as such Administrator, as aforesaid, as are hereinbefore expressed, and hereby pledge themselves to endeavor, by all honorable means, to carry out and effectuate the same.

5th. The details as to the payment of said five hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars are to be arranged between John H. Lick, as Attorney of the parties of the first part and Hall McAllister, as Attorney of the said John H. Lick, and also the legal mode of carrying out and effectuating this agreement so as to vest in the Trustees a clear title.

E. B. MASTICK  
WM. SHERMAN  
G. SCHONEWALD  
CHARLES M. PLUM

JOHN H. LICK  
F. D. ATHERTON  
JOHN NIGHTINGALE  
B. D. MURPHY

James W. Lick filed a claim of his own, declaring that John was neither legitimate nor the acknowledged son of James Lick. He based his complaint further on the fact that he had worked fourteen years for James Lick without wages. He resented the mere \$2,000 left him in his uncle's deed and sued for \$17,000 which he declared was due him for the labor of the years. The court awarded him back wages for the last two years of service. The rest was thrown out.

John Lick's \$535,000 sounded like a great deal more than it really was, for he had to pay sums to Henry Lick, Samuel Lick, Sarah Hepler, two other nieces named Sarah, whose surnames are missing, J. W. Lick and Thomas E. Fraser, homestead manager for James Lick. These were the collateral heirs.

Working in a dark room on the laundry floor of the Lick House, in the midst of steam and playful cockroaches, the members of the board of trustees prepared to carry out Lick's wishes. Year after year rolled by. There were many things to be done, but the public demanded magic.

The Lick Observatory was the first big task. Lick had bequeathed \$700,000 for this. On Saturday, **Jan.** 8, 1887, the housing on the summit of Mt. Hamilton had been sufficiently completed for the burial of James Lick. A tomb had been made beneath the dome, in the piers of the great telescope.

A delegation accompanied James Lick on his slow journey from the Masonic Cemetery in San Francisco to the top of Mt. Hamilton. Among them were Capt. Richard S. Floyd, Thomas E. Fraser, Professor George Davidson, E. B. Mastick, Charles M. Plum, George Schonewald, J. W. Winans, representing Governor Washington Bartlett, president of the Board of Regents of the University of California; Edward Singleton Holden, president of the University of California; representatives of the California Academy of Sciences, the Society of California Pioneers and the Mayor of San Jose.

All these men signed the following statement:

"This is the body of James Lick, who was born in Fredericksburg, August 25th, 1796, and who died in San Francisco, California, October 1, 1876.

"It has been identified by us and in our presence has been

sealed up and deposited in this foundation pier of the great equatorial telescope this ninth day of January, 1887.

"In the year 1875, he executed a deed of trust of his entire estate, by which he provided for the comfort and culture of the citizens of California for the advancement of Handcraft and Redecraft among the youth of San Francisco and of the State, for the development of scientific research and the diffusion of knowledge among men and for founding in the State of California an astronomical observatory to surpass all other existing in the world at this epoch.

"This observatory has been erected by the trustees of his estate, and has been named the Lick Astronomical Department of the University of California, in memory of the founder.

"This refractory telescope is the largest which has ever been constructed and the astronomers who have tested it declare that its performance surpasses that of all other telescopes.

"The two discs of glass for the objective were cast by Ch. Feil of France and were brought to a true figure by Sloan Clark and Sons of Massachusetts.

"Their diameter is 36 inches and their focal length is 56 feet, 2 inches.

"Upon the completion of this structure the Regents of the University of California became the trustees of this Astronomical Observatory.

#### "THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE LICK ESTATE.

"Richard S. Floyd, President.

"E. B. Mastick.

"Charles M. Plum.

"George Schonefeld."

The night guards watched beside the flag-draped casket of James Lick. On the morning of **Jan.** 9, the members of the party stood around the vault while Captain Floyd addressed them:

"Gentleman: We are here to place the remains of James Lick in their final resting place beneath this stone foundation of the pier upon which will be mounted the great telescope that he has given to California and the world of science.

"Mr. Lick left no positive instructions as to the disposition of his remains. The idea of making this place a tomb for his body did not enter the motive of his munificent bequest which has created this great work. The idea was suggested to him long after he made this trust deed, and it met his approval.

"The trustees have concluded with the approbation of his son, John H. Lick, now in Pennsylvania, to place his remains in this pier, believing that the most powerful telescope so far made in the world will make his most appropriate monument, and this commanding site overlooking his California home his most fitting resting place."

The casket swung down into its resting place and the last journey of James Lick was done. A great stone weighing two and a half tons was let slowly down on the emplacement around the casket. Two other stones were set in place and then bolted to the foundation of the telescope which was to be installed there.

He lies there today beneath the white dome that tops the barren summit of old Mt. Hamilton. Above him wise men search the skies seeking answers to questions that baffled the vanished man, using the instrument he left to enrich their wisdom. In a nearby room stands his old work bench, a memory of his days in poverty.

Side by side, the work bench and the telescope—and the man beneath. The beginning and the objective. At least one dream came true.

The sale of James Lick's properties realized close on \$3,000,000, the Lick House alone going for \$1,250,000. Santa Catalina Island, which had come into his holdings through a mortgage, went for \$250,000, one-third cash balance. Later the mortgage was foreclosed and the Bannings bought it, 50,000 acres of mountain peaks.

Lick owned property in Placer County, Santa Clara County and a great tract, called the Rancho de los Felis in Los Angeles County, besides his San Francisco real estate. All this was converted into cash.

The bequests were as follows:

Lick Observatory.....	\$700,000
Protestant Orphan Asylum.....	25,000
Ladies' Protestant Relief Society.....	25,000



San Jose Orphans.....	25,000
Mechanics Institute.....	10,000
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.....	10,000
Public Baths.....	150,000
Old Ladies' Home.....	100,000
Francis Scott Key Monument.....	60,000
Historical Statue.....	100,000
California School of Mechanical Arts.....	540,000
Family Monuments.....	46,000
John H. Lick and collateral heirs.....	535,000

On April 22, 1878, the monument in honor of William Lick, hero of Valley Forge, was unveiled at Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania.

On June 27, 1888, the Lick Observatory was transferred to the University of California. On July 4, 1888, the Frances Scott Key statue was unveiled in Golden Gate Park, with elaborate ceremonies. On November 3, 1890, the Lick Baths, Tenth and Howard Streets, were opened to the public.

In the course of the twenty years between the writing of the first Trust Deed and the final accomplishment of the second, the monuments were built and dedicated, the Lick Old Ladies' Home was established, the San Jose Orphan Asylum came into existence and the various organizations named received their bequests.

On October 21, 1891, John H. Lick died in Fredericksburg where he had become a man of considerable wealth, the benefactor of a religious seminary and the owner of the Lickdale Iron Company and of the Ellendale Forge. He was in his seventy-sixth year. He had never married.

On November 29, 1894, the Lick Historical Monument was unveiled at the corner of Grove and Hyde Streets. It was Thanksgiving Day and thousands watched the flags fall away from the great statues, over which there had been so much discussion during the past years.

On January 3, 1895, the California School of Mechanical Arts, at Sixteenth and Utah Streets, was formally opened.

On July 12, 1895, the Lick Trust dissolved, all the clauses having been carried out as directed by James Lick.

The Society of California Pioneers received \$604,654.08 as its share of the residue from the estate.

By the fall of 1895, James Lick's money had gone its many ways. The purposes to which they were devoted revealed the interests of the man whom few had understood. His money had gone to the aid of science, education of the young, care of the aged and the orphan, commemoration of the great, honoring of his family, protection of animals and for public baths.

On May 3, 1900, members of the Society of California Pioneers, wondering why the janitor did not answer the bells, went to his room and found James W. Lick, 70, lying there dead.

So ended the male line of Licks, founded by the sturdy old German who carried a musket at Brandywine and Valley Forge.











Vol. 1

No. III

# QUARTERLY

QUARTERLY

OF

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

Vol. 1

No. III

## *Errata*

*Note*—On Page 69 the title, James W. Marshall, erroneously reads John W. Marshall.

---

*Note*—On Page 83 the title, John A. Sutter, erroneously reads John W. Sutter.

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS  
SEPTEMBER 30, 1924



JAMES WILSON MARSHALL

*Discoverer of Gold*

SUTTER'S MILL, COLOMA

EL DORADO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Monday, January 24, 1848

With personal reminiscences and correspondence relating  
to the discovery of gold; from the manuscript of  
PHILIP BALDWIN BEKEART

Chairman Historical Committee  
of  
The Society of California Pioneers  
San Francisco, California  
September 30, 1924





Born Oct. 8. 1810.

His Town of ...

Prof. ...  
H. ...

James W. Wadsworth  
Discoverer of Gold. Sutter's Mill - Colusa Co. California  
January 24<sup>th</sup> 1848.

Sketch by James W. Wadsworth in 1848. Engraved by ...  
Original printing in ... of ...



"WHERE THE FIRST PIECE OF GOLD WENT, OR  
WHERE IT IS NOW, I BELIEVE NOBODY KNOWS."

Statement of James W. Marshall, Discoverer,  
printed in *Hutchings' Magazine*, November, 1857.

"It is safe to conclude that the destiny of the first piece is lost  
to history."

H. H. BANCROFT, *Inter Pocula*, 1888.

On January 28, 1848, Marshall took the first flake with other  
flakes and dust, down to Sutter's Fort, where he left them with  
Captain Sutter.

I have ascertained the present whereabouts of this first piece  
of gold, together with authentic documents proving its genuine-  
ness.

PHILIP BALDWIN BEKEART.

San Francisco, February, 1914.

I am indebted to Miss Eudora Garoutte, of the State Library  
at Sacramento, and to Mr. Henry L. Byrne, Secretary of The  
Society of California Pioneers, for help in finding original sources  
of information; and to my friend Robert E. Cowan, for construc-  
tive and friendly criticism.

San Francisco, August, 1924.

## PREFACE

---

This book is the outcome of a friendly argument over the Wimmer nugget, which an acquaintance claimed was the first piece of gold picked up by Marshall. I disputed this assertion, and told him I thought I knew the present whereabouts of the first flake picked up by Marshall.

That afternoon, January 14, 1914, I dictated a letter from my office to Mr. Charles D. Walcott, Secretary Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. I duly received a reply from Mr. R. Rathbun, Assistant Secretary in charge of the National Museum. When I read Mr. Rathbun's letter, I knew that the information I had received from my father in the seventies or early eighties, was correct. My father arrived at Sutter's Fort on April 6, 1849. In a conversation with Sutter, which he carried on in the French language, and which greatly pleased Sutter, he asked to see Marshall's first flake and Captain Sutter informed him that it had been sent to Washington. I am also satisfied that Marshall knew that the first flake had been sent to Washington and that he discussed it with my father.

The correspondence with Mr. Rathbun so completely confirmed my father's statements that I decided to put my findings in book form, to be privately printed for my family and friends. I worked on the proposed book at intervals for three years but in 1917 I decided not to publish it, for the reason that the more I studied Marshall's career, the more I became convinced that aside from my recollection of conversations with Marshall and with my father, I knew very little about him. The Society of California Pioneers having recently commenced the publication of a Quarterly, honored me by suggesting that they publish my book on Marshall for their third issue. I therefore eliminated a great deal of family history and other data that would not be of general interest, and the result is herewith submitted with the hope that it may be found worthy of perusal. I trust that some one will some day write a real history of Marshall, one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, figure in Californian history. I am not a historian, nor do I lay claim to any literary ability, and I beg, therefore, the indulgence of the reader.

With hope for "truth in historical matters,"

PHILIP BALDWIN BEKEART.

## EXPLANATORY

---

The principal reason for this book, is to prove that the genuine first flake discovered by Marshall, is still in existence and also to record the correct date of the discovery.

Not the least purpose I have in view, is, if possible, to finally put the quietus on the pretensions and claims of the owners of a nugget of gold, known as the "Wimmer nugget," gilded facsimiles of which have been sold for many years in curiosity shops, fairs and expositions. I hope to show conclusively that this nugget is not the first piece of gold discovered by Marshall and that neither this nugget nor the Wimmers were noticed or considered in connection with the actual discovery by any of the early writers and later day historians of California, yet the owners of this nugget still persist in their claims, that it is the first gold picked up by Marshall. I hope to prove by authentic documents that the first piece of gold which Marshall picked up and hammered between two rocks, and which Bennett the blacksmith afterwards hammered thin on his anvil, is still in existence, and that this first flake, and the documents proving its genuineness, although they have been lost sight of since 1848, may be viewed by anyone interested, in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

I hope that the State of California will be able to obtain from the Smithsonian Institution this first piece of gold picked up by Marshall. It certainly belongs to this State, and its final resting place should be in the State Capitol at Sacramento.

In order that my readers may understand my interest in this matter, I will say that I was born at (Sutter's Mill) Coloma, El Dorado County, California. My father, christened Jules Francois Bekeart, but who usually signed his name J. Francis Bekeart or Frank Bekeart, was a veteran of the Mexican war of 1846, and a California Pioneer of 1849, and lived in Coloma from April, 1849, until December, 1865.

My father kept a diary from 1833 to 1889, which he rewrote into several large volumes, all of which were burned in the fire of April 18, 1906. I had read and re-read these books, from my early youth up to the time they were destroyed, and I remember many incidents which he narrated, which have served me in writing this article.

The plates used in this book, with the exception of Sutter's and Smith's diaries, are from my collection.

## AN HISTORICAL CORRECTION

---

July 29, 1924.

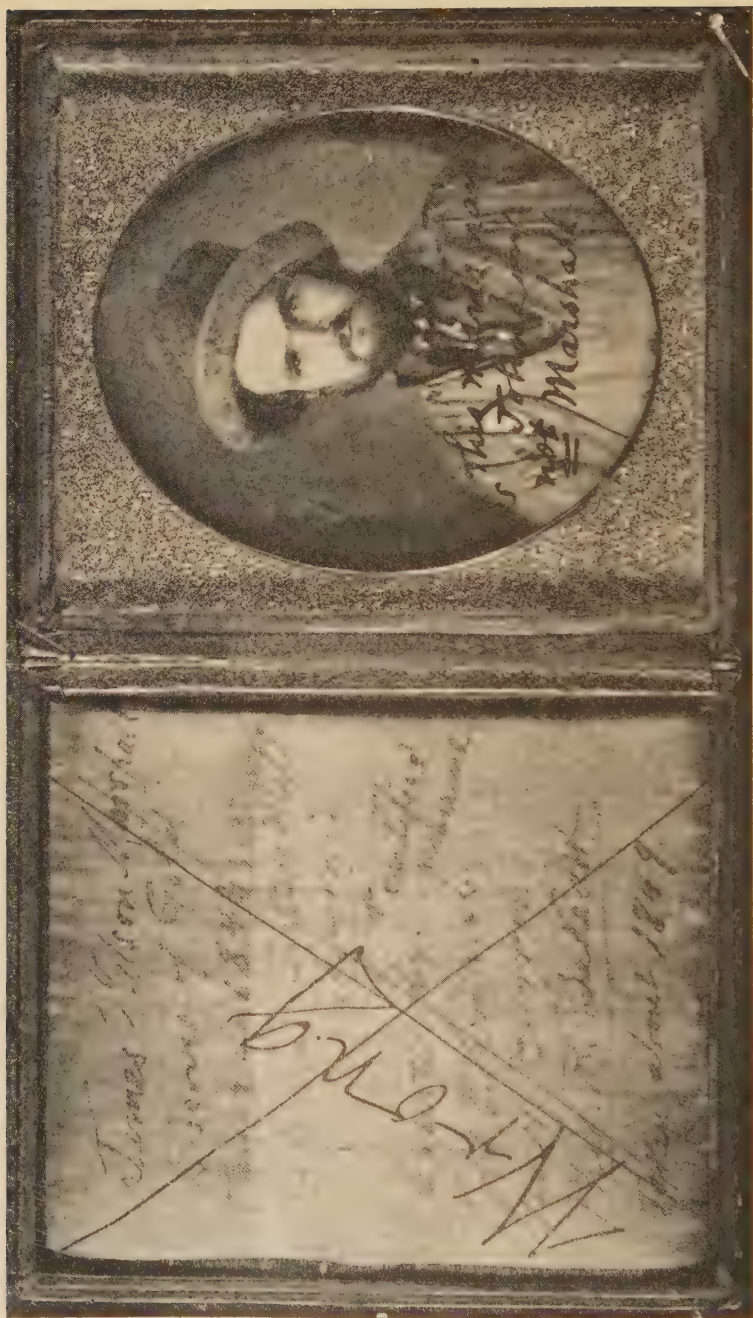
Several years ago, my friend George H. Barron, while a collector of antiques for Goodman and Company of San Francisco, and at this writing Curator of the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum in this city, came to my office with an ambrotype which he presented to me, photograph of which is shown herein. He asked me whom it looked like, and I said, "That is Marshall." My old friend Robert E. Cowan, the historian and bibliographer of *Californiana*, was present and he concurred in this opinion.

We compared the ambrotype with the original water color painting by Harrison Eastman in my collection, which is shown elsewhere in this book, and which was painted in 1849. The hair was the same color, the mustache and beard were the same color and cut, the flannel shirt and blouse the same color, and to cap it, the ambrotype showed the same flowing black necktie that is shown in the painting. A book in my collection says Marshall wore a white felt hat, which the ambrotype also shows. As a consequence, Robert E. Cowan, George H. Barron and I, certified and I wrote on the ambrotype, that it was a likeness of James Wilson Marshall, discoverer of gold in California, in 1848.

I loaned a photograph of this ambrotype to various newspapers, and it has been published in the past few years as a likeness of Marshall. Several weeks ago, Mr. Cowan told me that it was not a likeness of Marshall. Suffice to say that today, July 29, 1924, Mr. Charles W. Hunt of this city, Mr. Barron and Mr. Cowan came to my office. Mr. Hunt, who had originally sold this ambrotype with several others, to Mr. Barron, proved to the satisfaction of all of us, that the ambrotype is a likeness of a man named Johnson, whose family lived in Oakland, and that it is not a likeness of Marshall.

Mr. Cowan, Mr. Barron and I, therefore, want to go on record as saying that we made a mistake in asserting that this ambrotype is a likeness of Marshall, and we hope that newspapers and writers in the future will not use it or show it as a likeness of James Wilson Marshall.

Signed: ROBERT ERNEST COWAN,  
GEORGE HAVILAND BARRON,  
PHILIP BALDWIN BEKEART.





## James Wilson Marshall

Born October 8, 1810.\*

Died August 10, 1885.

James Wilson Marshall was born at Round Mountain Farm, near Marshall's Corner, Hope Township, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, October 8, 1810. His father, Philip Marshall, a man well known in that part of New Jersey, was born on the same farm in 1786. Philip died in 1834, at Lambertsville, New Jersey, and was buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery. Marshall's mother, Sarah Wilson, was born in 1788, and died in 1878. She was buried beside her husband.

Marshall's paternal grandmother was Rebecca Hart, daughter of John Hart, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Marshall's ancestors on both sides were of English stock, though he stated that he had one-eighth Delaware Indian blood in his veins.

His boyhood and early manhood were probably like most others of that day. He learned to shoot his flint-lock rifle, and he received, for that time and place, what might be called a good education. He learned his trade with his father, who was a wheelwright. After his twenty-first birthday, he bade his father, mother and sisters goodbye, and started west, a soldier of fortune. He little dreamed when he commenced this journey, that it would end in a place he had never seen or heard of, where his name would be linked with one of the world's greatest discoveries, nor could he have conceived the possibility of being the direct cause of the wildest excitement the modern world has ever known.

His first stop was Crawfordsville, Indiana, where he worked as a carpenter in order to provide funds for further westward travel. He then went to Warsaw, Illinois, but his pioneer blood again urged him West, and he finally arrived at a government land reserve, known as the Platte Purchase, near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas (then in Missouri). Here he located a homestead and planted grain, meanwhile working as a carpenter and trapper. After two or three years, he became afflicted with fever and ague, which caused him more than six years of misery. His physician finally told him that he had but two years to live, and he concluded to die in the open. Joining an emigrant train bound for California, and with his horse, rifle, hatchet, knife and blanket, he again started for the West.

The emigrant train left Platte Purchase, May 1, 1844. There were fourteen hundred emigrants in the party, with over one hundred wagons. Marshall was then in his thirty-fourth year. The party traveled northwest from Fort Leavenworth, along the North Fork of the Platte River, and in the fall reached Fort Hall, a frontier post which is situated near the headwaters of the Snake River, about one hundred and fifty miles due north of what is now Ogden. The route they traveled had been explored

\* I take this date from a statement made by Marshall to Ogden Squires, January 28, 1865. The original statement is in the California State Library at Sacramento.



the preceding year, 1843, by Captain John C. Frémont. The winter of 1844-45 was an extremely stormy one, and the emigrants were obliged to winter at Fort Hall.

Early in 1845, the emigrant party separated, most of them starting for California with the wagons, through what is now Idaho, and then across the desert by way of Humboldt Sink and Pyramid Lake. Marshall and about forty others without wagons, decided to go to Oregon. They made the trip to the Willamette River, the first party to go through without trouble with the Indians, possibly due to the fact that they were all well mounted and well armed. He then joined Captain Clyman's band of adventurers, composed of plainsmen, trappers and settlers, and in the spring of 1845 started for California. They traveled south through the Willamette Valley, then east towards Klamath Lake. They crossed the Siskiyou and then followed the Klamath River down to the head of Shasta Valley, thence past Mount Shasta and the Sutter Buttes, and camped on Cache Creek, about forty miles above Sutter's Fort (now Sacramento). Here the party broke up, some going south to Yerba Buena and the valleys, and others, Marshall amongst them, going to Sutter's Fort, where he arrived early in July, 1845. He was dressed entirely in buckskin, like the plainsmen and trappers of that day, their clothing being made of deer, antelope and beaver skins.

He was a welcome addition to Captain Sutter's colony because of his trade, and he was immediately hired by Sutter, being paid with cattle, horses and ammunition. He accumulated some livestock, and bought two leagues of land on the north side of Little Butte Creek in Butte County, where he planted grain and commenced to raise stock.

In the spring of 1846, Marshall was one of a score of white men, who with a number of friendly Indians helped to protect Sutter's fort by a march against the Mokelumne Indians, who were driven back to the missions. In the summer of 1846, the Bear Flag war broke out and Marshall joined the Bear Flag party, and afterwards fought with the California Battalion to the end of the Mexican War of 1846-48. He was at the battle of San Pasqual, December 6, 1847, with Captain Gillespie's California Volunteers. He was discharged at San Diego in March, 1847, and made his way on foot to Sutter's Fort, after an absence of nearly one year, arriving at the Fort barefooted and in a very sorry plight, as did many others who volunteered in the Bear Flag war. James Gregson, one of the volunteers, says he was actually starving, and at San Francisco was forced to ask a United States officer for something to eat, the United States officers having discharged him, as they did Marshall, without pay. On visiting his ranch, Marshall found that nearly all his stock was strayed or stolen, and himself, as he stated, "penniless." Shortly after his return, he sold this ranch. He often spoke of the ingratitude of the "stay-at-homes" and new-comers who robbed him while he was away, fighting for California. Incidentally, Marshall never received one cent in payment of his services in the Bear Flag war. His name

does not appear in the Bear Flag list, but there is no complete record of the volunteers in the Bear Flag war, nor of Americans residing in California who fought in the Mexican war of 1846-48, many names having been lost or left out by mistake.

It is a disputed point as to whether Marshall first broached the idea of a sawmill to Sutter or Sutter to him. Sutter wanted timber for buildings and fences and to sell to settlers, also to ship to Yerba Buena. So Marshall was instructed to find a suitable spot for a sawmill—a place with good timber and on a river or stream, that would float the lumber to the Embarcadero, now the foot of M Street, Sacramento, or permit it to be hauled to Sutter's Fort by teams. He first explored the Cosumne River, but not finding a suitable location he returned to the Fort. He then decided to explore the American River for a site, and on May 16, 1847, he left Sutter's Fort with an Indian guide and two companions named Treador and Grimes, and on the twentieth they were joined by a man with the euphonious name of Gingery. They reached Weber Creek and followed it down to the American River, exploring up and down the South Fork of the American River, where Marshall finally selected the spot he afterwards made historic. On returning to the Fort, he reported to Sutter, drawing a rough sketch of the valley, the yellow pine trees, the river and the proposed site of the mill. This sketch, and a drawing of the proposed mill, were presented to the State Library at Sacramento, by John Sipp of Kelsey, who at one time was Marshall's partner in the "Grey Eagle" mine.

On August 19, 1847, Sutter and Marshall signed a partnership agreement, Sutter agreeing to furnish the capital for the erection of the sawmill at Coloma, and Marshall agreeing to superintend the building and the running of the mill, the partners to share equally in the profits. John Bidwell drew up the contract, which was witnessed by Samuel Kyburz.

Marshall and his workmen left Sutter's Fort September 27, 1847, carrying with them the outfit for the sawmill. They were obliged to cut roads in some places, and were several days in reaching the valley. They first built a double log cabin for themselves, having a passageway between the two parts, which afterwards became the store of Hastings and Company.

Marshall built a separate log cabin for himself on the side of a nearby hill, which was burned in the fall of 1848, by the rough element who stole his land and timber. He and his men then began work on the sawmill, which was practically finished when he discovered the first flake. Bigler, in his diary, says he entered Sutter's employ September 17, 1847, and he went to Coloma with Marshall, September 27, 1847. He records the fact that the first log was not sawed until March 11, 1848, due to the lack of mill irons. (Early maps designate the spot as "Saw Mill," not Coloma.) John Bidwell, who was a clerk for Sutter at the Fort, says in his manuscript: "The mill was a very good one of its kind." James Gregson, who was the blacksmith at the Fort, says

he made a contract to do the blacksmithing for Sutter and Marshall, though Charles Bennett went with the party as blacksmith.

At this time, the entire party at the sawmill consisted of the following persons: James W. Marshall, Peter L. Wimmer, his wife, Elizabeth Jane Wimmer, their two young sons John and Martin Wimmer, Charles Bennett, William Scott and six young Mormons recently discharged from the U. S. Mormon Battalion, viz: Henry W. Bigler, Azariah Smith, James S. Brown, Alexander Stephens, William Johnson and James Berger. There were also ten Indians on the place, who were hired to help the men. One or more of the Indians could speak Spanish. History is very clear in regard to the fact that there were no other white men in the vicinity of Coloma at the time of Marshall's discovery of gold, therefore the claims of all others who stated that they were present on January 24, 1848, were fraudulent. When Marshall left the fort for the mill, he had with him Ira and Sidney Willis, also William Kountze and Ezekiel Persons, but they all returned to Sutter's Fort shortly after their arrival at the mill and were not there at the time of the discovery. Israel Evans, a Mormon in Sutter's employ, claimed in after years to have been at Coloma, January 24th, but existing records, with one exception, do not bear out this claim. James S. Brown, who did not keep a diary, wrote a book in 1894; he says Evans was there. He also names Bigler, Smith, Stephens, Johnson, Berger and himself.

Previous to the discovery, and while testing the wheel, Marshall found that the mill-race was not deep enough, and he therefore had the floodgate opened each night, permitting the water to run through the race all night, in order to widen and deepen the channel. In the mornings the water was shut off, and the Indians would throw out the boulders that the water left bare. Marshall had observed "yellow specks" the evening of the 23rd, and that night mentioned to some of the men that "he thought he had found a gold mine."

On the morning of January 24, 1848, he threw the wheel out of gear, shut off the water, and had the Indians pack the bottom of the gate with "grass and dirt." He then stepped into the race to see what progress had been made and also to closely examine the yellow specks he had observed the evening before. Near the lower end of the race, on a rock about six inches under the water, he picked up a flake of yellow metal, the historic first piece of gold. It was shaped like a small melon seed, and was worn very thin and smooth, as is all river gold. Marshall was alone at the time. He picked up a few more flakes and took the first and largest piece and bit it. He hammered it on a flat rock with a stone and found it was malleable. He was satisfied that he had found gold.

The first man to whom Marshall showed the flakes was William Scott, who was in the mill. Johnson, Stephens, Bigler and Brown next saw the gold. Peter and Jennie Wimmer were up at the cabin at the time and Bennett and Smith were sick in their

cabin which they had built and finished only a few days before. Young John Wimmer was out hunting for the oxen. After Marshall had shown the gold to the men, he took it to Mrs. Wimmer, who was making soap, and she boiled the flake in strong lye. It showed no sign of discoloration the next morning when cut out of the cold soap in the bottom of the kettle. He then took the flake to Charles Bennett and instructed him to beat it out thin on the blacksmith's anvil, which again proved its malleability. (The flake in the Smithsonian Institution has particles of granite and oxide of iron imbedded in it, another proof that it is the first piece of gold hammered between two rocks by Marshall and then flattened out on the blacksmith anvil by Bennett.)

Marshall states, and all authorities agree, that he knew he had found gold when he picked up the first flake.

Work on the mill continued for six weeks after the discovery of gold. In passing, it should be stated that the faithful Mormons remained with Marshall until the end of their contract, but after the discovery, Bigler dug gold out of the crevices in the rocks along the river each Sunday and also on days that he went hunting for deer, having been delegated by Marshall to furnish meat for the tables. Henry W. Bigler, one of the Mormon workmen, nineteen years of age at the time, is the best authority on the events connected with Marshall and Sutter's Mill. In a letter which he wrote to the *San Francisco Bulletin*, which was published January 2, 1871, he says:

"And there sure enough, in the top of his hat crown was the pure metal—how much I do not know, probably an ounce. One of our company (the Mormon Battalion, War of 1846) by the name of Azariah Smith, pulled out a five-dollar piece and compared the coin with the particles. There was a difference in looks, but this was accounted for on account of the alloy in the coin."

In a letter to Bancroft, July 5, 1872, Bigler describes the first gold in Marshall's hat "from the smallest particles up to the size of a kernel of wheat or larger. Most of it was very thin flakes. The coarse was more round and in little cubes—in fact all sizes and shapes."

Four days after his discovery, Marshall left for Sutter's Fort with his gold. Sutter laconically records in his diary: "Friday, January 28, Mr. Marshall arrived from the mountains on very important business. Saturday, January 29, 1848, Mr. Marshall left for the mountains."

Captain John Augustus Sutter kept a daily diary, but his best description of Marshall's find is found in an interview which he gave to J. M. Hutchings, the publisher of *Hutchings' Magazine*, who made a trip to Sutter's Fort, and wrote out Sutter's version of the discovery, which Sutter read and signed. The entire article is too long to quote. In fact it belongs in a good history of Sutter, which is yet to be written. In this article Sutter relates that he wanted a sawmill so he could sell lumber to the small village of Yerba Buena (now San Francisco). He also speaks of



hiring the men for the sawmill, and of his contract with Marshall.

It was a rainy afternoon when Marshall arrived at Sutter's office in the Fort. He told Sutter that he had some important and interesting news that he wished to impart to him secretly. "Marshall took a rag from his pocket and showed me the yellow metal. He had about two ounces of it \* \* \* which consisted of small pieces and specimens, some of them worth a few dollars." They tested the gold with aqua fortis and then gathered what silver coin they could find. Marshall made a pair of balances and by putting an equal weight of gold against the silver, which amounted to \$2.75, and then immersing both the gold and silver in water, it was found that the gold was the heavier of the two metals, and Sutter declared it to be twenty-three carat gold.

Marshall left that night for Coloma, though Sutter's diary says he left the next day for Coloma. The secret of Marshall's find was kept for a few weeks only, and then the rush began which eventually ruined both Marshall and Sutter.

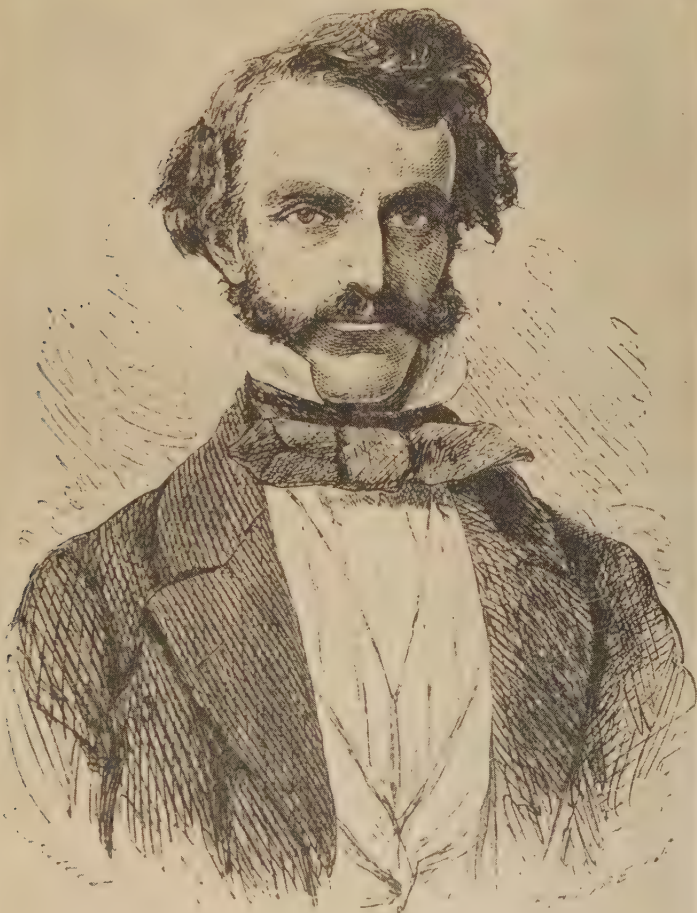
Timber was sawed in the mill until the latter part of 1848, by Sutter and Marshall, and afterward by Marshall, Ragley and Winters, who bought out Sutter's interest in the mill. The lumber sold in 1849 for five hundred dollars per thousand feet. After the gold rush started, timber became scarce, all the available timber trees near Coloma having been cut down by miners. The mill was forced to stop, and the logs and boards were stolen by unscrupulous miners. Marshall's notices of ownership of all the land and stock were posted all over the valley, but very few paid any attention to his rightful claim of ownership, and when he brought suit against the thieves he was invariably beaten in the courts. On two occasions, in 1848 and 1849, his life was threatened and he was driven out of Coloma. His cabin was burned and his property stolen.

## MARSHALL'S FIRST FLAKE

It was this first flake that caused an influx of sturdy men from all over the world into California—a rush that has never been even paralleled before or since in any country on earth.



Photographs, exact size, showing both sides and end view of Marshall's first flake, which is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.



JOSEPH L. FOLSOM. 1854

Captain Joseph L. Folsom, whose foresight saved the first flake of gold found by Marshall.



PROCEEDING 135  
 REPAIRS FILE  
 135  
 Washington office  
 San Francisco Cal  
 August 29<sup>th</sup> 1848  
 The paper contains the first  
 piece of gold ever discovered  
 in the mountains of the  
 California  
 It was found in February 1848  
 by James W. Wicks in the  
 mines of El Dorado, San Joaquin  
 county, about forty  
 miles from Sutter's Fort on  
 the south corner of the map  
 shown above. It was  
 found in a stream by Mr.  
 Marshall in fact 5 miles  
 below  
 It is presented to the National  
 Institute Washington D.C.  
 J. W. Wicks  
 San Francisco

THIS LETTER ACCOMPANIED MARSHALL'S FIRST FLAKE OF GOLD  
 (Reduced one-half)

## Marshall's First Flake

As I stated in my explanatory note, on January 14, 1914, I wrote to Mr. Charles D. Walcott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, with reference to Marshall's discovery. I quote part of my letter herewith:

"Marshall decided at that time that it was gold, took some of it down to Captain John Sutter at Sutter's Fort near the Embarcadero, and now in the City of Sacramento, Cal. He (Marshall) told my father, and I think also repeated it in my presence when I was a young man, that he thought Captain Sutter had sent the first gold to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. I would like to have you investigate this fact and see if you can find the original gold sent to the Institution. It must have been received at the Institution in the fall or winter of 1848. I am willing to incur any ordinary expense to trace this matter to the bottom, as I feel that it should be positively settled for the sake of posterity."

In due course I received the following reply:

Smithsonian Institution,  
United States National Museum,  
Washington, D. C.

January 31, 1914.

Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart,  
717 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:

Referring to your letter of January 14, in which you state that a controversy has arisen regarding the "first piece of gold discovered by James W. Marshall, on January 24, 1848, at Coloma (Sutter's Mill), El Dorado County, California," and that, according to Mr. Marshall, Captain Sutter had sent this specimen to the Smithsonian Institute in the fall or winter of that year, I beg to state as follows:

In 1841, there was formed in Washington, a scientific organization known as the National Institute, one of the purposes of which was the assembling of scientific collections. In the Articles of Incorporation it was provided that, in case of the dissolution of the Institute, these collections would become the property of the United States. The Institute was dissolved in 1861, and accordingly the collections were transferred to the Smithsonian Institution, and were later deposited in the National Museum.

In the minutes of the meeting of the National Museum, held January 15, 1849, the following remarks occur under the heading "Donations to the Cabinet."

The Corr. Secretary announced a donation of California minerals from Capt. J. L. Folsom, U. S. A.

#### VERBAL COMMUNICATIONS

Prof. Johnson made some remarks on the specimens of California minerals this evening presented to the Institute, stated that according to the accompanying memoranda,

No. 1 was the first piece of gold ever discovered in the northern part of Upper California. It was found by J. W. Marshall, at the saw-mill of John A. Sutter.

It is a thin plate about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch in length and somewhat less in breadth, and weighs 1.76 grains Troy. It either contains other materials than gold, or is porous and spongy, since its specific gravity is only 11.00 which is far below that of pure gold in its most condensed state.

(Note: In their letter to me of March 1, 1914, they wrote that Specimen No. 1 weighed 0.0855 grains. It was evidently weighed incorrectly in 1848, or its weight was wrongly recorded at that time. P. B. B.)

No. 2. A specimen of gold from the American Fork, presented by Robert A. Parker, Esq., of San Francisco, California, to the National Institute.

This specimen is irregular in form, but seems to have been somewhat rounded, as if long exposed to motion and attrition in a pebbly bed. It weighs 1585 grains Troy, or  $3/302$  ounces.

It shows the nature of its original gangue by holding confined in its cavities, fragments or pebbles of quartz, hydrated oxide of iron, etc. The specific gravity of this specimen, including of course the undetermined amount of gangue, was  $13/111$ ; the highest specific gravity of any specimen of native gold hitherto found being 19.1, which was that of a specimen from Catherineberg, in Siberia.

Furthermore, the collections of the National Museum, which as already intimated, is the depository for specimens transmitted to the Smithsonian Institution, at present contain a thin plate of gold, which is presumably the one referred to under No. 1 in the above extract, as it is accompanied by an autographic memorandum of J. L. Folsom, which reads as follows:

Quartermaster's Office,  
San Francisco, U. C.,  
August 23, 1848.

This paper contains the first piece of gold ever discovered in the northern part of Upper California. It was found in February, 1848, by James W. Marshall,

in the race of Captain John A. Sutter's sawmill, about 45 miles from Sutter's Fort on the south branch of the American Fork. It was beaten out with a hammer by Mr. Marshall to test its malleability.

It is presented to the National Institute, Washington, D. C.

(Signed) J. L. FOLSOM,  
Asst. Q. M.

In addition to the specimen above mentioned under No. 1, the Museum collections contain a small quantity, 7/955 grains of fine placer gold, which was received some years ago from the late Mr. Thomas Donaldson of Philadelphia, and is entered on the Museum records as "No. 55480, GOLD;—First gold discovered in California, Sutter's Mill, Coloma, El Dorado County, Marshall Claim, California, January 19, 1848." This material is in the form of small flat scales rarely more than 2 mm. in diameter.

The specimen referred to under No. 2 of the National Institute minutes, we have not been able to identify in the Museum collections.

Regretting that I am unable to furnish more explicit information on the subject, I am,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) R. RATHBUN,  
Assistant Secretary,

In charge of National Museum.

On February 9, 1915, I asked Mr. R. Rathbun to have their photographer make a photograph of the first piece showing exact size. I also asked him whether their mineralogists could advise me if this first piece of gold contained any foreign substance.

To my letter of February 9, Mr. Rathbun replied:

Smithsonian Institution,  
United States National Museum,  
Washington, D. C.  
March 1, 1915.

Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart,  
717 Market Street,  
San Francisco, California.

My dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the ninth ultimo with reference to the first piece of gold discovered in the northern part of California, on which we have already had some correspondence.

The specimen has again been carefully examined by the mineralogist of the Museum, who reports to me as follows: The specimen weighs 0.0855 grams. Under a microscope it shows numerous white particles imbedded in it, which are apparently of quartz. Two small thin films of quartz are

still attached to it, as found. There are further many minute black points of no appreciable thickness, which are evidently iron or manganese oxide.

The Museum photographer has taken three views of the piece, one of each side and one end view. They are precisely of natural size, and prints are enclosed herewith. No charge is made for them and accordingly I am returning the ten dollars you sent, in the form of a check made out by our disbursing officer.

Trusting that this information will serve your purpose, I remain,

Very truly yours,

R. Rathbun,

Assistant Secretary,

In charge of National Museum.

Note: The original photograph plates were also forwarded to me.

I contend that these letters and photographs positively settle the controversy over the first piece of gold picked up by Marshall, January 24, 1848, and I hope that the next Legislature of California, or our representatives at Washington, will petition the Government to return these precious relics to this State, where they rightfully belong.

On two occasions when visiting in the East, I have gone to Washington and viewed the first flake in the Mineral Department of the National Museum. At both times I was the only person in that part of the building, and I venture to say that not one person in ten thousand looks at this little flake, hidden amongst hundreds of thousands of other specimens.

On February 25, 1914, I wrote Mr. Rathbun and asked him to send me a photograph of the letter written by Captain Folsom, which is quoted above. I also asked him to have a replica made of the first piece of gold, and that I would defray any expense, etc. With a letter dated March 25, they forwarded me a photograph of the first piece of gold and a photograph of Captain Folsom's letter. They stated that they were unable to have a replica made of the first piece of gold, on account of its extraordinary thinness. The photograph of the gold was twice its original size. I then wrote asking if it would be possible to have a replica made of pure gold, and the administrative assistant, Mr. W. de C. Ravenel, replied that they could not do this as a facsimile would be in the nature of a counterfeit.

This historical gold and Folsom's letter should be deposited in the State Capitol at Sacramento, near the spot where they were



undoubtedly received by Captain Folsom when, with Colonel Mason he made the trip to Sutter's Fort in July, 1848.

Captain Joseph L. Folsom arrived in San Francisco with Stevenson's Regiment, March 6, 1847. He was ranked Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. A., in charge of the port of Yerba Buena (San Francisco). He obtained a leave of absence in May, 1849, and left for the East, afterwards going to the West Indies, where he purchased the interest of the heirs of William A. Leidesdorff, who died in San Francisco May 18, 1848, and was buried in Mission Dolores Cemetery. Folsom, after obtaining the deeds, returned to San Francisco and was quite prominent in local affairs. He was chosen president of the society to oppose the introduction of slavery in California, and the town of Folsom was named after him. He died in San Francisco July 10, 1855, and his remains were interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery. At the time of his death there was no controversy regarding the first piece of gold, nor the date of discovery. Hittell says it started in 1856.

It is reasonable to suppose that the first piece was kept by Sutter when Marshall took it down to him on January 28, 1848, and that Sutter, who was an educated and scientific gentleman, saw the historic value of this beaten and flattened first piece of gold, and gave it to Captain Folsom to send to the National Museum in July, 1848. One theory I have in regard to Captain Folsom's reason for not disclosing the fact that he had sent the first piece of gold to Washington, is that he desired the honor of personally sending the gold direct to the National Museum, rather than through his superior officer, Colonel Mason, Governor of California, who would have sent it to the War Department. The disposition of the gold specimens sent back by Colonel Mason will be shown in this chapter—a fate that Marshall's first flake might have met with, if Folsom had acted otherwise.

Captain Folsom sent the gold to Washington on August 23, 1848, only seven months after its discovery and shortly after his visit to Sutter's Fort and Sutter's Mill with Governor Mason and William T. Sherman (afterwards the noted United States general).

Bancroft writes: "About the time of Bennett's departure (about February 15th) from the Fort, Sutter's schooner went down the river carrying specimens of the new discovery, and Folsom, the Quartermaster in San Francisco, learned of the fact, informed, it is said, by McKinstry. Then John Bidwell went to the Bay and spread the news broadcast. Smith, store-keeper at



the Fort, sent word of it to his partner Brannan, and thus by various ways the knowledge became general."

It does not seem probable, however, that Folsom could have obtained the first piece at that time and kept it until August 23, a period of six months, before sending it East. Then, too, if he had had the first piece in his possession for six months, it is reasonable to suppose that he would have shown it or spoken of it to someone, whereas the piece he sent August 23 was sent only a short time after his return from Sutter's Fort and Sutter's Mill, where he interviewed both Sutter and Marshall. It is on this fact that I base my belief that he obtained the specimen at that time from Sutter. Captain Folsom's letter to the National Museum, with which he sent the first piece of gold, was dated August 23, 1848, (six days later than Colonel Mason's letter, of which I will speak later), and undoubtedly went back with Lieutenant Loeser, who sailed from Monterey one week later.

The receipt of Marshall's first flake of gold from Captain Folsom was recorded in the minutes of the National Institution at a meeting held January 15, 1849 (the directors possibly met once a month) hence the difference in time between Lieutenant Loeser's arrival in Washington and the date of the Institution's acceptance.

It is to be noted in Folsom's letter of August 23, 1848, to the National Museum, that he states the first piece of gold was beaten out with a hammer by Mr. Marshall to test its malleability. This conforms with Marshall's statement to Hutchings, that even after he had beaten the first piece between two rocks "he had Bennett beat it out thin with a hammer."

In reference to the date in Captain Folsom's letter to the National Museum (February, 1848), the Wimmers had mentioned February in one of their statements, so possibly Captain Folsom obtained the date from them. Sutter would have told him the exact date by referring to his diary. Marshall at that time would have said January 18th, 19th or 20th. Captain Folsom must have had a presentiment of the fate of these specimens, for he purposely kept the knowledge of Marshall's first flake from the army officers and quietly sent the flattened-out piece to the National Museum.

Robert A. Parker, mentioned in the letter from the National Museum, was a native of Boston, as we are informed by Zoeth Eldredge in his "Beginnings of San Francisco." He writes that Parker came in as a super-cargo on the ship Mt. Vernon and

opened a store in Richardson's Casa Grande on Dupont Street. Later he built the City Hotel, and in 1849 built and kept the famous Parker House on Kearny Street facing the Plaza, where the Hall of Justice now stands.

I find no trace of Thomas Donaldson, late of Philadelphia, though I believe that this fine placer gold or dust which is at the National Museum may be a part of Marshall's first find, as the first lot of gold consisted of small flat flakes and scales, worn smooth by the action of the river, and also a quantity of dust.

E. S. Capron in his book, "California and Its History" (1854), describes the gold found in California as follows:

The finest grains are called gold dust.

The flattened grains are called scale gold.

The grains larger than a pea are called lump gold.

And the pieces larger than a walnut are called nuggets.

The statements in after years of both Sutter and Marshall regarding the first flake are enigmas. Each one said he did not know its whereabouts. Sutter surely knew that this flake was sent by Captain Folsom to Washington, but he was at sword's points with Marshall and he had also a ring made of gold he gathered at Coloma, some of which had been given him by the men at the mill. He had this ring engraved, "The first gold discovered in California, 1848." A few writers claim that the honor of the discovery of gold should be his, as the gold was found on his property and the men were in his employ, disregarding the fact that Marshall was a partner in the mill.

The rumored estrangement between Marshall and Sutter had not taken place when my father reached Sutter's Fort, April 6, 1849, therefore Sutter had no reason to conceal the whereabouts of the first flake. The Wimmers may have known of the final disposition of this first flake, but said nothing about it in order to strengthen their claim of owning the first gold. Sutter surely spoke of its disposition to other persons beside my father, but as they had no special interest in the event, they probably forgot it. It may be that I will hear of others who knew that this first flake was in the National Museum; up to this writing, however, I have not heard of anyone except those to whom I told it during the past ten years.

Richard Barnes Mason was then the Colonel of the First United States Dragoons. On May 31, 1846, he was appointed Military Commander of California and Governor of this new territory, and stationed at Monterey. He held this office until

the spring of 1849, when he was relieved by General Persifer F. Smith. Colonel Mason then left for the Eastern States; he died at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, July 25, 1850.

Colonel Mason left Monterey June 12, 1848, accompanied by Lieutenant William T. Sherman, Captain J. L. Folsom and four soldiers who acted as escorts. A most interesting volume is "California Message and Correspondence, Document 17," Washington, 1850. On pages 528-536 of this book is printed Colonel R. B. Mason's famous report of his trip to Sutter's Fort, Sutter's Mill and other famous mining points. It is dated Monterey, California, August 17, 1848, and is addressed to General R. Jones, Adjutant General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C. Colonel Mason's report was sent by a messenger who also carried with him sixteen pounds of gold dust and specimens—note the final disposition of this gold.

The messenger was Lieutenant Louis Loeser, Third Artillery, who sailed August 30, 1848, in the schooner "Lambayecana" from Monterey, bound for Payta, Peru. He stopped off or connected with a steamer to Panama, crossed the Isthmus and continued on a steamer to New Orleans, thence to New York, where he arrived in November, 1848. He then repaired to Washington, as a perusal of the letter to me, dated June 16, 1914, from the War Department at Washington, shows that the gold was sent to the Mint at Philadelphia, on December 8, 1848.

Colonel Mason arrived at Sutter's Fort July 2, 1848, where he participated in the first public Fourth of July celebration held in California after the acquisition of this State. On July 5 he arrived at Mormon Diggings, twenty-five miles from the Fort, where he states that the sand and gold were mixed together, consisting of "*fine bright scales*." On July 6 he arrived at the "Saw-Mill," twenty-five miles above the lower washings (Mormon Diggings). Mason tells the story of Marshall's find as follows:

Here a species of pine occurs, which led to the discovery of gold. Captain Sutter, feeling the want of lumber, contracted September last with a Mr. Marshall to build a sawmill at that place. It was erected in the course of the last winter and spring—a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel, the tail race was found to be too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr. Marshall, to save labor, let the water directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose and a large bed of mud and gravel was carried to the foot of the race.

One day Mr. Marshall, when walking down the race to this deposit of mud, observed some *glittering particles* at its upper edge. He gathered a few, examined them and became satisfied of their value. He went to the Fort, told Captain Sutter of his discovery and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain grist mill at Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labors of the first explorers, and in a few weeks hundreds of men were drawn thither. \* \* \* This gold, too, is in scales, a little coarser than those of the lower (Mormon Diggings) mines.

From the mills Mr. Marshall guided me up the mountains on the opposite or north bank of the South Fork, where in the beds of small streams or ravines, now dry, a great deal of coarse gold has been found, some as heavy as four or five ounces in weight." (Kelsey Dry Diggings.)

Colonel Mason gathered and purchased sixteen different specimens, which he carefully labeled, giving the name of the donor and the section from which each specimen was mined. These he sent to the Adjutant General's office with his report of August 17, 1848. He also made a foot-note to Adjutant General Jones, which reads as follows:

Lieutenant Loeser bears, in addition to the specimens mentioned in the foregoing letter, a tea caddy containing two hundred and thirty ounces, fifteen pennyweights and nine grains of gold. This was purchased in San Francisco by my order and is sent to you as a fair sample of gold obtained from the mines of Sacramento. It is a mixture coming from various points in the gold district.

Colonel Mason's report is a lengthy one and it is therefore not quoted here in its entirety.

Curious to know the final resting place of the gold specimens gathered with such care by Colonel Mason, I wrote the following letter:

Superintendent Landers,  
c/o U. S. Mint,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

On August 17, 1848, Colonel R. B. Mason, then Governor of California, sent to Adjutant General Jones, at Washington, a number of specimens of gold from the recently discovered placers of California. These specimens were donated by Captain J. S. Sutter, John Sinclair, William Glover, Ira Blanchard, Levi Fairfield, Franklin H. Ayers,—a piece from the Mormon Diggings, also Chas.

Weber, Surnal & Co., Robert D. Neligh, C. E. Picket, E. C. Kemble, T. H. Green.

This gold is mentioned in Colonel (Governor) Mason's report to the Adjutant General, U. S. Documents No. 17 Report 37, dated August 17, 1848). President Polk, in his message to Congress, December 5, 1848, mentioned this gold.

I have read somewhere that this gold was sent to the Philadelphia Mint. I am now desirous of finding out whether or not it is still in existence, and if so, where it is. I would like very much to have what information you can give me on this subject.

Thanking you, I am,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Phil. B. Bekeart.

To this letter, Albert H. Norris, Acting Superintendent, replied as follows:

Mint of the United States at Philadelphia.

Superintendent's Office, June 5, 1914.

Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart,

717 Market Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 19th ultimo, in reference to some specimens of gold from the placers of California, sent by the Governor of California in 1848 to the Treasury Department at Washington and which you think were subsequently presented to this mint, you are informed that we can find no record of any such presentation.

Respectfully,

(Signed) Albert H. Norris,

Acting Superintendent.

I then wrote to the War Department as follows:

San Francisco, June 10, 1914.

Adjutant General George Andrews,

War Department,

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

In the United States Government reports of 1848, Document 17, is published a letter from Colonel R. B. Mason, who at that time was Colonel of the First United States Dragoons, and Military Commander of California. This letter is addressed to the Adjutant General at Washington, and is dated August 17, 1848.

At the end of the letter, he speaks of having sent a number of specimens of gold to the Adjutant General. I am desirous of knowing what became of these specimens.



There were about fifteen of them, as you will note from the above letter.

I have read that these specimens were delivered to the United States Mint at Philadelphia, but I am just in receipt of a letter dated June 15th, from the acting superintendent of the United States Mint at Philadelphia, in which he states that they cannot find any record of having received these specimens.

I am tracing a historical matter regarding the early discovery of gold, and if you can assist in advising me of the ultimate destination of these specimens sent to Washington by Col. Mason, it will be very acceptable.

Thanking you, I am,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) PHIL. B. BEKEART.

I duly received the following reply from the War Department:

War Department,  
The Adjutant General's Office  
Washington, June 16, 1914.

Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart,  
717 Market Street,  
San Francisco.

Dear Sir:

Referring to your letter of the 10th inst., in which you request to be advised as to the disposition that was made of certain specimens of California gold sent to the War Department by Colonel Mason in 1848, I beg leave to advise you that the records of this office contain the following information relative to those samples:

On December 8, 1848, the Secretary of War sent to Mr. R. M. Patterson, Superintendent of the United States Mint at Philadelphia, the specimens of gold, platina and cinnabar received from California, with a note stating that the weight of the metals was 230 oz., 15 pwts. and 9 grs. The Secretary requested that one pound of the gold be returned to him "in order to have a specimen of it here," and he requested that if the metal were found to be pure gold, enough of it be reserved "for the two medals (for Generals Taylor and Scott) ordered by Congress," and added that the remainder, with the exception of two small bars, "I wish to have coined and sent with the bars to this Department. As many may desire to procure a specimen of the coin made of the California gold by exchanging other gold for it, I would suggest that it be made into quarter-eagles with a distinguishing mark on each, if any variations from the ordinary issues of the mint would be proper."

On December 12, 1848, Mr. Snowden, Treasurer of the



Mint at Philadelphia, wrote to the Secretary of War that one pound, Troy weight, of the grains was sent to Washington, and that the amount deposited at the Mint would be entered as an ordinary deposit in the name of the Secretary of War and subject to his order, and that "a portion of the amount can be reserved for medals and the balance paid in coin." With the treasurer's letter was inclosed a receipt for 216 ounces of California gold bullion received at the Mint December 11, the value of the gold being \$3,910.

The specimens of gold, platina and cinnabar were examined by the Assayer of the Mint, and a report of the results of that examination was transmitted to the War Department by the Director of the Mint on December 21, 1848.

The Secretary of War advised the Director of the Mint on January 2, 1849, that the Chief Clerk of the War Department, Mr. Campbell, would call at the Mint and "receive from you the coin made from the California gold. He will deliver to you the receipt which was given on depositing the gold." No report of the result of the visit to the Mint by Mr. Campbell has been found, but the coin was probably received, as the Secretary of War wrote to a resident of Uniontown, Pa., on July 28, 1849: "In reply to your application of the 23rd, for a specimen of California gold, I have to inform you that with the exception of a few specimens sold last winter, all that was forwarded to this Department was converted into coin and exchanged for its value in other money, the proceeds being accounted for to the Treasury."

The medal for General Taylor, which contained 20 ounces of the California gold, was received from the Mint by the War Department on July 7, 1849. The medal for General Scott appears to have been received in the Department on or about August 29, 1849, as the letter in which receipt of the medal was acknowledged bears that date. The weight of the medal for General Scott is not shown by the records.

It also appears from the records of this office that on May 21, 1849, the Secretary sent to the Director of the Mint two bars of gold and 10 oz., 3 pwt. and 15 grs. of gold dust for coinage, the value of the gold being \$619.30. This is probably gold that was returned uncoined by the Mint, as requested by the Secretary in his letter of December 8, 1848, hereinbefore referred to.

Nothing additional has been found of record relative to the disposition of the specimens of California gold received from Col. R. B. Mason.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) GEO. ANDREWS,

The Adjutant General.

## The Date of Marshall's Discovery of Gold

---

The date of the discovery of gold was not finally settled until John S. Hittell, Historian of the Society of California Pioneers, proved beyond all doubt that Monday, January 24, 1848, was the correct date. This was in 1885, yet notwithstanding this positive proof, various writers since that time (even as late as 1923) have designated January 19 as the date. Many persons believed January 19 to be the correct date. I am frank to confess that I used this date up to the time I began really to study Marshall's life. I was also prodigal of the use of the word nugget, in place of flake, particle or chispa, when speaking or writing of the first piece of gold found by Marshall. I also thought that Marshall had picked up the first flake in the afternoon, whereas he had only noticed the yellow flakes in the afternoon, but he picked up the first piece the next morning. I must confess that I was just as careless as is the average person who writes of historical matters without first studying his subject from all sources.

Nearly five years after Hittell had proven January 24, 1848, the correct date, the Marshall Monument Committee carelessly put the wrong date (January 19) on the Marshall Monument, which was unveiled at Coloma, May 3, 1890.

I endeavored to have one Governor and two different Legislatures change the date on the monument and correct all school books and State publications. Concurrent resolutions were finally introduced during the session of 1917 by my friends Senator William S. Scott and Assemblyman Clarence W. Morris, instructing the Governor to appoint a committee to show proof of the correct date. Governor William D. Stephens appointed Philip B. Bekeart, representing The Society of California Pioneers; Fred H. Jung, representing the Native Sons of the Golden West, and Grace S. Stoermer, representing the Native Daughters of the Golden West.

### REPORT OF COMMITTEE, OCTOBER 15, 1918

Committee appointed by Governor William D. Stephens to show proof that the date of discovery of gold at Coloma, Sutter's Mill, as shown on the Marshall statue at Coloma, January 19, 1848, is wrong, and that the correct date is January 24, 1848.

The following facts are submitted by Philip Baldwin Bekeart. He makes no claim for the discovery of the correct date, this date having been proven by the findings of John S. Hittell, the pioneer and historian, in 1885:

James W. Marshall never kept a diary. He attached no historic significance to his discovery at the time it was made. His first statement of the date was in a letter addressed to Charles E. Pickett, January 28, 1856, and published in *The California Chronicle* February 9, 1856. This letter was signed by Marshall, but written by some other person.

His next statement, written over his own signature, appeared in *Hutchings' California Magazine*, Vol. 2, No. 5, November, 1857. This published conversation and interview with Marshall was afterwards verified in a letter to John S. Hittell, written by J. M. Hutchings December 28, 1885.

In his statement to Hutchings, November, 1857, Marshall says: "On or about the nineteenth of January, I am not quite certain to a day, but it was between the eighteenth and twentieth of that month, 1848. The first piece which I found weighed about fifty cents."

Marshall states that he left for Sutter's Fort four days after his discovery, to show Captain Sutter his find and to prove its genuineness.

In view of this statement of Marshall's, the nineteenth of January was the accepted date of the discovery, until 1885, when John S. Hittell heard that one of Marshall's companions at Sutter's Mill in 1848, still lived in Utah, so he wrote to this man, Henry W. Bigler, St. George, Utah, and sent him a copy of an address that he, Hittell, had delivered September 9, 1885, before The Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco. He asked Bigler if this address agreed with his knowledge of Marshall's discovery, and in a letter dated November 29, 1885, Bigler replied that his diary showed that the date was the twenty-fourth and not the nineteenth. The diary was afterwards obtained from Bigler, and is now in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley. A copy of this diary is in the possession of The Society of California Pioneers. It reads: "Monday, 24. This day some kind of mettle was found in the tail race that looks like goald. First discovered by James Martial, the boss of the mill."

General Sutter's diary, now a valued possession of The Society of California Pioneers, records the following few words regarding Marshall: "Friday, January 28: Mr. Marshall arrived from the mountains on very important business. Saturday, January 29, 1848: Mr. Marshall left for the mountains."

Azariah Smith, then a young man of nineteen years, and one of the laborers at Sutter's Mill, also kept a diary. He wrote but once a week—Sunday. His diary, the original of which is also in the possession of The Society of California Pioneers, reads as follows:

"Sunday, January 30: Mr. Marshall having arrived, we

got liberty of him and built a small house down by the mill, and last Sunday we moved into it in order to get rid of the brawling, partial mistress and cook for ourselves. This week Mr. Marshall found some pieces of (as we all suppose) gold, and he has gone to the Fort for the purpose of finding out. It is found in the raceway in small pieces. Some have been found that weigh five dollars."

Note: This last remark was afterwards explained as follows:

"Azariah Smith possessed a five-dollar gold piece, and the combined weight of all the flakes picked up by the men weighed about five dollars."

#### SUMMARY

Bigler's diary states that Marshall found the gold on Monday, January 24, 1848.

Marshall told Hutchings he left for Sutter's Fort FOUR DAYS after the discovery.

Sutter's diary states that Marshall arrived at the Fort on the TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Smith's diary, of Sunday the THIRTIETH, states that Marshall discovered gold DURING THE WEEK, and had returned from the Fort. If the discovery had been made on the nineteenth Smith would have recorded it on Sunday the twenty-third.

This proves my contention that the date, January 19, 1848, on the Marshall monument is wrong, and the monument should have the date of discovery January 24, 1848.

(Signed) PHILIP BALDWIN BEKEART,  
Representing The Society of California Pioneers.

We concur in the findings:

(Signed) FRED H. JUNG,  
Representing The Native Sons of the Golden West.

(Signed) GRACE S. STOFERMER,  
Representing the Native Daughters of the Golden West.

Attest:

HENRY W. WRIGHT,  
Speaker of the Assembly.

C. C. YOUNG,  
President of the Senate.

FRANK C. JORDAN,  
Secretary of State.

The incorrect date was removed from the monument, and the correct date substituted in 1921. I regret that I did not also include the word "nugget" as being incorrect, in describing Marshall's first piece of gold. The word "nugget" on the monument should be changed to read "flake" or "particle" or it should be the

word Marshall used in describing the first piece of gold to Hutchings, viz: "chispa."

On June 10, 1921, I wrote to the Placerville Parlor, N.S.G.W., calling attention to this historical error. I regret to say that at this writing it has not been corrected, and the word nugget is still incorrectly used by writers and by persons visiting the monument.





Monday 2<sup>th</sup> This day  
 some kind of nettle was  
 discovered in the tail race that  
 that looks like goald first discovered  
 by Janey Martial, the wife of the mill.  
 Sunday 30. Clean & has been  
 all the last week our metal  
 has been tried and proves to  
 be goald it is thought to be  
 rich we have pick up more than  
 a hundred dollars worth last  
 week

February. 1848

Sun 6<sup>th</sup> the wether has been clean

on 28th, Thursday, and I Salmon  
 Thompson & Terommskoff for a while to get some horses and  
 a very pleasant day. At Canoe from Hoots arrived with  
 one more vine etc. Friday January 28th 1848.  
 Dispatched Courier with Watah and an other Kay to the Coast,  
 Marshall arrived from the Mountains on very  
 important business. In the evening arrived the  
 Mr. Hoots, the Lained, arrived at once the  
 sacraments. Dine mi Hana & the Lained a very  
 strong breeze from the South brought them up.  
 Saturday January 29th 1848.  
 Came the Dine mi Nawa a load of Wheat. Delivered to Hoots  
 to Mr. Sinclair of which he will have the half of the increase.  
 In this manner we will get a good crop of sheep. -  
 Marshall left for the Mountains. A good many people  
 here to day. Washburn a Volunteer and an other Man arrived  
 from Sonoma. A pleasant day, great fire in the Lake and  
 the other side. Olimpio & Teromms returned from Nicholas.  
 Miguel left for the Mountains, the got married with Changyuk.  
 Sunday January 30th 1848.  
 The Dine mi Hana received the balance of her Cargo and  
 left for San Francisco. After going Mr. Hoots  
 leaving the goods to the Men on the Mill race, things making  
 etc. Washburn an other Volunteer and an other Man left for Sonoma  
 a fine day. - To Hoots got married with Apottle. - The  
 Murphy & Sam, Smith left.

FACSIMILE OF EXCERPT FROM JOHN A. SUTTER'S DIARY--FROM  
 THE ARCHIVES OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

Note: Some of the letters on the left side cannot be photographed on account of  
 having been bound too closely.



Arzabal Smiths Ferry.

(I am not  
 very cold. Mr. Marshall had been gone to the Fort a month and had  
 to come back yet (with his mail friend) and Mr Bennett has got very  
 sick out of patience waiting for him. But we expect him all the time.  
 day we'll down to the River and wash.

land at the 30th. Mr. Marshall having arrived, we got liberty  
and built a small house, down by the Mill, and last Sun we  
moved into it in order to get rid of the Brawling, Partial, Mistitled  
and Cooks for ourselves. This week Mr. Marshall found some  
traces of (as we all suppose) Gold, and he has gone to the fort for  
purpose of finding out. It is found in the raceway in small pedces.

have been found that would weigh five dollars.  
Feb. 7, the 6<sup>th</sup>. Mr. Marshall has returned with the fact that St.  
Gold, and Capt. Sutter came here Wed. with Johnston, for the purpose  
of looking at the mines where the gold is found. He got enough for a ring.

he capt. Brown brought us a bottle of duynor, and some pocket knives.  
 On Dec. 7 the 14<sup>th</sup>. The past week I did not work but three days and  
 half. Mr. Marshall grants me the privilege of picking up gold odd specks  
 on Sundays, and I have gathered up considerable.

when we shut the gate, the gold is found in the bottom of the tale race.  
 On Feb 2 the 20<sup>th</sup> The fore part of the week it rained, and I did not work  
 it four days, and I have been pulling a rock which is in the race and  
 casting; much pleased the Indian & much, to see the rock which is very  
 and, split it open so easy. Today I picked up a little more of the

FACSIMILE OF EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF AZARIAH SMITH  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND SENT TO JOHN S. HITTALL, THE HIS-  
TORIAN, AND BY HIM PRESENTED TO THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA  
PIONEERS.

Note: Some of the letters on the left side cannot be photographed on account of the pages having been bound too closely.

From the *San Francisco Bulletin*, Friday, January 6, 1871.

## THE GOLD DISCOVERY IN CALIFORNIA

### MARSHALL'S LIFE—TESTIMONY OF AN OLD ASSOCIATE—INTERESTING HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES

We have received from Henry W. Bigler, one of the men working at Sutter's Mill in 1848, when gold was discovered there, the following interesting letter, headed as below, which is full of character, and bears internal evidence of perfect truth:

Farmington, Davis Co., Utah.  
December 28, 1870.

Referring to book, "Life and Adventures of James W. Marshall, by George F. Parsons, of Sacramento, 1870." To the Editor of the *San Francisco Weekly Bulletin*:

Dear Sir:—The above notice I saw about three months since, in the 33rd No. and 15th Volume of your paper, and as I am there referred to as being one of the mill hands, who, if alive, could substantiate the accuracy of the narrative, I cheerfully give my testimony, although it is a very late hour, because I feel that it is a duty I owe to Mr. Marshall and perhaps to the public. I have not seen the work referred to, neither have I seen any person who said they had. I should be exceedingly glad to obtain a copy, and if I had Mr. Marshall's address I should open a correspondence with him. I was one of the men at work at Coloma at the time the gold was found by Mr. Marshall. I well remember when he sent a young Indian for James Brown to send him a plate. Brown was on the top of a saw pit; he jumped down, saying: "I wonder what Marshall wants with a tin plate." After we had quit our day's work, Mr. Marshall came into our shanty and told us he believed he had found gold, and directed Brown and myself to shut down the headgate early in the morning and throw in dirt and leaves so as to completely shut off the water, which we did, while Marshall went alone into the tail-race. In a few minutes he came back with a most pleasing smile on his face, carrying his old white hat in his arms, saying: "Boys, by G—d, I believe I have found a gold mine!" At this he set his hat on the work bench that stood in the mill yard and the mill hands all gathered around in an instant; and there, sure enough, in the top of his hat or crown (the top knocked in a little) was the pure metal; how much I do not know, perhaps an ounce. One of our company by the name of Azariah Smith, pulled out a five-dollar gold piece and compared the coin with *the particles*. There was a difference in the looks, but this we accounted for on account of the alloy in the coin. Any of us would have been willing to have sworn and testified that what James W.



Marshall had lying on the top of his old hat crown, was gold, although none of us had ever seen *gold dust* before. Some three or four days after this, Marshall went down to Sutter's Fort to see about grub and to have the mineral tested; he was gone *four days*. When he returned and was asked what he made out of the metal, his reply was: "Oh boys, by G—d, it was the pure stuff. I and the old Captain locked ourselves up and was half a day trying it; and the outsiders wondered what in hell was up, and surmised that I had found a quicksilver mine, for you see there is a quicksilver mine found by a woman down towards Monterey; but we let them sweat. We found it agreed with the encyclopedia and we applied aqua fortis, and it has nothing to do with it. We then weighed it in water, by balancing the dust against silver on a pair of scales in the air, having a basin of water. We let the scales down and when it came in contact with the water, by G—d the gold went down and the silver up (motioned it out with his hands) and that told the story that it was the clear stuff." He then said Sutter would be up in a few days to look and examine the race, etc. In a few evenings afterwards Marshall came into our shanty and told us that Sutter had come, that he was up at the other house, "and now, boys," said he, "we have all got a little gold dust." I motion that we all give Henry (myself) some, and in the morning when you shut off the water, let him (Henry) take it down and sprinkle it all over the base rock. Not let on to the old Gentleman (Sutter) and it will so excite him that he will set out his bottle and will treat, for he always carries a bottle with him." So next morning early, before the old gentleman came down, we did as Mr. Marshall proposed. Just as the mill hands were finishing breakfast we saw the old gentleman coming stubbing along with his cane in his hand (a well-dressed old gentleman, too), Mr. Marshall on one side and Mr. Wimmer on the other, Sutter in the middle. As they neared our shanty we went out and met them. After shaking hands and passing the common salutations, we were all invited by Sutter and Marshall to go along and have a general time prospecting in the race. Just at this time, one of Mr. Wimmer's little boys, not knowing what was up, ran on ahead and picked up nearly *every particle* and came running back, nearly out of breath, meeting us and explaining, "See here how much I have found!" having perhaps \$50 worth in his hands, and we dare not say a word lest the joke would be found out, and we lost our liquor. The old gentleman, as soon as he saw what the boy had, he thrust his cane into the ground saying, "By Jo, it is rich!" However, we all went into the race and found *a number of particles*, and from that day forward gold began to be found in other places besides the tail-race. I advised Marshall to marry that girl who

found the quicksilver mine, if she was single or not married, "for," said I, "if this is what the tail turns out to be, I wonder what the head will be?" The life and adventures of James W. Marshall, so far as he being the first discoverer of the California gold, is all true, and he found it as you represented it in your paper. If what I have written is of any use to either you or Mr. Marshall, you are at liberty to make use of it.

(Signed) HENRY W. BIGLER.

Another version of Marshall's discovery was written by James S. Brown, one of the Mormon workmen at the mill, in a booklet, "California Gold," Salt Lake, 1894. Brown did not keep a diary, but he gives the date as January 24, 1848.

He claims that he was the first one to see the gold in Marshall's hat. "And on looking into the hat discovered, say, ten or twelve pieces or *small scales* of what proved to be gold; I picked up *the largest piece, worth about fifty cents*, and tested it with my teeth, and as it did not give, I held it aloft and exclaimed, "Gold! boys, Gold!" At that, they all dropped their tools and gathered around Mr. Marshall. Now, having made the first test and proclamation of that very important fact, I stepped to the work bench and put it to a second with the hanimer. While doing so, it occurred to me that while in the Mormon Battalion in Mexico we came to some timber called Manzanita. Our guide and interpreters said that wood was what the Mexicans smelted their gold and silver ores with. Remembering we had left a very hot bed of these coals in the cabin, I hurried off and made a third test by placing it upon the point of an old shovel blade, and then inserted it among the coals and blew the coals until I was blinded for a moment, in trying to burn or smelt *the particles*. Though it was platted (beaten) almost as thin as a sheet of note paper, the heat did not change its appearance in the least. I remembered that gold could not be burned up, so I arose from the third test, confident that it was gold." He states that the men then looked in the tail-race, and Berger found a scale of metal, Bigler found a piece, and they were all rewarded with a few scales.

Brown's story is another proof that the first gold was *scale gold*. He also confirms the shape of the first piece in the National Museum at Washington, saying: "It was platted (beaten) almost as thin as a sheet of note paper." (Marshall stated that he gave the first piece of gold to Bennett the blacksmith, who beat it out thin on the anvil.)

A letter to John S. Hittell, written by John Bidwell (who had possession of Sutter's diary at that time) dated Chico, December

9, 1885, and which is now in the possession of The Society of California Pioneers, reads as follows:

Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 17th inst., etc. The journal or diary you allude to, does not give the date of the finding of gold by Marshall, but the date of his arrival "on very important business," which was January 28, 1848. There can be no mistake that this important business meant his gold discovery. Sutter left four days later, to wit: February 1, to go to the sawmill. Humphrey did not go to the mountains till April 3, 1848. I went to the sawmill April 25, and found Humphrey at work mining in a ravine below the mill. I think he had something, but cannot be positive that it was a rocker. Baptiste Rouelle was there in a ravine a little further on also mining, but only with pans.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) JOHN BIDWELL.

John Bidwell says he returned to Sutter's Fort on February 29, 1848, with fruit trees, for which he had gone to the bay (Yerba Buena) and that he then learned of Marshall's gold discovery, and also that "Mr. Bennett, who was with Marshall helping to build the sawmill (at Coloma) had been sent to Monterey to see the Governor (Riley) on the question of denouncing the mine in accordance with Mexican law, the United States not having as yet furnished laws to the ceded province."

My reason for quoting this letter is to point out that John Bidwell, in a lecture some years ago before The Society of California Pioneers, stated that the honor of the first discovery was due to General Sutter, for although Marshall picked up the first gold, Sutter put up the money to build the mill. This is rather peculiar reasoning. Bidwell was a clerk for Captain John Sutter, and Marshall was an equal partner with Sutter in the sawmill at the time of the discovery of gold. Bidwell drew up the partnership papers on August 19, 1847, and this agreement was witnessed by Samuel Kyburz, an employee of Sutter.

—000—

A horse race came off at the Dolores Mission course, (3 miles from town) on Monday, March 6th, between a horse of W. A. Leidsdorff's, Esq., of this place, and one of Mr. Hedspath of Sonoma. The judges decided in favor of Hedspath's, he being a little ahead of the other at the coming out place. We are not acquainted with the language of the turf, and consequently can give only common parlance

—000—

**X GOLD MINE FOUND.**—In the newly made raceway of the Saw Mill recently erected by Captain Sutter, on the American Fork, gold has been found in considerable quantities. One person brought thirty dollars worth to New Helvetia, gathered there in a short time. California, no doubt, is rich in mineral wealth, great chances here for scientific capitalists. Gold has been found in almost every part of the country.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PRINTED NOTICE  
OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD

From *Californian*, San Francisco, March 15, 1848



LOCATION AND SITE OF SUTTER'S SAWMILL



## Location and Site of Sutter's Sawmill

---

The site of the mill is in one of the prettiest little valleys in California. It is situated in the foothills of the Sierras in El Dorado County, on the south side of the south fork of the American River at an elevation of seven hundred feet above sea level. The valley itself is about one and a half miles long and nearly four miles in circumference. It is thirty-seven miles in an air line from Sutter's Fort. The State highway from Sacramento to Coloma, via Placerville, is fifty-nine miles. Via the State highway, Sacramento to Shingle Springs, then dirt road to Coloma via Lotus, it is fifty miles. From Sacramento via Auburn to Coloma, it is forty-nine miles.

At the time of Marshall's entry into the valley it was inhabited by a small tribe of Indians named Ca-loo-mahs who evidently named themselves after the valley, which was called Ca-loo-mah, meaning "beautiful vale." The site of the mill was first known as the "Saw Mill," then as "Sutter's Mill." The name was changed to "Culloma" and finally to Coloma.

The exact location of Sutter's Mill at Coloma has been a disputed point for years. In 1881, when I was twenty years of age, I went over to Coloma on a two weeks' vacation, my first visit to my birthplace since my family left it in 1865. In the conversations carried on by old pioneers visiting my father I had heard so much about the lost location of Sutter's Mill that I decided to try to find the exact spot where the mill stood. I knew many of the old forty-niners from their visits to my father's store in San Francisco, and I asked a number of them to come down to the bar (as the river bank was called) to try to agree on the spot. If my memory serves me rightly, eight of them accepted my invitation.

The bar was a mass of washed out boulders, cobblestones and sand, stretching back from the river to Main Street.

The old pioneers who came down to the bar had quite an argument, but finally agreed on a spot which they said was within fifty feet of the corner of the mill. I took an imaginary line from Mt. Perry across the river to the top of the hill above and behind Chalmers' vineyard and then another cross line from Mt. Murphy across the river to a peak on the Coloma side of the river, the second one west of Marshall's monument. The crossing of these imaginary lines was the spot decided upon by the old residents



*Sutter's Saw Mill.*

*From a painting by Charles Nash.*



MAP OF THE GOLD PLACÉRA FIRST DISCOVERED

*From Wilkes' "Western America," 1849.*

who had come to the bar to help me. I made a note of the location at the time, which I afterwards verified. I also, about 1915, drew red ink cross lines on a geological survey map. The river was high at the time of our meeting at the bar but, as will be shown, the spot selected was close to the actual mill site.

This Placera map, drawn about January, 1849, shows the scene of Marshall's discovery, and the bend in the south fork of the American River at Coloma. The mountain marked "1200," is Mt. Perry. The second peak to the east of Mt. Perry is Mt. Murphy, which was named after an eccentric but well liked pioneer who lived for many years on the top of this mountain. The trail leading across the river to "Gold," was the old trail to Kelsey Dry Diggings; the other trail shown led to Sutter's Fort. The trail across the river was evidently the location of the first bridge. I have in my collection a large original engraving of Culloma by Sarony & Majors, New York, probably 1850, which was engraved for and autographed by John T. Little, who was a trader at Culloma as early as 1848. This engraving shows the old bridge, possibly one thousand feet above the present bridge, crossing the river from a sand-bar on the south side diagonally down and across the river. I am informed by Frank Clark of Coloma, that the old bridge crossed the river at the bottom of the road, near the new Coloma school house. It crossed the river slightly west of north to the orchard now owned by Ed. Thole. The river was mined out over and over again for possibly fifty years—in later years principally by Chinamen who eked out an existence only, making from fifty cents to a dollar a day, but who stuck to their mining until they died of old age.

During the winter of 1848-49 the river nearly washed the mill away, and it was only because of Marshall's hard work and ingenuity that it was saved from utter destruction. The map of the Placera shows that in 1848 the river took a bend to the north-west, west and southwest, for a distance of possibly a thousand feet.

Marshall cut the mill race through this point of land, almost due east and west, having first put in a dam above to turn the water towards the race. In the spring of 1849, when the rush of prospectors arrived, they started mining out the bend or point of land, and by 1854, the river had been straightened out at Coloma and had begun to take a direction almost due west, which is its present course.



The best account of the location of Sutter's Mill is given by Peter Burnett, the first Governor of the State of California, in his book, "Recollections of an Old Pioneer," New York, 1880. Burnett arrived at Coloma, October, 1849. He writes:

"At the site selected, the river makes a considerable bend, forming a peninsula from two to three hundred yards wide at the point where the ditch and tail race cut across it. From the river above they cut a ditch about one hundred and fifty yards in length and there put up the frame of the mill and put in the flood gate to let the water on the wheel. It became necessary to construct what is called a tail race to enable the water to escape freely from the mill to the river below. The ground through which the ditch and tail race were cut had a descent of about a hundred and fifty feet to a mile. The formation was composed of a stratum of sand on the surface about two feet deep, and beneath this was a stratum of clay. Intermixed with these strata of sand and clay were found rocks of various shapes and sizes, from that of a man's hat to a flour barrel.

"The plan adopted by Marshall, the superintendent, was to pry up the stones in the line of the tail race with crowbars and to put them aside during the day, and in the evening to raise the flood gate and let the water run down the tail race all night. In the morning the water was shut off and the men went to work putting aside the stones in the bed of the tail race.

"After two or three days, all the sand had disappeared and the water had washed down to the stratum of clay, upon and in which the gold rested. Marshall, one morning after the water had been shut off, was walking down the bank of the tail race when he discovered *several pieces* of some very *bright metal* in a little pool of water in the bottom of the race. It occurred to him at once that it might be gold, and upon gathering it up, he was satisfied from its appearance and weight that it was gold."

Theo. T. Johnson, who arrived on The Oregon, April 1, 1849, was one of the party that made the trip to Sutter's Fort with my father. They went to Coloma together. In his book, "California and Oregon"—Philadelphia, 1853, he says: "We saw and conversed with him (Marshall) in relation to his discovery of gold. The race is cut through a portion of the original bed of the stream, below its banks, and opposite to a bed or curve which it makes towards the mountain. He pointed out to us the particular location of the first discoveries. This is some *fifty yards* below the mill, where a large fir tree extends across the race."



The reader will note that Johnson says the first discovery was fifty yards below the mill; not at the end of the race, which was possibly two hundred and fifty yards or more below the mill.

My father made two trips to New York in early days, the first in 1850. He said when he came back to Coloma in 1851, that the mill and both of the pine trees were still there. (These two trees grew from one root.) He went East again in 1853, and returned to Coloma in May, 1854. My recollection is that he told me of his dismay at finding that the upper part of Sutter's Mill had been torn down and taken away, and also that the two pine trees had been chopped down. His diary corroborated this statement. Nothing remained of the mill but the foundation sticking out of the gravel and sand. He gathered some of the chips of these two trees and put them in a cigar box. They were in my possession until they were burned in the San Francisco fire of 1906. He also told me that the foundation contained some hardwood logs that could not be cut into timber. My father cut two blocks out of one of these walnut logs, which we kept for years. They were square blocks, sawed out roughly for old style, muzzle loading gun stocks, about thirty-two inches long and two and a half inches wide by six inches high. About 1901 I persuaded my father to write in duplicate, on parchment, the history of these two blocks of wood, and we had these affidavits attested before witnesses and pasted on the blocks. I presented one of them to The Society of California Pioneers, and one to the California Academy of Sciences. Like everything else of historic value that I once owned, they were destroyed in the fire of April 18, 1906.

Several years ago, the State authorities put up two markers to designate as nearly as possible the location of Sutter's Mill. They accepted the advice and findings of Charles Francis Clark (known as Frank Clark) and, at this writing (August, 1924), seventy-two years of age. Mr. Clark arrived in Coloma via the Isthmus from Illinois, in 1856. He is a careful and observant man, as will be shown.

The State raised two iron poles, about twenty-five feet high on the bank at a spot selected by Clark, when the river was at its normal height. These poles are each surmounted by a coal-oil can painted white. Clark said that the mill was between these two poles, but out in the river, possibly one hundred feet from the poles.

This year, 1924, has been a very dry one, and due to the lack of rain, the river at Coloma is lower than anyone now alive can

remember. Hearing that the foundation of Sutter's Mill had been found (*San Francisco Herald*, July 20, 1924), I decided to go to Coloma as soon as business would permit, and drove up Saturday, August 16, 1924.

I asked Frank Clark to go down to the bar with me, and we found the foundation logs sticking up level with the river bottom, with a few inches of water over some of the logs and others out of the water a few inches. With my pen knife I cut a chip from the nearest log—it was pine.

Using the Placera map, which was drawn in January, 1849, we identified the little creek across the river, which is shown on this map, also the former bend of the river and the logs that formed the dam at the intake above the mill. Mt. Perry and Mt. Murphy also helped to locate the site, as did the red ink lines on the geological map which I marked in my office in San Francisco, as my recollection of the spot agreed upon by the old forty-niners during my visit in 1881.

Frank Clark says that he played around the mill in his boyhood, until the flood of 1861-62. Previous to this flood, the owner of the land, Dave Manter, made a wing dam and boarded the foundation of the mill all around. He then hired Chinamen to mine around it, but he would not permit them to mine under and destroy the foundation of the old mill. They piled up the rocks after mining, and when the flood of 1861-62 occurred, it washed away these rocks and uncovered the foundation of the mill and the dam above the mill.

The flood of 1867-68 again changed the river course, cutting farther into the river bank, and also covering the foundation of the mill.

On the afternoon of the same day that I went down to the bar with Frank Clark, I measured the distance of these upright logs with Ed. Thole, while walking along the curved edge of the bank. They were exactly eight hundred and thirty-five feet west from the concrete pier of the bridge (south side), and I should judge, eight hundred feet in a direct line from the bridge. Frank Clark measured the distance of the first log from the east iron post, previously mentioned. It is exactly one hundred and twenty feet from the post. I took photographs of the logs.

Clark believes that the entire foundation of the old Sutter's Mill is under the gravel in the river, but possibly fifty feet farther down the river than the exposed logs of the dam.

The next rain will undoubtedly raise the river to its normal height. The rains and snows of this coming winter will again cover this historic spot with water—possibly forever. A monument should be erected in the river—before it is too late—to mark the site of Sutter's Mill, and at this writing, I am working to this end.

On Sunday, August 17, I wrote to Charles Francis (Frank) Clark and asked him to go down to the dam and endeavor to cut off a piece of one of the exposed logs. Today, August 23, 1924, I received a block of pine, with a letter from Clark saying that he had sawed off the top of the log, a part of which I had endeavored to knock off with a rock (August 16). This block is roughly  $7 \times 4\frac{3}{4}$  inches and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick at the center of the cross-cut end. From the center to the long part, it shows nineteen rings in its cross section. Part of the bark is still on the wood. I have put an X where I endeavored to cut off a piece with my pen knife, up on the river.

September 18, 1924.

On August 26, the directors of The Society of California Pioneers passed a resolution directing me to go to Coloma to erect a marker in the river, on the spot on which I believed the old Sutter's mill formerly stood.

I made arrangements with Mr. Henry Lahiff, the county surveyor at Placerville, and at this writing we have excavated a hole in the river  $9 \times 16$  feet, and 8 feet from the top of the gravel to bedrock.

The workmen found on bedrock the following valuable relics, showing that the spot I had selected is close to the former location of the mill:

One hewn log, 12 feet 6 inches long,  $10 \times 10$  inches, showing that it was cut out with an axe before the mill was running; it is evidently part of the original foundation.

One jig saw, 6 feet  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and 5 inches wide.

One piece of mill iron,  $9 \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  inches, with an oblong hole in it, shaped like the blade of a plane, but much heavier.

One piece of oak wood, 14 inches long, circular in shape, possibly a brake for a wheel.

A half sack of sawdust, mixed with mud and gravel, containing a great deal of mica.

The log, saw, mill iron and oak wood are in a splendid state of preservation.

## Letters and Correspondence of Jules François Bekeart

---

The following letters and correspondence are published and submitted with the hope that they will be an authentic addition to the history of California, and interesting to the reader.

While my father was living at my home in Alameda, in 1897, he corresponded with a little school girl, Miss Leslie Sarle. After his death, she returned his letters to me and I kept them in an iron safe in my office, where they were at the time of the earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906. Six weeks after the fire the safe was cool enough to be opened, and I found these letters and a number of others badly charred. I had them restored by Professor G. W. Shaw, of the University of California, since which time I have kept the original letters and the copies in the vaults of the Crocker National Bank. Before publishing these letters, I obtained permission to do so from the former school girl, now the wife of Captain J. B. Wilson, U. S. A. I have omitted the first part of the letter, which related to our family.

Alameda, Cal., December 30, 1897.

My Dear Young Friend, Leslie:

In the fall of 1845, I went south by stage and steamboat down the Mississippi River to New Orleans, to Mobile, Alabama, up that and the Tom Bigbee River to Columbus, Lowdes County, Mississippi, where I worked as a gunsmith until November, 1846. Then I joined a regiment to go to the Mexican War, First Regiment, Jeff Davis our colonel. He was a head rebel afterwards in the Civil War, the Rebellion, although faithful and brave in the Mexican War.

I afterwards joined the Second Regiment, Mississippi Infantry; Col. B. Davis, cousin of Jeff's; superseded soon after by Charles Clark as colonel. With the First Regiment, one march I made was from Columbus to Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, about one hundred and fifty miles on foot, through rain and mud. In a couple of days we were put on a rail train and went into camp in tents at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi River. There we were measured and mustered into the service as soldiers of the United States, January 5, 1847. Then we were sent down the river by boat and camped on the old battlefield below New Orleans, where thirteen hundred British redcoats fell in trying to storm the entrenchments of General Jackson. Amongst the fallen was an uncle of mine, one of the soldiers fighting for the crown; perhaps I was sleeping over his remains. My regiment, over a thousand strong, had three ships. In a couple of weeks we ar-



rived at the Island of Lobos, between Vera Cruz and Tampico, which was the rendezvous of one hundred ships and several thousand soldiers. Preparatory to the attack on Vera Cruz, our troops were rowed to the shore by the sailors of the sloop of war, "St. Mary's." The boats could not get within a mile of the shore, so we had to jump out and wade, the water at first nearly up to our waists. The boats were surf boats, holding a hundred men—great heavy things. We had a hard job to keep our cartridge boxes above water. The Island of Lobos was a beautiful tropical island, with trees like the banyan, whose limbs grow downward, take root and spring up another tree.

In February, General Scott arrived from the North, and ordered our regiment to re-embark and join General Taylor's division in the North. We didn't like it a bit, but had to put to sea again for the mouth of the River Rio Grande, where we took steamboats to Matamoros, where we garrisoned for several days, the enemy all around the city. We were then relieved by other regiments, and were sent by steamboat to garrison Camargo, up the river at the mouth of the San Juan. Again relieved by other regiments, we were ordered to escort three hundred wagons with provisions, to General Taylor's headquarters at Old Monterey, Province of Nueva Leon. Our force was a body of Kentucky cavalry, under Lieutenant Colonel Humphrey Marshall. The Colonel (Clay) was killed at the battle of Buena Vista, a fortnight before. We had a company of Texas Rangers and three pieces of Bragg's Battery of Artillery, under Lieutenant Shover, and with my regiment, it counted about fifteen hundred men.

In a couple of weeks Mexican troops harassed us constantly, and on the fifth day, under Generals Valencia and Canales, attacked us in full force with artillery and cavalry, near the pretty town of Cayderetta. Their battery was masked, and it caught us unawares. Our artillery and theirs had a regular duel; their cavalry rode completely over us, for our rifles were very short and without bayonets. We had not any heavy infantry with muskets and bayonets with us, so we could not keep them off. With their long lances, one of the greasers aimed for my stomach. I, not being reloaded, drew my bowie knife (all of us Mississippians had one). In knocking it down, it went into my leg near the knee (I have the scar yet), and lots of the horses went over me as I lay on the ground, but never touched me. A lot of wagons were formed into a circle, or sort of hospital, and I was carried there and had my right leg set and dressed amongst other wounded. Night came on and stopped the fight. In the morning, the foe was driven through Cayderetta, which we held, and got some reinforcements from General Taylor, at Monterey.

In a couple of weeks we had to march to the big camp, Buena Vista. Lots of dead Mexican soldiers I saw, in many ravines and other places. In January, 1848, we were ordered to co-operate with General Scott by marching farther south into the province of



Zacatecas, and after three days' heavy marching, we took possession of Cedros and Mazapiel, the foe retiring before us; but in a couple of weeks we were forced back to Cedros (a better position) and here we were until the end of May, when peace was read to all the troops in line at sunset. In a couple of days we were marching homeward, an awful cheerful march towards home and friends, and the girls we loved and left behind. It was a quick march, I tell you, Leslie, not half as hard as marching into the country. Our hearts and knapsacks were much lighter.

When we reached Camargo, we heard of the gold discovery in California, and were refused our discharges and were sent to Brazos de Santiago, where we took ship and arrived at New Orleans, July 4, thence to Vicksburg, where I was regularly discharged the middle of July. I went to my folks in New York, via St. Louis, Chicago, the Falls, Buffalo, Albany and New York, where I kissed my best girl and returned the artificial flowers she gave me, which favor I wore for her sake on my whole campaign, like a knight of the olden times.

I then started for California. I had helped to win it for the United States and if there was anything in it I thought I was entitled to a share; so with the assistance of a merchant, in November, 1848, four Massachusetts men and myself got tickets for the steamship "Panama," the second steamer that was to sail for the gold fields. The "California" was the first to sail to "double" Cape Horn. Both of these vessels took passengers. All had to find their own way over the Isthmus, and meet the Pacific Mail ships at Panama, as they arrived. The "Panama" sailed next, but returned in a few days with a broken shaft. Our tickets were changed to the steamship "Oregon," which had just sailed. We five, with a pretty big crowd, took passage on the bark "Harriet F. Hartlett," Captain Baker, bound for Chagres, at the mouth of the river of that name on the Isthmus of Panama. We arrived in good time, leaving the snow and ice-clad hills and bay of New York for the warm Carribean Sea, passing between the Islands of Cuba and San Domingo, both close in sight, skirting the coast of Jamaica also.

In a few days, we anchored in the little Chagres Bay, surrounded by cocoanut palms and other strange trees, interlaced by curious climbing vines, the town a miserable lot of mud and cane huts. I talked Spanish to the custom officer, and got our baggage and party through by slipping a five dollar gold piece into his tawny paws. We had no desire to stay, for if we went to sleep there, the fever would possibly nip us before morning, so I hired two native covered boats to take us up the river. The forest, the monkeys, the strange-colored, screaming birds, were a sight, and at night when we tied up to the shore, the howling and shrieking of wild animals kept us awake nearly all night. One of us five kept watch to see that the naked, native black savages would not kill us for our property. On the second day, the fellows had to pole us up, the river being too shallow. They worked entirely

naked, only a couple wore a cloth about their loins. At length we reached a native village called Gorgona, the end of our water travel. The water was too low at this season to go higher toward Panama, so here our party stayed several days.

So we, with the other passengers from the "Harriet F. Hartlett," fairly took the town of Gorgona by storm, a town of adobe, cane and thatched huts. The boys, and even girls, with enormously large bellies, up to about ten years of age go entirely naked with hardly an exception, a costume very comfortable and suitable to the climate, their shiny black bodies looking like statues of polished ebony. Here we regaled ourselves on stewed and roast monkey, the natives shooting them as we do rabbits, and we cooked ourselves steaks of the iguana, a sort of large lizard weighing perhaps three to five pounds. We liked it better than monkey, and their eggs are in strings, like snake eggs I have seen in Mississippi. The women wear only one garment, clean and white as snow, like a chemise, reaching from just above their breasts, sometimes lower, to their knees. The men wear white shirts, pants, straw hats, no shoes. The river abounds with alligators. Their flesh is sold and eaten, but my party didn't hanker after any. The river is not a good place to go in swimming. The reptiles are too plentiful and too partial to little darkies. We didn't try them on white meat, but they dragged a dog belonging to one of the passengers, under the water, and that was the last of doggie, who went foolishly in to get rid of the fleas, ticks and jiggers—in vain!

After two days, I wanted our party to move on, but they wouldn't. They waited for the promised mules and horses. So on the third day I hired a native lad about fourteen years old to pilot my path through the jungle to the city of Panama, for the promised reward of twenty-five cents for the trip. My comrades said I would be killed, but an "old soldier" like me could not be daunted. I was too impatient to see the famous old city of Panama. So I buckled my knapsack on my boy, and off we started. As soon as we got out of the village, he stripped off his only garment, a shirt, and in an hour a rain came down, not in drops, but in a sort of cataract torrent way, which slid off my boy like a duck's back, while I was soaked. But having only a shirt, linen coat, pants, shoes and straw hat, the sun came out and dried me in a few minutes, for those rains are only of perhaps ten minutes' duration. Near nightfall, we came to a cane and thatched hut of two stories, and we concluded to stay there for the night. There were a very old man and his daughter, about twenty years old, as occupants. I got them to make us some chocolate, and with a little stewed monkey and the contents of my flask, the boy and myself made a good meal. I was too smart to waste good liquor on Indians.

We climbed a notched pole to the loft above, the floor uneven and the poles sometimes not very close together. There were piles of banana and other leaves, and myself and the boy slept on

a single blanket and would have slept the sleep of the just were I, at least, not kept awake by the howling of wild animals. Up early and breakfasted, and off again, paying a Spanish half-dollar for entertainment.

We entered the gates of the city when the church bells thumped out the hour of noon. My boy donned his shirt an hour before to look respectable as he passed the suburban villages and yelping curs, and batteries of glancing eyes shot from the dusky *senoritas*. I hired a large, partly furnished room with a red-tiled floor, in a large stone house (coral and adobe) with a balcony all around it. In three days more my party arrived, and we were soon at home doing the cooking. Mr. Holden, of our party, had letters of introduction to Mr. Nelson, the American Consul, and two days after we five were invited to dine with him and his family. The others talked and smoked with Mr. Nelson, whilst I sat beside his Spanish wife. We whiffed cigarettes between us, I filling her light and pretty pink ear with bad Spanish, which made her laugh heartily, she correcting me occasionally with her grammar.

A great lot of passengers soon came and were soon thinned out by dying. They would persist in gorging the fine fruits that abounded. On Washington's Birthday several hundred paraded the streets in good order with the American flag. Shouting and singing national airs, we had possession of the city. The native barefooted soldiers were kept in the barracks, but ready for duty if necessary. Lord help them if they had come out and interfered. We saluted the Consulate, and were dismissed with three cheers for the country and everything.

The "California" arrived soon after and started her load of passengers about the middle of February. In a few days our steamer, the "Oregon," arrived, and about the middle of March we were off to the north, leaving hundreds of poor wretches without passage tickets and with but little money. A coal ship, the "Niantis," old and worn out, was fitted up, and so was everything that would float. Many never reached "Yerba Buena," and are lying amongst the coral groves and mermaids of the deep sea, rash and foolish people, as little prepared in money and provisions as the thoughtless beings who rushed for the Klondyke recently, and to starvation and death.

We put into Taboga with mail, to take on coal and water, and to do some repairs on the ship; touched at San Blas and stayed a day at Mazatlan, the most important of the Mexican cities we had yet reached. We crossed the Gulf of California, dropped mail at San Diego and Monterey, and entered the bay of San Francisco April 1, 1849, about 4 P. M. The American fleet lay at Sausalito (Little Willows). Captain Pearsons went to them, and soon a boat with marines came aboard and took off our sailors, firemen and all but the chief engineer. The passengers next day worked the ship to opposite where Sacramento Street now is, and we were

floated on rafts to the shore, the boats being all chained fast, for the "California's" crew had nearly all deserted to the gold mines.

That night most of the passengers slept in blankets on the sand about the upper side of Montgomery Street. The night was windy and cold. For about a block above high tide were several shanties, which were stores with hides and tallow, and some officers' shanties and tents on the surrounding sandhills. The next day I went alone through the brush to the Spanish fort on the hill (Fort Point). Wild strawberries were plenty. The next day I wanted to see the town, so walked over a trail through the sandhills to the Mission Dolores, saw mass, talked to lots of Spanish *senoritas*, bought cigarettes and walked over the hills to El Potrero, over the very ground occupied by your old home on Twenty-third Street, I am sure. There were a great many adobe houses in the Mission and lots of people. Where are they now? Gone!

The next day we hired a sail-boat from a Mr. Ross, agent of the American or Russian Fur Company, and with a Mr. Crosby as pilot we left Yerba Buena for the Embarcadero (landing for Sutter's Fort). We slept the first night on the shore of Angel Island, the next night at the mouth of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. The bays were not the least perilous of our journey, for the wind so strong, nearly upset us several times, but we were well-ballasted, six persons and a piled-up lot of baggage and provisions that we had brought from New York. We were nearly overflowed by the wind and tide as we lay on our blankets on the tules, so being very cold we got in our boat and quarreled as we all wanted to row to get warmed up. To avoid being drowned out we started before daylight up the river. At day-break we startled droves of deer and elk on the plains, then bare of humanity, but now occupied by valuable farms. It took us three days to reach our destination, as we rowed entirely and slept and cooked on the banks of the river.

At length we reached the Embarcadero, now Sacramento city, and as Dr. Bates found a brother at Sutter's Fort, who was *alcalde* there, we were all invited to quarter in the Fort, which is now in the center of Sacramento city.

General Sutter treated us most royally, slaughtering extra sheep for our benefit, and giving us wine from his vineyard on Feather River. A fine old fellow was General Sutter. He had a company of soldiers and a company of mounted Indians, dressed and uniformed.

A man with a team from Oregon had recently arrived overland, and we hired it to take us to Coloma, Sutter's Mill, on the south fork of the American River. I started with him alone, the others remaining at the Fort. After two days of hard and muddy travel, we got there, and I dug my first gold by the abandoned mill on the edge of the river—Sutter's Mill. I was delighted. A good many people, Oregonians and some people of the "California" steamer, were camped there.



I hired a little empty log-house on the hill, and in a few days had lots of work gunsmithing, making over one hundred dollars a day in gold dust and coin of the country, and I worked cheap, they said. When I had no work I took shovel and pan and went down to the river and washed out a lot of fine gold-dust, from three to ten dollars' worth. I helped to lay out the town of Coloma (Sutter's Mill). The mill was abandoned before it was finished, and all the workmen ran away to do mining; even the foreman, James W. Marshall, who discovered the gold in the tail-race, went to mining.

I got a man to saw and split out some shakes for three hundred dollars, and buying the shares of my party in a bolt of heavy, cotton cloth, I built a shanty, using cloth for a roof. In the summer of 1849 I took beads and Indian trinkets among the Indians (your brother has seen some of the samples which I have). The Indians talked a good deal of Spanish, having escaped from the Mission in the lower country. They liked me, calling me "Don Francisco," and when I did not live amongst them, they came to my store at Coloma. They had learned the value of gold dust. I lived with two tribes three weeks, eating their acorn and pine-nut mush mixed with dried grasshoppers, that tasted and looked like shrimps, when they had helped to deplete my well-filled haversack of biscuits and cold bacon. I got their dust all the same, but always slipped away home when they were asleep in their "wickiups." Bad Western men would shoot an Indian as soon as a jackrabbit.

In September, 1849, I went, after locking my door, with two of my fellow-passengers away north to the south fork of the north fork of the American River (Rio Americano). I was away for a month, and returned starving to my home, with a big load of gold dust in my haversack—some nuggets weighing over a half-ounce. They made a horrible face at me, for I was so weak and hungry and could not eat them. I would have given my biggest nugget for a nice, warm, home-made biscuit. Gold is a delusion when you can't buy anything with it, and are starving besides.

Marshall was a chum of mine for years, and I know all about the discovery which set the whole world crazy, and although I have given it, and it was published in the *Call* and *Chronicle* some years ago, I will, if you really wish it, write it up for you, for although seventy-six next July, my memory is still bright and undiminished. No one on the Coast has ever received such a commemoration from me as this I am now inditing, so for my sake, try to preserve this original paper. It may be of use sometime. \* \* \* All my children were born within a stone's throw of the celebrated spot (Sutter's Mill) where the discovery of Marshall was a wonder.

Your old friend,  
Old Grandpa,  
JULIUS FRANCIS BEKEART.



Alameda, Calif., Jan. 17, 1898.

Miss Leslie Sarle,  
2219 Sutter St.,  
San Francisco.

Dear Leslie:

I received yours of January 9th, acknowledging receipt of mine of perhaps some historical value, and this account will be of still greater value in years to come, when we old pioneers are long dead and forgotten. I am one of the very few remaining, and I believe the only one living on the Coast, who was on the ground early after the discovery, before much of the world had confirmation of the wonderful truth that set the whole world crazy. Moreover, from the middle of April, 1849, to the date of his death, J. W. Marshall was my friend and chum, and whenever he came down to San Francisco he sat in my family circle and partook of my food, a most welcome guest.

James Wilson Marshall was born in Hunterdon Co., New Jersey, in 1812, served under his father as a wheelwright (no machinery then to make wheels). I am giving you his history as he has told it often and often, in my cabin or under the trees, especially the two tall trees you will see in pictures of the mill, which will be a feature in the procession on the 24th inst. When grown up, he worked for himself in many parts of his State. Being of an adventurous nature, he took himself gradually Westward, working at his trade as he followed the setting sun.

In time, he found himself on the edge of civilization, on the great Missouri River, and some of its tributaries, doing some hunting and trapping, and for some time, I am told, was with the Blackfeet Indians (a branch of the Sioux). Then he joined an emigrant train and went to Oregon by way of Fort Hall. After a while his very adventurous character made him cast his eyes toward the south, to the Mexican provinces of Las Californias, and with a party, after fighting often with the Indians, he struck the headwaters of El Rio Sacramento. He and his party soon got into the rich Sacramento Valley and some of the party located there, but Marshall, with a few others, concluded to keep on toward the setting sun. Of course, they wanted to reach San Francisco Bay and the village of Yerba Buena particularly. But after a few days they reached the Embarcadero, the landing place for skiffs which brought supplies to the Fort, commanded and occupied by General Sutter, an officer under Governor Pio Pico and other Governors of Alta California (Alta means upper).

Marshall went to the Fort, now the center of Sacramento city, and Sutter employed him as a wagon maker. A few months later a party of foreigners, principally Americans who had been invited to settle in the Sonoma Valley, determined to begin a war against the Mexican authorities, and made two flags with a bear thereon (both of which are now held by The Society of California Pioneers on Fourth Street, San Francisco), and they pro-

claimed a California Republic. They took General Vallejo prisoner at Sonoma and took all his horses and cattle. General Micheltorena was going to fight them, but that Mexican General thought best to leave them alone. The rebels then marched to Sutter's Fort and took peaceable possession, holding Sutter and others as sort of prisoners.

Then they all went, and Marshall with them, to the lower country, and under orders and command of his senior officer, Commodore Sloat, who with his two ships had taken possession of Monterey. They had a fight at Los Angeles, assisting the soldiers and sailors from the American warships, for the war with Mexico was progressing. Commodore Stockton replaced Sloat, and General Kearny had arrived with a large force, and the Bear Flag boys disbanded.

Marshall returned to Sutter's Fort. Sutter wanted a mill site so that he could send timber down to Yerba Buena and the Sandwich Islands, so he sent the old woodman and hunter up into the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to locate a suitable place for a mill. Marshall wandered over hills and canyons, until he struck the right place, plenty of pine, hemlock, and a river that ran like a mill race. It was the south fork of El Rio Americano. He returned to the Fort, and reported favorably. Sutter fitted out pack trains and tools, and put under Marshall's command a blacksmith, some mechanics and laborers. He also sent up Mr. Wimmer and wife, she to cook for the hands, and Peter Wimmer as foreman. Marshall was to be superintendent. He had the knack of conciliating the Indians with presents, and feeding them on better stuff than acorns, pine nuts and grasshoppers. They slivered or split out pine slabs and shakes for cabins and houses. They soon had the timber and frame work hewed out and erected the mill, and the tail-race was excavated to Marshall's satisfaction. At night, he opened the flood gate to let the water rush through and wash out that part. He then went to his cabin and went to sleep, little dreaming that tomorrow would be pregnant with an event that would make the whole world go wild, and would make the United States rich. Ah! if the Mexican Government only knew, they would not have parted with California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and Utah as readily as they did for the sake of peace, and the few paltry millions of dollars Uncle Sam gave them to "say no more about it." Our Government and troops were determined to have all the great empire, in spite of England and France who objected, or all the world besides.

Well, on the morning of January 24, 1848, (fifty years ago) Marshall arose early as usual, and while the hands were at breakfast he wandered down to the mill, shut off the water and sauntered down to the tail-race to see the effect of the night's rush of water. He might have exclaimed "Eureka," but he did not know the word. He saw some little yellow specks of something

on some of the flat stones—he could not imagine what it could be. He gathered quite a lot, and to prove that it was metal, he pounded some on a rock. He was a gold beater, but did not know it. He found it a metal very ductile, and made it quite thin. Neither Wimmer nor the blacksmith could make out what it was. The idea of the stuff they picked up being gold, never entered their precious noodles. Marshall took it up to the “house.” Mrs. Wimmer was making soap, and they tried to stain the stuff with lye and vinegar, but it looked them in the face, brighter than ever; so after getting some more, Marshall took it down to the Fort, and Captain Sutter, being a scientific gentleman, tried it with acids and also by specific gravity and proclaimed it to be gold. Gold! Nothing but gold, and it was taken by a gentleman (I forget now who) to Washington, and is now in the National Museum, at first in the Smithsonian Institution, and when you, Leslie, go to Washington, you can see it.

“Mein Gott,” says General Sutter, in his Swiss-German accent, to Marshall, “if the boys find out that there is gold there, there is no more work at our mill. It will be all up—gone to the dyfel. You, Marshall, must keep it a secret until the mill is finished.” But the “boys” did find it out and went mining on their own account, and with lots of gold dust, some went down to the “bay,” Yerba Buena, and nearly all the then inhabitants of the hide and tallow shanties made a break, by skiff, horse and afoot, for the south fork. Sutter was left alone at the Fort, with his Indian horse soldiers. His fields and everything went to waste, and when I got there (April 6, 1849), his and the adjoining fields were a ruin. The full-grown, headed, ripe wheat was rotting on the ground, drenched by the rains of 1848-9.

The news traveled quickly down the coast of Mexico and Central America, Peru and Chili, the Sandwich Islands and even Australia, whilst the news to the East had been a long time getting there, and was considered a myth and sneered at by all. “Humbug,” said they, for it was only by chance and took months to get any news to the Atlantic side of the continent. Meanwhile, the riffraff from Australia, (a sorry set of thieves and cut-throats) and lots of the villainous from Peru and Chili, arrived and covered the country. It was only after the President, in his message to Congress in December, 1848, announced that gold in large quantities was being produced in California, that the American people got thoroughly stirred up, and such scenes ensued as the Klondike excited last summer. (The President’s message to Congress was dated December 4, 1848.)

I was one to make a break for California. The best mines were not on the South Fork, and further up in the mountains nuggets were found as large as potatoes. Marshall himself found a good-sized nugget, which is in the possession of Mrs. Wimmer. She used to show it at country fairs as the first gold discovered by Marshall. Marshall told me often that he got that

particular nugget at Kelsey "dry diggings," and the pioneers laughed at the claim represented. Well, the contents of this letter are just as Marshall often told me.

Immigrants flocked in, and crowded out Marshall, who bought part of Sutter's claim. Marshall, cheated out of everything, died poor about twelve years ago. Sutter was cheated out of his leagues of land and property, by law and otherwise, and died in poverty, in Pennsylvania.

Yours truly,

J. FRANCIS BEKEART.

## LETTER WRITTEN BY J. F. BEKEART

Published in the *S. F. Call* October 30, 1889

### CALIFORNIA GOLD AGAIN

A statement from an intimate friend of James W. Marshall.

"They have robbed me of my land, and now they would filch from me the empty honor of the first gold discovery." These were the words addressed to me by James W. Marshall about two years before his death. The first was an allusion to the fact that he posted notices along the Coloma Valley in May, 1849, warning settlers that he claimed the entire valley by virtue of prior residence, and location of the Sutter sawmill, which he acquired by purchase from General John A. Sutter. Notwithstanding the notices, which I saw pinned to many trees, the settlers from many lands poured in and settled about the old mill, organizing the town of Coloma without saying "By your leave, Mr. Marshall," treating the gold-finder with most frigid indifference, and thus matters stood even to this day, as far as Marshall was concerned. His poverty and the hopeless idea of combating the squatters prevented him from securing his right and title to the land.

The Oregonian says, besides other errors, that Bennett discovered the first gold. That is all bosh, for Bennett himself told me two or three times in April or May, 1849, that Jim Marshall discovered the first pieces of gold, but that he (Bennett) gathered some almost immediately afterward.

The fact is, Bennett and the other hands were at breakfast when Marshall went down to the mill to shut off the water that had been running all night through the unfinished tail-race, preparatory to the men resuming their labors after their morning meal. Then it was that Marshall saw the *little yellow flakes* on some bare rocks as the waters receded. Marshall, as first discoverer, was acknowledged in my presence about April 10, 1849, by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wimmer, a laborer on the mill at the time of discovery, to Mr. Holden, editor of *Holden's Dollar Magazine*, and correspondent of the *New York Sun and Tribune*; also Henry Bates, erstwhile treasurer of this State, companions of mine to California. Mrs. Wimmer was the only white woman in the valley at the time of discovery, and did the cooking for some



of the hands; and hers was the task to immediately test the yellow stuff by means of lye, vinegar, etc. Her efforts were futile to discover its nature. *Particles were hammered to extreme thinness*, proving its ductility. Marshall believed it to be gold, and proceeded in haste to Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento, where all appliances were at hand, and Sutter decided it to be gold. The idea of going to Monterey, as the Oregonian says, to test it, is preposterous and funny, when Sutter had a fair laboratory at the Fort, fifty-one miles from the mill. I can name others who confirmed Marshall's discovery, who were employed on the mill at the time, but the few who toiled at that famous sawmill are now scattered or dead.

During a residence of seventeen years at Sutter's Mill (now Coloma), I never heard Marshall's claim of discovery disputed, and as he was a warm intimate of mine since '49, and a guest at my home whenever he visited San Francisco, I am familiar with his history and story of finding the *little orange-colored specks* that set the world agog, and were the means of building up our beautiful State which, but for the find, might have been almost an ultima thule or a moderately settled territory to this day. Our mountain sides and fertile valleys, now resplendent with the vine, the fig, the orange and olive, joined to the golden leagues of waving grain, would yet be the haunt of the grizzly, the panther and coyote. In conclusion, I would say that in a few score years hence the fame and author of the gold discovery may be as prolific of dispute as the question of the birthplace of Homer; hence I wish to add my knowledge for the benefit of future disputants, ere I pass over the river.

JULIUS F. BEKEART.

San Francisco, Oct. 30, 1889.

NOTE—This clipping from the *Call*, was sent me from Rochester, N. Y., by my father's sister, Mrs. Amelia Bekeart Baldwin (now deceased). My father died September 4, 1903, at my home in San Francisco.

While in New York in 1892, I cut out a clipping from the *Examiner* of Thursday, July 28, 1892, and sent it to my father in San Francisco.

The article in question stated that the first nugget of gold found in this State was to be exhibited at the State Fair in Sacramento, by Mr. W. W. Allen, an attorney who obtained it from Mrs. "Polly" Wimmer, and that the first piece was mixed with quartz.

This article states that "specks of shining metal" were noticed, and that Marshall picked up "this nugget" and handed it to Peter Wimmer, that he thought it was mica, and that it was tested in the soap kettle February 14, 1848. (Note the date.)

The writer of this article states that Marshall kept the piece a few months and then gave it to Mrs. Wimmer, who claimed it



as her own. She gave it in trust to Mr. Allen in 1878. The writer also says that A. C. Henry, ex-mayor of Oakland; Sam Brannan; D. J. Staples, and Colonel Gift saw the nugget and positively identified it as the one picked up by Marshall at the Coloma Mill in 1848, and which he handed to Mrs. Wimmer as a piece of mica.

None of these men were at Coloma at the time of Marshall's discovery. Sam Brannan happened to be at Yerba Buena, and he did not hear of the discovery until nearly a month afterwards. None of the other men are mentioned as having been at Sutter's Mill at that time in any existing record or history giving the names of Californians who were here prior to the gold discovery. Geo. W. Gift was a banker at Sacramento in 1855, having been previously a midshipman on the U. S. St. Mary. The names of all the Americans or Europeans in the mining region at that time are well known.

D. J. Staples arrived in California twenty months after the discovery of gold. A. C. Henry arrived in California in 1851. The reader may, therefore, draw his own deductions as to the value of such "positive identification" of this "first nugget."

I wrote my father from New York on August 2, 1892, regarding this article. This letter was burned in the fire of 1906, but his reply of August 8, was in my office safe, and this, though burned, was restored by Professor G. W. Shaw, of the University of California. The following is a copy of his letter:

LETTER WRITTEN BY JULES FRANCOIS BEKEART TO HIS SON,  
PHIL. B. BEKEART, THEN IN NEW YORK

San Francisco, August 8, 1892.

Dear Son:

I received yours of August 2nd in due time, and note contents. I do not feel inclined to answer that article in the *Examiner*, as I have written to the papers before on that subject, and it would be of little use, for some ignoramus will probably print some more humbugging statements about the first piece of gold found in the mill race by Marshall, at Coloma.

Of course, I know all about it from Marshall's own lips, many times repeated, for you know I was intimate with Marshall from early April, 1849, to the time of his death. And you know he was a guest at our house sometimes when he visited San Francisco.

That article does not properly describe the piece of gold that was so many years in the possession of Mrs. Peter Wimmer. It describes it as similar to a lima bean (which it resembles in size and shape). I had to laugh when I read the article. I have seen

it in Mrs. Wimmer's hand, probably fifty times from the day I first landed in Coloma, or Kolomah, as the Indians called it, up to the time Mr. and Mrs. Wimmer called and spent part of the day at our house, 346 Third Street, and took dinner with us, for your mother and Mrs. Wimmer were old friends for some years.

As regards this nugget of gold, Marshall has told me many times, that after his first discovery of gold, he was prospecting and mining at Kelsey's "dry diggings" over the ridge from Coloma, and found that Wimmer nugget. He prized it much, he said, for he wished and intended to send it to his mother in New Jersey. Marshall was a great friend of the Indians, some of whom had slain white men (for tampering with their squaws, probably), and the — and other — immigrants who had settled in Coloma Valley (and who thought it just, before high heaven, to kill an Indian on sight) some time before, had threatened Marshall with vengeance for pleading simple justice to the Indians. This made these semi-civilized sons of — furious, and they swore they would have his scalp if he did not leave the valley. So he sacrificed his property (the mill), recently bought from Sutter (Sutter's half). Marshall thought best to remove, which he did, going prospecting; but before going, he hid his sack of gold dust and specimens, the big one included, under Wimmer's door stoop. When the passengers of the "California" and the "Oregon" steamships arrived, they came up and settled at Sutter's Mill. Marshall, feeling that danger was over by reason of Eastern invaders with their ideas of civilization, returned, dug up his sack, but found his pretty specimen gone, gone——! The slip you send says that one of Wimmer's sons discovered it. \* \* \*

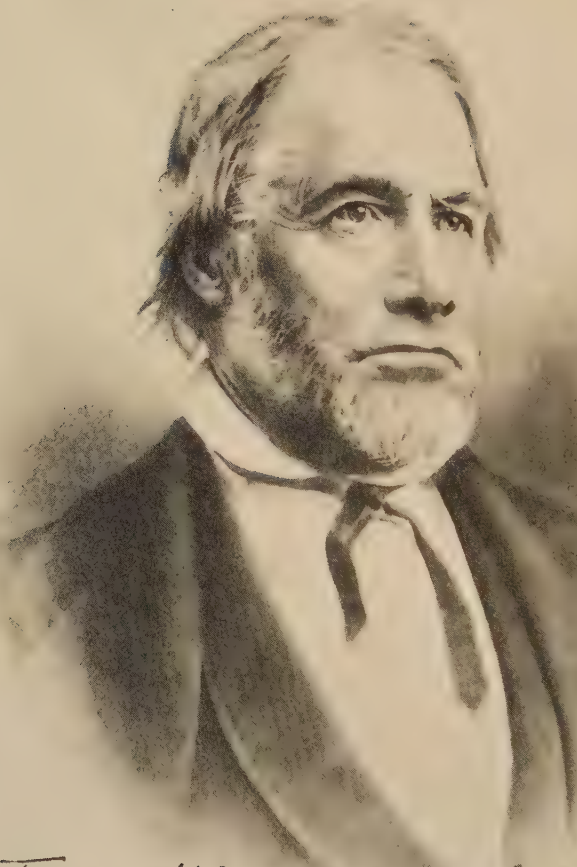
In my seventeen years' experience I never heard of a rough nugget being found near Coloma, in the river or tail race. The gold was very like cucumber seed or fine dust, always, and Marshall took one of the first little flakes and pounded it out thin to test its malleability, he said, which convinced him that it was gold before he took it down to General Sutter at his fort (Sacramento now). The Wimmer nugget was about the size of a small walnut, and similarly corrugated, like most "dry-digging" gold nuggets. This Mr. Allen may possess it, possibly, and the people of California at the State Fair may believe it is the first gold. Let them believe. I wrote an article to the *Call* some few years ago, denying that Mr. Allen's was the first piece of gold found by Marshall.

So, you find it hot in the East? I can appreciate the welcome of that thunder shower to you. How the thirsty flowers do drink it up. How pure is the air after such a blessing. We are all well (except my rheumatism). I had a glorious time on the 4th of July and on my seventieth anniversary. The full account is in the papers.

Trusting that you are having a good time in the East and that you may return safely home is the wish of your affectionate father.

J. FRANCIS BEKEART.

NOTE—I would not publish this letter from my father did I not feel that it is due the people of this State to know the truth about the Wimmer nugget. I have refrained from quoting Marshall's remarks to my father when he found his nugget had disappeared.—*P. B. B.*



James Wilson Marshall.  
Discoverer of gold in California.  
Born Oct. 8-1810      Died Aug. 10-1885.

## John W. Marshall—Recollections and Estimate

---

My personal recollection of Marshall extends from about 1870 to 1883. He never came to San Francisco without visiting my father's gun store on Third Street, which was a rendezvous for veterans of the Mexican War of 1846, who had their hall in the old fire engine house on Bryant Street near Third. The Coloma and Placerville forty-niners and early residents also dropped in on us.

I listened to their yarns and discussions, tales of danger and hunting, and I have heard Marshall discussed pro and con. He was criticized mostly for drinking and for his belief in spiritualism. Some thought him slightly demented, but I shall always remember him as a gentle, kindly, sad-faced old man, who always greeted me with a smile and put his arm over my shoulder. He had bright eyes, and when he talked to me, they seemed to sparkle, though he was a listener rather than a talker. His voice was deep-toned; low and not over distinct, and his manner of speaking was rather gruff. My recollection is that his height was about five feet eight and a half or nine inches. My father and mother held him in great esteem, and their conversations regarding him were always tinged with regret for the treatment he had received from the early settlers and the State of California. I naturally shared this regard for the old trapper and discoverer, and as a youth and young man listened attentively to the tales of the days of '46 to '49. Marshall believed in spiritualism, and my father, who occasionally accompanied him to seances in this city, often discussed the subject with him.

I do not think Marshall made many friends, but when my father arrived at Sutter's Mill, April 10, 1849, they immediately became friends. My father was just, honorable and fair-minded, and when he saw how Marshall had been robbed of his possessions, he naturally defended him, for which Marshall was very grateful. I recall that my father had a quarrel with a Southerner, who afterwards became prominent in San Francisco, over an injustice done to Marshall, who seemed to be legitimate prey for the unscrupulous ones amongst the early arrivals at Sutter's Mill. Their treatment of him broke his spirit and cowed him utterly.

If I may digress for a moment, it may not be amiss to state that Marshall never carried a pistol or revolver, but he did carry



a rifle, small hatchet and knife. My father, a gunsmith, was in a position to know this from having been one of his friends from 1849 until the date of Marshall's death, and having occasionally prospected with him in forty-nine and the early fifties. Some years ago I took my father to see the Lick group of statuary, which shows Marshall as an old, long-whiskered, bald-headed miner, dressed in modern miner's clothing and with a nugget of gold in his palm. My father called my attention to the fact that Marshall was a trifle over thirty-seven years of age when he discovered gold, that he was not bald, and in his young manhood had worn a short, full beard. I have in my collection a water-color painting of Marshall, painted from life by Harrison Eastman in 1849, which I believe is the only painting of him in existence. A photograph of this painting is shown herein; it shows Marshall as he looked about that time.

Referring again to the Marshall group in City Hall Square, he did not pick up a nugget as shown in the bronze. The first piece, as has been shown, was a flake. He also had about a dozen other flakes, which he carried in the dented crown of his hat. Unquestionably, at the time he discovered gold, he wore buckskin breeches, a flannel shirt and a dilapidated white hat. The entire conception of Marshall in this group of statuary is wrong.

Marshall made several lecture tours between 1869 and 1872, with one of his mining partners (Bill Burke, I believe) as his manager, but he was very shy as a lecturer, and I do not think the venture was financially successful.

All historians have given Marshall credit for being the discoverer of gold in the Sierras, but have handled him roughly in other ways, probably because of his mannerisms, his belief in spiritualism, and his drinking. He was so badly treated by the early settlers, who robbed him, and by some of the arrivals of 1848 and 1849, who persecuted him, that he became a misanthrope. He was disgusted with the way fate had used him, and with the exception of a few old friends, wanted to be left alone. He was also shamefully treated by the State, as was John A. Sutter, and any Californian who loves his State and the memory of its founders, will feel that neither Marshall nor Sutter received "a square deal."

On February 2, 1872, the California Legislature passed a bill appropriating two hundred dollars a month to Marshall for two years. This was cut down by the Legislature of 1874 to one hundred dollars a month. The Legislature of 1876 continued this

payment, making a total of nine thousand, six hundred dollars appropriated to him in six years. This money he disbursed with prodigal hand to any old friend in need. He also used part of it to develop a mine at Kelsey. The Legislature of 1878 discontinued this appropriation, which caused him practically to suspend his quartz mining operations.

My brother, Frank Craddock Bekeart, who was born in Coloma in 1854, told me recently that his boyhood recollection of Marshall is very clear. He particularly impressed Frank with his kindness to the boys of Coloma, who used to go up to his cabin to play around the vineyard and orchard which he planted in 1855. Incidentally, he made good wine and brandy, which he sold to the dealers. His exhibit took first prize at the State Fair in 1865.

My brother recalls an amusing incident that occurred about 1867 or 1868. Marshall came to San Francisco and stopped with us at our home on Third Street. He was dressed in a rough suit with his pants in his boots, a blue flannel shirt and big black hat. My father took Marshall and Frank to Woodward's Gardens one Sunday and introduced Marshall to some of the old-timers, who insisted that he make a speech. They endeavored to get him to the platform, but he broke away and commenced running, and Frank says he ran all the way to Third and Folsom streets, a distance of twelve blocks.

Nearly everyone who knew Marshall, referred to him in the kindest terms. His companions at Coloma all spoke highly of him, as a man and a boss. Bigler, in a letter to Bancroft, says: "Marshall was nearly always in good humor." Bancroft writes of Marshall: "He was essentially a man of moods; his mind was of dual complexion. In the plain and proximate, he was sensible and skillful; in the obscure and remote he was utterly lost. With his superiors and the world at large, he was morbidly ill-tempered and surly."

Bancroft states that Captain Sutter, in an interview with the editor of the *Lancaster Examiner*, said: "Marshall was a crazy man; he was a visionary man who was always dreaming about something. He was a very curious man and quarreled with nearly everybody, though I could always get along with him."

General John Bidwell says: "He was very ingenious, and could turn his hand to almost anything. He made wheels for spinning wool, looms, reeds and shuttles for Indian blankets." Referring to Marshall's selection of Coloma as a site for the saw-

mill, which Bidwell criticized, he says: "Marshall's mind, in some respects at least, must have been unbalanced."

Charles B. Gillespie, in the *Century* for February, 1891, gives an account of Marshall's discovery. He states that he was a forty-niner, and worked for two years in the mines near Coloma, where he became "well acquainted" with "Marshall, the discoverer of gold." He relates that one day, while sketching the mill, Marshall came and sat down beside him, and that he had Marshall tell him the story, which he wrote "as it fell from his lips, without correction or addition of any kind." He has called this "Marshall's Narrative," from which I quote the following excerpts:

"The piece was about half the size and shape of a pea. Then I saw another piece." He was alone at the time, but at breakfast, showed the pieces to the men. About a week later, he went to the Fort and showed them to Sutter. Marshall told Gillespie that the "second place where gold was discovered, was in the gulch near the Mountaineer House, on the road to Sacramento. The third place was on a bar on the south fork of the American River, a little above the junction of the middle and south forks. The diggings at Hangtown (now Placerville) were discovered next by myself, for we all (the men) went out for a while as soon as our job (on the mill) was finished. The Indians next discovered the diggings at Kelsey's, and thus, in a very short time, we discovered that the whole country was one bed of gold."

A few years after the gold discovery, Sutter and Marshall were not very friendly, and the breach was widened when the Legislature of 1870 appropriated two hundred and fifty dollars a month to Sutter, as a reward for his help to the early emigrants and settlers, and also on account of gold having been discovered on his land—entirely overlooking Marshall, the real discoverer, who had no one to push his claims. This undoubtedly caused some resentment on Marshall's part.

Charles Elmer Upton of Placerville, who knew Marshall in his later years, says (*Pioneers of El Dorado County*, 1906): "Marshall was a practical, unemotional sort of man. He did not realize the importance of his discovery. He always, even after the unjust persecution inflicted upon him, retained his inherent kindness of heart. He was of a mild and yielding disposition. The fact remains, whatever his personal bias, that every Californian owes an inestimable debt of gratitude to the memory of James Wilson Marshall."

John S. Hittell says of Marshall: "When he had a little money, he did not know how to keep it or spend it. When he had a good claim, he was talked, bought or beaten out of it. He repulsed friends who tried to help him, became suspicious of everyone, and quarrelsome. Nearly everyone in Coloma, after the first rush was over, knew Marshall and acknowledged their obligation to him and to his discovery."

George F. Parson's book, "The Life and Adventures of James W. Marshall," Sacramento, 1870, is a good history of part of Marshall's life. A much longer and more complete history should be written before all who knew Marshall have passed away. Parson's book relates Marshall's Bear Flag experience, and uses a number of pages explaining his connection with the Hounds, and also his persecution by the early miners. I believe that Marshall was innocent of any connection with that infamous organization, the Hounds. He was a man too mild in temperament to associate himself with such a crowd, and too good and religious ever intentionally to wrong anyone. Possibly Parson's explanation should be accepted, although it has a tinge of romance about it. I do not recall hearing any conversation about the Hounds amongst the habitues of my father's store.

J. M. Hutchings was the publisher of *Hutchings' Magazine*, in the fifties. He was also the author of several valuable books on California. Hutchings visited both Sutter and Marshall, and published in his magazine the first interview with Marshall, which the latter said was correct. Hutchings read the articles he had written, both to Sutter and Marshall, and they signed them. These articles were published in *Hutchings' Magazine* in November, 1857, and though the article on Marshall is worthy of reproduction, lack of space precludes quoting it here. I cannot refrain, however, from quoting, verbatim, Hutchings' eulogy on Marshall. The italics and capitals are Hutchings'. Referring to Marshall's statement to him, Hutchings says:

This is the unvarnished statement which the writer received from the lips and pen of Mr. James W. Marshall himself, and being unacquainted with him personally, I went to several gentlemen in Coloma, among whom were several old pioneers still resident there, to ascertain, if possible, whether or not Mr. M's statements were true and trustworthy, and the answer invariably was, in substance, "Whatever Mr. Marshall tells you, you may rely upon as correct." I moreover read the affidavits of several of the men who were present when the gold was discovered by



Marshall, and which affidavits are affirmatory of the facts which are stated.

There is another fact I wish here to mention, that it may be recorded in the remembrance of the English, as well as the American public. It is this: Mr. Hargraves, the discoverer of gold in Australia, was mining in Coloma in the summer of 1849, and went to Sutter and Marshall's mill for some lumber, and as he and Marshall were leaning against a pile of lumber, conversing, Mr. H. mentioned the fact that he was from Australia. "Then why," replied Marshall, "don't you go and dig gold among your own mountains? From what I have heard of that country, I have no doubt whatever that you would find plenty of it there." "Do you think so, indeed?" inquired Hargraves. "I do," was the answer. "If I thought so, I would go down there this very autumn," was Hargrave's reply. He went, and with what result, the millions of pounds sterling which have since poured into the British treasury can give the history.

Mr. Hargraves, for this discovery, received from the British Government the sum of £5,000 (or twenty-five thousand dollars), and from the Australian Government, £10,000 (or fifty thousand dollars), making seventy-five thousand dollars.

Mr. Marshall is almost denied the credit for the discovery by some unprincipled persons, and his reward from the United States Government is, alas, what? At this very moment, wronged of every dollar and every foot of land which he possessed, he would not have, but for the daily charity of comparative strangers, even a cabin in which to lay his head to rest at night. And is this, kind readers, *gratitude*? Our gratitude to the man by whose instrumentality, a new age—THE GOLDEN AGE—has been inaugurated?

In August last, anxious to obtain an excellent portrait of Mr. Marshall, I journeyed to Coloma for that purpose, and although Mr. M. cheerfully gave every information in a very simple and straightforward manner concerning the history of the country and of the men who figured in it around Coloma at an early day, he could not be prevailed upon to allow his likeness to be taken. After returning to the city, a letter was penned to him, urgently asking for it, and the following answer was received which, while it denies the request, will also show the just bitterness of his spirit at the treatment he has received:

Coloma, Sept. 5th, 1857.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your note received three days ago, I wish to say that I feel it a duty I owe to myself to retain my likeness, as it is in fact *all I have that I can call my own*, and I feel like any other poor wretch—I



want *something* for self. The sale of it may yet keep me from starving; or it may buy me a dose of medicine in sickness; or pay for the funeral of a —— dog—and such is all that I expect, judging from former kindnesses. I owe the country nothing. The enterprising energy of which the orators and editors of California's early golden days boasted so much, as belonging to Yankeedom, was not national but individual. Of the profits derived from the enterprise, it stands thus—

Yankeedom .....	\$600,000,000
Myself individually .....	000,000,000

Ask the records of the country for the reason why; they will answer—I need not. Were I an Englishman, and had made my discovery on English soil, the case would have been different. I send you this in the place of the other. Excuse my rudeness in answering you thus. I remain, most respectfully,

J. W. MARSHALL.

Is this, then, the reward befitting the dignity and gratitude of a great nation and people—like our own—for that discovery which has poured hundreds of millions of wealth into the laps of the people and the treasury of our country, and in addition to giving us the stability consequent upon the establishment of a metallic currency (which is the desire and envy of all nations) has spread prosperity across the broad acres of every State in the Union? While the *individual* who has been the cause of this is allowed almost to starve of hunger and exposure in our mountains! Who, then, is there among us, that does not feel his cheek glow with shame at such ungrateful neglect? Let him answer, for he needs our pity. If the Executive ear is closed against a fit reward for such an important service, let you and I, gentle reader, put our hand into our own pocket, and if we find it empty, let us deny ourselves some little luxury if needs be, that we may yet, in some measure, wipe out the disgraceful stain from our history, by seeing that James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, has at least a fertile farm which he can call his own and where he may spend his remaining days in comparative ease—without the humiliation of dependence upon strangers, after the benefit he has conferred upon our country, and the world.—*J. M. Hutchings.*

Statement of John Sipp, telling how he became possessed of the drawings by Marshall, viz: the sketch of the proposed sawmill at Coloma, and the other two sketches showing the mill when completed, and the position of the men when he showed them the first gold. These letters, and the drawings by Marshall, are in the State Library at Sacramento:

## STATEMENT OF JOHN SIPP

This statement, showing how I became acquainted with J. W. Marshall, gold discoverer of California, and how I came in possession of the drawings drawn before and at the time he discovered gold, and other articles now in my possession.

In the year 1870, during the month of October, I left San Francisco in company with J. W. Travis, my partner, coming to the town of Kelsey, El Dorado County. We bought a mining location in the Kelsey mining district from a man by the name of Dan Ellis of Spanish Dry Diggings, El Dorado County. The name of the location was "Excelsior."

The following spring I came up from San Francisco to work on it. In the month of February, 1871, Mr. Marshall came up where we were working and had dinner with us. He said he owned an interest in the mine, showing a bill of sale for 50 feet of the location, which he bought of Dan Ellis. He paid his assessments in proportion to what he owned while he worked on it. It turned out to be worthless. That was my first acquaintance with J. W. Marshall. We soon learned we were from the same State, New Jersey, and became fast friends.

The next mining interest I had with Mr. Marshall was The Grey Eagle mine, located on the outskirts of the town of Kelsey. He owned three-quarters of this mine, having given one-quarter interest in it to a man by the name of Marshall Hubbard, residing in San Francisco. Mr. Marshall told me if he or I could buy Mr. Hubbard's quarter interest, he would give me a lease on his three-quarters, so I could go to work on the mine.

Therefore, I went to San Francisco and bought Mr. Hubbard's quarter interest in the year 1877 or 1878. I then endeavored to deal with Mr. Marshall, who was not an exceptional miner, but thought he was. I was to put up fifteen hundred feet of hydraulic pipe and other expensive equipment, which I thought unnecessary, so dropped the lease. Nothing more was done on the mine until after Mr. Marshall's death on August 10, 1885, in Kelsey.

An old friend of Mr. Marshall's by the name of Hill, was living with him at the time of his death. I was residing almost opposite his house, and on the morning (August 10, 1885), of his death, was going down the street to Tom Allen's saloon at about six o'clock, when Mr. Hill called to me to come in as there was something wrong with Mr. Marshall. I went in and found Mr. Marshall lying on his bed on his back, fully dressed, with his shoes unlaced, his hat tipped forward over his face, one foot resting on the floor and the other on the bed. I opened his shirt, put

my hand over his heart and found that life was extinct, but his body still warm. He evidently had been out to the rear and coming back, lay down on the bed and died without a struggle. He was complaining to me the night before that he was not feeling well, as we were sitting together on his porch. He pointed to some old plum trees on the place that were partly dead, and said: "You see, Sipp, their branches are dead but the trunk still has a little life. That is the way with me."

At the death of Mr. Marshall I was placed in charge of his remains and property by Superior Judge Williams, of El Dorado County. By using ice, we kept his remains until the 13th of August, before they settled on a burial place. A delegation of pioneers came up from Sacramento, and wished to bury him on the State Grounds. Mr. H. Trechler and Dr. Lightner were two of the delegation. But the people of Coloma protested, saying he had made the request to be buried on the hill overlooking the place where he discovered gold.

Mr. Trechler and two daughters of Sacramento were visiting Mr. Marshall at the time of his death, staying at the home of Miss M. Kelley.

After a certain time, his property was sold at Kelsey. I bought his three-quarter interest in the Grey Eagle mine, and also his half interest in the Big Sandy mine just adjoining the Grey Eagle, his house and lot in Kelsey and blacksmith shop. The administrator took away his carpenter tools, library and a few other articles, which were sold at public auction in Placerville.

The papers and drawings of Marshall, along with some other articles, were left in an old desk in the building in which he lived and died and which was purchased by me as above stated. In this manner I came in possession of said articles.

(Signed) JOHN SIPP.

Sacramento, Calif., March 14, 1913.

During Marshall's last years, when he came down to the Bay, he wore a black suit, a "Prince Albert," if my memory serves me rightly, with a large, soft, black hat. I helped him around the last time he came to San Francisco, which was for the purpose of attending the El Dorado County Society reunion at Shell Mound Park, Oakland. I believe this was in 1884. The Society paid the cost of bringing him from Coloma and sending him back. At that time he was palsied. I was under the impression that this condition was due to rheumatism, but I was told by others that it was partly due to the use of intoxicants. I also assisted him about Shell Mound Park, where he visited his old

friends, and I steadied his hand while he wrote his signature on the souvenir cards, which showed Sutter's Mill in a circle, and the then accepted date of discovery, January 19, 1848.

In his early manhood, Marshall must have been a man of untiring constitution. He was inured to hardships, and thought nothing of enduring privations and subsisting for days at a time on little food. In his later years, he became moody and irritable and had very little to say, and there is little doubt that he continually brooded over his misfortunes. Many of his friends believed him to be insane, and it is probable that before his death he did become slightly deranged because of the trouble and persecution he had endured. I never saw him under the influence of liquor, though he and my father would occasionally "take a nip" out of a square, black bottle, belonging to the latter.

It has been written that Marshall died of starvation. This is not true. He died poor, but not in want of food. He had plenty of provisions in his room at the time of his death. One of his friends to the end, was Miss Margaret A. Kelley, of Kelsey, who conceived the idea of the Marshall Museum at Kelsey. Miss Kelley's articles, written for *The Grizzly Bear*, in 1919, are worthy of the perusal of anyone interested in Marshall's life. He was the friend of the Indians, from the time of his first arrival at Coloma, and they remained his friends to the end.

Marshall's mines around Kelsey caused him to spend most of his time there. He moved to Kelsey in 1867, though he still owned, and often stopped at his cabin in Coloma. He died at Kelsey, on the morning of August 10, 1885, and his remains were interred at Coloma, at the top of a hill on property he once owned. On a monument, erected by the State of California, the figure of Marshall is shown pointing down to the spot on the river where he found the first gold. This monument cost twenty-five thousand dollars, and was unveiled May 3, 1890. The ground on which it stands was presented to the State of California by Placerville Parlor, No. 9, N. S. G. W.

In conclusion, I quote Benjamin Ide Wheeler's Pioneer Monument inscription:

*"Virile to risk and find,  
Kindly withal and ready to help,  
Facing the brunt of fate,  
Indomitable—unafraid."*

## The Lump of Gold Known as the Wimmer Nugget

---

Peter and Jennie Wimmer were fine types of pioneers and were highly esteemed in every way, except as far as their claims were concerned regarding the discovery of gold. I can attribute their claims only to what might be called an obsession on this subject, as they persisted in their pretensions in the face of direct evidence against them. Unfortunately, they always found an ambitious newspaper space writer to publish their statements, without first investigating the records.

The Wimmer nugget is a rough, corrugated lump, weighing six pennyweights, eleven grains, with an intrinsic value of five dollars and ten cents. The assertion of the owners that this was the first piece of gold picked up by Marshall, is preposterous, for even if it were not a historical fact that the first piece was worth but fifty cents, the Wimmer nugget could not be considered the first piece, from the fact that it is not worn smooth like river gold, from the action of the water and rocks, nor does it show any signs of having been beaten between two rocks by Marshall, or hammered out flat by Charles Bennett or James S. Brown, on the blacksmith's anvil. This nugget was found by Marshall in the fall of 1848, at the Kelsey dry diggings. My father's letter to me, Marshall's letters and interviews, and the historians I have quoted elsewhere in this book, will tell the true story. Like my father, I am reluctant to publish these facts, but I feel that it is due to posterity that the truth be told, even though it is an unpleasant task.

From the Wimmers, the nugget passed into the possession of a Mr. Allen, who claimed that it was the first piece of gold discovered by Marshall. In the book published in 1893, by Allen & Avery, entitled, "California Gold Book," a stamped replica of this nugget appears on the cover. In this book are published the affidavits made in San Diego, by Elizabeth Jane Wimmer, March 23, 1885, and Peter L. Wimmer, April 18, 1885, to the effect that this nugget is the first gold picked up by Marshall. Mr. Allen claims that he bought the nugget from the Wimmers in 1877, showing that they waited from 1848 until 1885, a matter of thirty-seven years, before they swore to these affidavits before a notary, and eight years after they had sold the nugget to Mr. Allen. It is also pertinent to the subject to state that about the



time they made their affidavits, James W. Marshall the discoverer, was near death, and they themselves were along in years.

At this writing, the nugget is in the possession of a courteous gentleman, Mr. Walter H. Wyman, of New York, who, on August 12, 1924, favored me by showing me the volume containing the affidavits of Mr. and Mrs. Wimmer, and also the nugget. These affidavits were not written by either Peter or Jennie Wimmer but were signed by them.

I am of the opinion that this nugget is one that Marshall found at Kelsey Dry Diggings, as mentioned in my father's letter, and I am also led to believe that it was the first large piece of gold Marshall had found up to that time. This nugget has a historic value, even though it was found months after Marshall picked up the first lot of flakes at Coloma.

I have heard my parents speak many times of the Wimmers, but their name was always pronounced as though it were spelled Weemer, and I believed that it was spelled Weimer. In their affidavit it is spelled "Wimmer."

Peter and Jennie Wimmer once had dinner at our home, and the next day my father took Peter Wimmer to the rooms of The Society of California Pioneers, and introduced him to some of the officers and members. My father urged Peter not to go there, telling him that the Society would not buy his nugget. Peter insisted, however, and my father told me that they actually laughed at his claim that he had the first piece of gold found by Marshall.

The Wimmers tried for years, but without success, to sell the nugget in their possession to the State of California. It is pertinent to this subject to state that on July 28, 1870, a number of pioneers and other prominent men in Sacramento, in writing a testimonial to Marshall as the first discoverer, also said: "Mrs. Wimmer's story, (*i. e.* that her husband was with Marshall when he found the first gold) was woven to support her claim to the original gold nugget, a claim not justified by evidence." They did not claim to have the first piece of gold until about 1856. The *Alta Californian*, of Saturday, January 5, 1856, published the following: "that lately the first discovery had been claimed for Peter Wimmer."

The *Evening Bulletin*, San Francisco, May 12, 1880, published an anonymous article in which the assertion was made that Mrs. Wimmer's boy picked up the first nugget, and that they, the Wimmers, "are said to have refused from the California

Pioneers an offer of two thousand dollars for their precious bit of gold." This story was evidently made out of whole cloth, as the Pioneers absolutely refused to buy the Wimmer nugget at any price, or to give to the claim of the Wimmers the endorsement of their Society.

Mr. Alexander Del Mar, in an article in the *Californian*, September, 1880, asserts that the Wimmers tried to sell their nugget to The Society of California Pioneers for two thousand dollars. This was declined, as the Society did not consider the nugget authentic.

The *Alta Californian*, August 17, 1874, says: "Marshall was the discoverer of gold \* \* \* notwithstanding the statements made by the Wimmers and others." Marshall showed notes for the State's money, that he had loaned to others to help them establish themselves. He claims that he did not drink or spend it for drink. The article continues: "Let not the discoverer of gold go in want. The State can well afford to supply the meager wants of this simple-minded, unfortunate, industrious old pioneer, to whom was given the happy fortune of picking up the first piece of gold from our sands."

Bancroft, who gathered more information concerning the gold discovery than any other person, referring to Marshall's discovery, writes (1888): "There is little wonder that the statements are conflicting, when no one saw it all, and each was able to describe correctly only those parts of which he was an eye witness. And after innumerable repetitions and disputings, confusion arose. Some even denied that Marshall was the first discoverer at Coloma, but this assertion is not worthy of consideration. Then there was the controversy over the first piece found, and what became of it—more senseless than the rest. Sutter, at Litiz, showed me a ring upon which was engraved on the outside his coat of arms and on the inside, 'The first gold discovered in January, 1848'; and yet it was not, speaking with exactness, the first gold discovered; for Sutter says in his statement that some of it he picked up himself, and some was given him by the men then present. The ring weighed an ounce and a half. Then Mrs. Weimer claimed to have in her possession, for many years, the very first piece picked up, and which Marshall gave her. This cannot be true, as according to Marshall's testimony, the first piece weighed fifty cents, whereas Mrs. Weimer's piece was equal to five dollars and twelve cents. It is safe to conclude that the destiny of this first piece is lost to history."

A. Thurston Heydon, of Placerville, wrote a splendid article describing Marshall's find, which was published in the souvenir edition of the *Mountain Democrat*, January 24, 1898. He discusses various accounts of the discovery, giving credit to all but Mrs. Wimmer, of whom he says: "Her story is of small value, as it was woven to support her claim that she had the first piece of gold which was discovered, a claim which is not justified by evidence, although she may have believed her husband when he came home and told her, 'I and Marshall found gold today.'"

"Three Years in California," is a diary of the Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. N., published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, 1850. The Rev. Dr. Colton was, for a time, alcalde at Monterey. On page 242, May 5, 1848, he tells of their first hearing of the discovery of gold. On June 5, 1848, they hear another report "that several workmen while excavating for a mill race, had thrown up *little shining scales of yellow ore* that proved to be gold." Afterwards, Dr. Colton saw much gold and many nuggets, and tells a number of tales of the amount of gold dug up by various men. In his journal of events, he wrote on August 29, 1848, as follows: "On the streams where gold has been subjected to the action of water and rocks, it exists in fine grains; on the hills and among the clefts in the rocks, it is found in *rough, jagged pieces*, of a quarter and a half ounce weight, sometimes two or three ounces."

A correspondent, writing in 1848 from Dry Diggings (Hangtown), afterwards Placerville, to the *Californian*, declares that "at the lower diggings (Mormon Island), the success of the day was counted in *dollars*; that at the mill (Coloma), it was counted in *ounces*, but at the dry diggings it was counted in *pounds*," showing that the dry diggings produced the nuggets, and not scales or dust as at Coloma.

James S. Brown, one of the Mormons at the mill, says: "The first piece was worth fifty cents," and afterwards: "We all were rewarded with a few scales until we had three or four ounces; the gold was not dust, nor yet nuggets, but small scales."

None of the early writers mentioned that Marshall first found a nugget. I have in my library more than seventy books and a number of articles relating to Marshall's find, and in each one, the words used are "gold dust," "particles," "flakes," "chispa," "grains," "small pieces," "small specimens," "pellicles of gold," "bits of shining dust," "specks," "scales," "scale gold," "yellow stuff," "metallic dust." The word "nugget" seems to have been

more used in later years by writers who probably copied it from the Marshall Monument at Coloma, where, since 1890, it has erroneously described the first piece of gold discovered by Marshall.

---

## John W. Sutter

---

John A. Sutter was born of Swiss parentage, in Kandern, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, at midnight, February 28, 1803 (or March 1, 1803). He died in Washington, D. C., June 18, 1880, and was buried in the cemetery at Litiz, a small hamlet in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

His remains properly belong to California. This State should make some provision to bring them here, and to erect a suitable monument to his memory, as he unquestionably gave to California more than he took from her. No Californian can study the career of Sutter in California without a feeling of shame for the ingratitude of this State and the Federal Government.

Sutter was an honored member of The Society of California Pioneers. A real history of this super-pioneer is yet to be written by some student of California history.

Writing of General John A. Sutter, in his magazine issued November, 1857, Hutchings pens the following eulogy, which is worthy of repetition:

"Unfortunately for General Sutter, he had one failing—his heart was too large and confiding. The men who shared most largely in his princely hospitality and possessions were the first to take advantage of it by stealing away his possessions. His generous nature taught him to feel that all white men were honest—but he did not find them so; a mistake to which is attributable his present impoverished circumstances. Now, when he should be enjoying the fruits of his long and enterprising labors in peace, he is annoyed with contentions and lawsuits innumerable—simply in trying to hold his own! Even the quiet and pleasant Hock Farm—his homestead (a spot which is ever sacred to the heart of an American)—was sold not long since, under the hammer of the sheriff. Recently, however, it has been redeemed at a great sacrifice. And this is the man to whom we are so much indebted for the gold discovery. May God forgive us Californians for our shameful indifference to the Old Pioneer."

John S. Hittell says of Sutter: "He was genial in manner, cordial on brief acquaintance, sociable with everybody, sympa-

thetic and ready to help not only friends and acquaintances, but also strangers, even when he could not give aid without injustice to himself and family. His extreme and noted liberality to many immigrants when they arrived in want, at New Helvetia, after a hard trip across the continent, contributed to make him the best known and most popular Californian in this State, and the most famous one elsewhere."

---

## Previous Gold Discoveries

For a great deal of the data regarding previous discoveries of gold in California, I am indebted to the splendid histories written by Hubert Howe Bancroft. His *Inter Pocula* has a wealth of information on this subject. Bancroft says: "The reader has probably observed how many there were who already knew of the existence of gold in California, as soon as Marshall discovered it."

---

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, a noted British preacher of the last century, said: "A lie gets half way around the earth, before Truth gets her boots on."

No early voyager ever returned to his home port, that he, or some one who was on the voyage with him, did not tell of the fabulous gold mines—or of gold to be had in some of the places they visited. They rarely brought back virgin gold, and in most instances, when referring to California, we find that they did not get anywhere near the gold districts; if they did pass through the districts where gold was subsequently mined or washed, they did not find gold at the time. The boasts of some of these alleged discoverers have been shown to be absolute falsehoods. Some of them may have found gold—but for various reasons best known to themselves, they did not continue their search. Many of their assertions were probably made for the purpose of influencing further expeditions, and to support their tales of the wealth of California and the importance of their voyage.

Possibly the most glaring mis-statement of the early gold discovery was made by Chaplain Fletcher, the historian of the voyage of Sir Francis Drake. His narrative was published by the Hakluyt Society, in 1589. Referring to California, he says: "There is no part of the earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not a reasonable quantity of gold or silver." Drake landed in the cove on the south side of Point Reyes. Neither he nor his men went into the interior for any distance. We know that there is no gold in Marin County, where they landed, and we know from the



accounts of the voyage that they did not try to find any minerals. The chaplain was evidently a fine, old romancer—a lusty soul-saver, who did not like California weather at Drake's Bay, in June and July, 1579, as he complained of "thicke mists and stynkinge fogges."

The Spanish navigators beat up and down the coast of California for about three hundred years—exploring the coast and looking for gold. They would have found gold had they ventured into the Sierras with the same disregard of danger that characterized the Spanish soldiers during their explorations in Mexico. The sailors, however, evidently felt safer on their ships than they did on land, and the soldiers in Alta California were too busy guarding the Missions to do very much exploring for gold. The placera discovered by Lopez in 1842 created no excitement; it did not cause the inhabitants of California, or any other place, to start out prospecting. No Spanish missions were ever established in California in sections contiguous to the placers or mines, or in the mountains or valleys where gold was subsequently shown to be abundant.

T. F. Cronise says, in his book, "Natural Wealth of California," 1868: "Over twenty different attempts were made to explore and take possession of California, between 1610 and 1660, under the vague, irresistible impression that it contained not only large deposits of gold, silver and pearls, but diamonds and other precious stones."

Undoubtedly, before Marshall's discovery, a considerable quantity of gold dust and bars were shipped out of the State, that were not mined in California, but were credited to the placera of this State—witness the following:

The *Alta*, on May 17, 1868, published a letter from J. J. Warner which says: "In 1834, a Spaniard named Palacios arrived in California from Guaymas. He was the agent of a merchant of that city, and he brought a considerable amount of bullion and treasure—the bullion in silver bars, and the treasure in gold dust," with which to purchase a ranch and a large stock of cattle in California.

In the same year, 1834, Jacob P. Leese arrived in California from New Mexico. He brought with him thousands of dollars' worth of placer gold. Both Palacios and Leese used the gold dust for trading, and it undoubtedly soon got into the hands of the Los Angeles merchants, who in turn sent it to Boston—or the mint at Philadelphia.

James Lick brought with him thirty thousand dollars' worth of gold from Lima, Peru, when he landed in San Francisco on January 7, 1847. The gold consisted principally of doubloons, but he undoubtedly had dust with him also.

General John Bidwell, a pioneer who crossed the plains, deserts and mountains, arrived at Sutter's Fort November 28, 1841, and entered Sutter's employ in January, 1842. In his reminiscences, "Echoes of the Past," Bidwell writes: "The first wagons were brought across the plains by the Townsend and Stevens party. Elisha Stevens claimed to have worked in the gold mines of Georgia, and he had considerable knowledge of gold mining. \* \* \* but the strange thing is, that afterwards, when Mr. Stevens passed up and down and over the country between the Bear and Yuba Rivers, as he did with a party in 1845, to bring down wagons, he should have seen no signs of gold where, subsequently, the whole country was found to contain it."

Bidwell says that "a Canadian Frenchman, named Baptiste Ruelle, formerly a trapper with the Hudson Bay Company, found gold in Los Angeles County in 1841, but it was so small it made no stir. These placers were afterwards worked by New Mexicans, with little result." Ruelle entered Sutter's employ in 1843, and showed Sutter some small particles of gold that he said he found on the American River. Neither Sutter nor Bidwell placed any confidence in Ruelle's assertion, and Sutter refused to back him for a prospecting trip. Bidwell says that after Marshall discovered gold, Ruelle went to Coloma, still protesting that he had found gold on the American River in 1843, though he did not try to find any more of it until Marshall's discovery some five years afterwards.

Bidwell also relates that in March, 1844, a Mexican named Pablo Gutierrez told him that there was gold in the Sierra Nevadas, and it was only Bidwell's lack of knowledge of the Spanish language that prevented him from backing the Mexican, who had undoubtedly discovered gold. Gutierrez was afterwards caught by the native Californians, during Governor Micheltorena's administration, and hung as a spy. He was apprehended with a letter from Sutter to the Governor.

Bidwell states that in 1845, Dr. John Townsend made an unsuccessful attempt to mine gold in the placers discovered by Ruelle, and on his return to Sutter's Fort was hired by Sutter as a bookkeeper. Bidwell also visited these placers in 1841, in the mountains twenty miles north of the Mission of San Fernando.

Continuing, he writes: "In those early California days, stories were frequently circulated to the effect that mines of gold were known to the missionaries, the knowledge having been communicated by the Indians, and that the missionaries suppressed all such information, believing mining to be adverse to the great missionary enterprises. I place no credence in it. My experience has shown me that man, under all circumstances, is thinking about or looking for gold. It was also talked that gold and silver existed in the mountains and on the seacoast at Bodega. When we reached California, the same ideas were current everywhere." (John Bidwell was, at one time, employed by Sutter to transfer the Russian possessions from Fort Ross to Sutter's Fort.)

Padre Miguel Venegas, in his "Noticia de la California," 1757, says that Viscaino was told (1602) by the Indians along the entire shore of Upper California, of large settlements in the interior, and of gold and silver.

George M. Evans, one of those who made false claims in connection with Marshall's discovery, is said by Bancroft to have been active in circulating a fictitious tale regarding a book by Loyola Cavello or Cabello, a padre at the Mission San Jose. I find that this book, entitled "Recordo en Historia el California Alta," was said to have been published in Coruna, Spain. Bancroft says (Inter Pocula): "In the first place, no such book was ever published—secondly, in 1690, and for nearly a century thereafter, there was no San Jose Mission on the bay of San Francisco—lastly, if there were such a man and such a book and such a place, there was no gold there."

I give herewith a partial list of previous records and rumors of gold being found on the Pacific Coast, north of Mexico. I do not claim that all of this list of names and dates is absolutely correct, as I have not looked up all the sources:

1719. Captain George Shelvocke (Voyage Around the World, 1719-22), is often quoted as finding gold in abundance in California. He was never in Alta California. He did visit the coasts of Mexico and Lower California, where he states that they "washed out some gold about Puerto Seguro." He writes: "They were prejudiced with the thought that it would be horrible if this metal should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with common earth—yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it, and the more we did, the more it appeared like gold. In order to be satisfied, I brought some away of it, which we lost in our confusion in China."

1756. One writer—Vanderhoff, who visited California in 1756, says: "In California, no sand can be taken up without gold being found in it." He did not take the trouble to bring home the sand.

1775. Reports upon mineral resources of the United States. Special commissioners, J. Ross Browne and James W. Taylor, Washington, D. C., 1867: "Small deposits of gold were found by Mexicans, near the Colorado River, at various times between 1775 and 1828, also later in San Diego County, and in 1802 in Monterey County."

1802. Bancroft says: "That at Alizal, near Monterey, silver is said to have been found in 1802."

1808. Old furnaces found in 1860, in California, near the Colorado River, are said to have been worked before 1808 by Mexicans smelting silver ore.

1815. Count Scala claimed that the Russians at Bodega "knew of gold in 1815." It is known that the Russians did not leave the coast, or go farther than Mt. St. Helena (1841). It is doubtful if any of them went a hundred miles into the interior. No gold has been found in Marin or Sonoma Counties, up to this writing. If it has, it is not publicly known.

1816. Through the courtesy of my friend, Charles G. Yale, I was permitted to examine a book written by his father, Gregory Yale—"Legal Titles to Mining Claims and Water Rights," San Francisco, 1867. In this book was pinned a note in the author's handwriting, with the following information, which he attributed to Humboldt: "Extract from Jamison's Mineralogy, published in Edinburgh, 1816, Vol. 3, page 13: 'On the coast of California there is a place fourteen leagues in extent, covered with an alluvial deposit in which lumps of gold are dispersed.'"

1818. Gold was found at San Isidro, now in San Diego County. It was worked very little, if at all. This is probably the place J. Ross Browne referred to.

1824. General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, in his "Historia de California," states that Captain Portilla, while camped at San Emilo, witnessed the trading of a stock of beads and trinkets, between Lieutenant Antonio del Valle and the Indians, for which del Valle was paid fourteen thousand dollars in gold.

1827. Jedediah Smith, the famous trapper and pathfinder, on his way back from California in 1827, found a quantity of gold in the Sierras (possibly Mono County) which he took back to the American Fur Company's encampment on the Green River. In 1831 he formed an expedition for the purpose of trading and



finding gold, but was killed in New Mexico by the Indians, and the expedition was abandoned. Smith was undoubtedly the first native American to cross the Sierras.

1828. M. de Morfras asserted that a man named Guanajanato discovered gold at San Isidro in San Diego County, in 1828.

1829. Jose de Jesus Pico, who was living in San Luis Obispo in 1888, asserted that Father Martinez of the Mission gave him and three fellow-soldiers twenty balls of gold weighing one ounce each, which he believed the father picked up at a place called San Jose, near the Mission.

1831. Writing to the Ministro de Relaciones in 1831, Manuel Victoria says: "There are no mines of any value in California; the pagans knew of none, and it is the opinion of experts that there are no minerals in the country."

1837. The *New Age*, published in San Francisco, in the issue of September 28, 1865, relates a romantic tale of a starving sailor, who, in 1837, was befriended by M. de Carpentier, No. 248 Rue de Faubourg, St. Honore, Paris. The sailor gave M. de Carpentier, who was a collector and had a private gallery, a piece of quartz gold. The sailor disappeared, and some fourteen years later an old letter was found amongst his effects. It was addressed to M. de Carpentier, and written only a day after he had befriended the man—and in this letter the sailor said that he had found the gold in California.

1839. Alexander Forbes, in his "History of Upper and Lower California," says: "There still prevails amongst the inhabitants of New Spain, a strong belief on the great riches of California, both in gold and pearls, but particularly the latter." He goes on to say that many expeditions were made along the coast, through the whole century, and—"there are said to be many mines of gold and silver in the peninsula (Lower California) but none are now worked unless, indeed, we may except those of San Antonio, near La Paz, which still afford a trifling supply. No minerals of particular importance have yet been discovered in Upper California, nor any ores or metals."

1839. Richard H. Dana, "Two Years Before the Mast," 1840, writes: "The Spaniards knew California was fertile," to which, of course, was added "rumors of gold mines, pearl fishery, etc." Dana wrote of gold having been obtained while he was in California, which was probably gold brought in for trading purposes, from Mexico or South America.

1841. Eugene Duflot de Morfras, the French attache of the Mexican legation, made a trip through California and Oregon,



1841-42. In his book, "Explorations of California and Oregon," he writes: "There are no minerals that can be exported from California. The only mine at present operated in this country, is a vein of virgin gold near the Mission of San Fernando, which yields about an ounce a day, of pure gold."

1841. James D. Dana, A. M., the mineralogist with the Wilkes exploration expedition, says in his "System of Mineralogy," First Edition, that he found gold near "the Sierra Nevada, on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and also between the rivers." Yet for some reason, he did not endeavor to find any quantity of it, nor did his discovery cause any rush to these sections, even after the publication in 1845 of Admiral Charles Wilkes' five volumes. Admiral Wilkes describes everything in California, from the Oregon line south, but he does not tell of any ornament of gold on any of the Indians of the Klamath, Shasta, Sacramento or Feather River districts, nor does he write of any gold being found.

1841. In 1841, Andres Castellero, who afterwards discovered the New Almaden quicksilver mine, claimed to have found some pebbles containing iron pyrites and gold, near the Santa Clara River in Ventura County.

1842. The *Century*, of February, 1891, contains an article by J. F. B. Marshall, in which he states that while he was in the employ of Pierce & Brewer, Honolulu, they received a package containing one hundred ounces of gold dust, from Thos. O. Larkin, of Monterey. It was sent to Boston, for Larkin's account, on the whaler "Braganza," Captain Waterman, and left Honolulu February 22, 1842. The consignment was addressed to the senior member of the Honolulu firm, Henry A. Pierce, Boston. J. F. B. Marshall says, "Larkin bought the gold from an Indian."

The only notable discovery of gold in Alta California, prior to Marshall's discovery, was that of Francisco Lopez, a Californian, known also as "Chico" Lopez. He had a rancho on Piru Creek, a branch of the Santa Clara River, which enters the ocean a few miles southeast of the city of San Buena Ventura. Lopez' discovery was accidental. He had been rounding up cattle on the estate of Dr. Antonio del Valle, and stopped for a rest, at the San Francisquita arroyo. With his knife he dug up some wild onions, and on the roots he found yellow specks, which he knew were gold. This occurred on March 9, 1842, at a spot about twenty miles northeast from the Mission San Fernando. Domingo Bermudaz and Manuel Cota were with Lopez at the time. The yellow

specks proved to be gold, and Lopez then formed a partnership with Charles Barec, a Frenchman, and on April 14, 1842, they applied to Governor Alvarado for a license to work these placers. They hired a number of Sonorians for twenty-five cents a day, and according to de Morfras, a countryman of Barec, the placers "yielded an ounce a day, of pure, virgin gold." No water was near the placers, so they adopted the *Cora* method of putting the sand in Indian baskets, and by throwing it up and out of the baskets, the wind would blow the sand away. They sold their gold dust in Los Angeles, in goose and vulture quills. It is said they made six or eight thousand dollars in their venture.

There was no excitement over Lopez' find, no one went out prospecting, and no other placers were developed in that section of California. These placers finally "petered" out, although they were worked at intervals until 1846.

1842. Louis R. Lull, secretary of The Society of California Pioneers, in 1867, received a letter dated July 8, 1867, from Don Abel Stearns, of Los Angeles, in which he stated that on November 22, 1842, he sent the first gold East from Los Angeles. It was sent in care of Alfred Robinson to the Philadelphia Mint, and weighed twenty ounces.

1843. At the request of Captain Sutter, Dr. Sandels, a Swedish mineralogist, accompanied by Mr. Dickey, explored as far as Chico Creek in 1843, looking for gold. They did not examine any mountains but the Buttes. They reported indications of gold, but said that unless the mountains were richer than the valleys, the mines would not pay to work.

1845. In Gregory Yale's "Legal Titles to Mining Claims and Water Rights," I find the following excerpt which Mr. Yale translated from documents published in Mexico in 1845, by Manuel Castanares, representative in Congress from the Department of Upper and Lower California: "Besides the silver mines which are found there (Department of Upper and Lower California), and various other mines that have actually yielded metals, the gold placer especially (San Fernando), is worthy of great attention, which, extending nearly thirty leagues, was discovered lately, together with mines of mineral coal. \* \* \* In December, 1843, there was in circulation about two thousand ounces of gold, which had been extracted from the above-mentioned placer. The greater part of it is destined to go to the United States."

Lopez claimed that he had found gold in 1833, on the Rancho Kamulis (Camulos). He was still alive on his ranch in 1864.

The Camulos ranch was the scene of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." I note that the last of the descendants of del Valle sold their final holdings at Camulos this month, August, 1924.

It is a liberal estimate to assume that these placers yielded, possibly, twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars in eight years, though the placers only really paid for three or five years. Some writers make the total as low as six thousand dollars. Bancroft estimates it at two thousand ounces up to the end of 1843. Another writer makes the amount obtained by Barec, forty thousand dollars, after he had bought out his partner, Lopez. It was also rumored that he obtained one hundred thousand dollars, which is just as probable as the statement that the amount was forty thousand dollars. During the winter of 1861-62, a rush started on these old placers, but the prospectors met with no success and finally gave up in the summer of 1863.

1845. B. F. Bonney, in his personal narrative related to Fred Lockley, published in Eugene, Oregon (no date), was in California in 1845. He was a boy at the time, living with his parents, who afterwards returned to and settled in Oregon. He relates that while on their way to Sutter's Fort he found, in "a California river," some gold which he gathered and gave to Doctor Gildea, one of the party, who rewarded him. He was in Oregon when the news of Marshall's discovery became known, but started for the river where he had found gold years before, only to find it being mined by others.

1845. George M. Evans relates that in San Francisco, in October or November, 1845, a Mexican named Salvador was shot, for no apparent reason except that he had a bag of gold dust. When he was dying he pointed northward and said "legos, legos," or "yonder"—meaning that to the north he had found the gold dust. Bancroft believes that this story was made out of whole cloth, and shows Evans as a trifler with the truth.

1846. The *Sacramento Union*, June 5, 1858, says: "In the fall of 1846, a party of Mormons made a contract with Captain Smith of Bodega (Marin County), to cut timber. One of the Mormons stated that he found evidences of gold a few miles from Smith's mill, and exhibited some specimens. Another portion of the party claimed to have found gold in the Stanislaus, having formed a settlement on that river after being mustered out of the United States service in July, 1847. They were ordered by their church to return to Utah to help in the harvesting, and their settlement was abandoned.

1846. The *Sacramento Union*, November 16, 1860, reprints an article from the *San Joaquin Republican*, written by Mr. Willard Buzzell, one of Stockton's pioneer citizens. Mr. Buzzell writes that in 1846, after talking with Fremont, who told him there was plenty of gold in the mountains, he prospected for gold in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but he did not find any, as he was scratching about the sand, instead of digging in places where the gold was afterwards found.

1846. Thomas O. Larkin, U. S. Consul at Monterey, in March, 1846, wrote an official letter to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, which read as follows: "There is no doubt that gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, lead, sulphur and coal mines are to be found all over California, and it is equally doubtful whether under present ownership they will ever be worked."

Larkin again wrote to Mr. Buchanan on May 4, 1846, saying that California evidently contained gold, silver, and several kinds of minerals, but that the natives were too indolent to look for it. His letter was published in Eastern newspapers, but attracted no special attention.

1846. Eugene McNamara, a young English Catholic priest, endeavored in 1846 to obtain a grant from the Mexican Government, for the purpose of bringing out a colony of Catholics. Some of the early writers claim that he knew of the existence of gold. He received permission from the local Mexican Governor to found the colony, but was refused this concession by the Mexican Government, at the City of Mexico. McNamara persisted, however, and finally obtained the desired permission, only to find the Americans in possession of California.

William Heath Davis, in his book, "Sixty Years in California," published in 1889, claimed that two of the padres at the Santa Clara Mission, told him in 1844 that they knew of the existence of gold. He kept this secret for forty-five years, until he published his book. He states that he never heard, from any other source, of gold being found in the Sacramento Valley.

J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M. D., had an interview with Captain Sutter shortly after the discovery. In his book, "Four Months Among the Gold Finders in Alta California," London, 1849, after describing Marshall's discovery, he quotes Sutter as follows: "What surprises me," continued the Captain, "is that this country should have been visited by so many scientific men, and not one of them should have stumbled over these treasures; that scores of keen-eyed trappers should have crossed this valley in every direc-



tion, and tribes of Indians have dwelt in it for centuries, and yet the gold should have never been discovered. I myself have passed the very spot a hundred times, during the last ten years, but I was just as blind as the rest of them, so I must not wonder at the discovery not having been made earlier."

It is also strange that even though the Indians saw the gold rings and ornaments of the early Spaniards and Californians, and the gold ornaments in the Missions, that they did not find gold.

In Hutchings' *California Magazine* of November, 1857, John A. Sutter says: "It is very singular that the Indians never found a piece of gold and brought it to me, as they very often did other specimens found in the ravines. I requested them continually to bring me some curiosities from the mountains for which I always recompensed them. I received animals, birds, plants, young trees, wild fruits, pipe clay, stones, red ochre, etc., but never a piece of gold."

In an article in the *Century*, of February, 1891, E. C. Kemble, who was editor of the *San Francisco Star* in 1848, tells of a trip to Sutter's Fort in April, 1848, and then, accompanied by Captain Sutter, to Coloma. Kemble tells of Marshall's gruff and evasive replies to their inquiries, and of their lack of success in finding gold. Major P. B. Reading washed out a few grains. Kemble and his party were fooled by Marshall, and on his return to San Francisco, Kemble said: "The mines are a sham, and people who have gone to them are superlatively silly." He relates that the Indians came into their camp and sat near their camp fire. "Then an old chief arose, and began to harangue the Captain (Sutter), warning him against looking for gold, which he declared was very bad medicine. He said that his ancestors had known all about it; that it existed through all the mountains, but that it belonged to a demon who devoured all who searched for it. We afterwards came to the conclusion that the early Mission fathers had learned of the existence of gold, and wishing to keep the knowledge a secret and prevent its value becoming known among their Indian catechumens, had invented this fable of the demon to work upon their superstitious fears."

Antonio Maria Osio, a native of Lower California, afterwards in the Mexican customs service at Monterey, 1828-30, wrote a manuscript, "History of California," which is now in the Bancroft Library. Bancroft quotes him as saying: "In my opinion the Franciscan fathers were too busy with conversions to ascertain whether the river sands contained gold. The recent conjectures



that they knew of gold are not probable, because the secret could not have been kept among so many."

## False Claims and Mistaken Claimants

One of the most persistent claimants to honors connected with the early gold discovery was one George M. Evans. He wrote to papers and magazines, in the fifties and later, sometimes anonymously, sometimes using his initials, and again using his full name. Bancroft proved that his statements were false. He was not near Coloma at the time of Marshall's discovery, though he claimed that "he was at the lower end of the tail-race February 9, 1848 (note the date), when Marshall's little girl picked up the first piece of gold." Marshall never was married, nor did he ever have a daughter.

Evans also claimed that he found gold near Stockton, in 1842, and again in the mountains near San Diego, in 1847; also that he mined at Mormon Island, January 19, 1848. All of these statements Bancroft has proven to be untrue. There was an Israel Evans, a Mormon, at Sutter's Mill, but he left there before the gold discovery—so Bigler says, in his diary written at Sutter's Mill, while he was working there under Marshall. In the *Calistoga Tribune*, April 11, 1872, Sam Brannan denied Evans' claims, and refused to take any further notice of them.

Welford Hudson, of Grantsville, Tool County, Utah, claimed to have been with the other Mormons at Sutter's Mill, January 24, 1848. No mention is made of him by any of the men who were there.

O. A. Olmstead was one of the most audacious claimants, but his claims were entirely unsupported.

In Tinkham's "History of Stockton," the honor of the gold discovery is claimed for Captain Sutter and Captain Charles A. Weber. Neither of these men was at Coloma at the time of the discovery. Weber did not arrive at Coloma until several weeks after.

Brigham Young claimed that the Mormons discovered gold at Mormon Island before Marshall found it at Sutter's Mill. This statement is disproved by the records of the whereabouts of all the Mormons in that vicinity during the winter of 1847-48.

James Gregson, in a manuscript statement to Bancroft, April 16, 1876, writing of the gold at Sutter's Mill, says: "It was all scale gold in that race." Gregson considered himself one of the

discoverers, although he was not at the mill at the time of Marshall's discovery. While in Coloma, he lived in Marshall's cabin, and he writes: "Marshall was then living with me and we had salt salmon and boiled wheat, and *we discoverers* of gold were living on that when gold was found and we were suffering from scurvy afterwards."

The *Sacramento Bee*, of January, 1916, prints an address by Judge W. A. Anderson, in which he states that "Charles Bennett and Philo West were present at the time Marshall discovered gold." Bennett was there, but Philo West was not there. History is very clear on that point.

The *Stockton Record*, March 28, 1919, published an interview with an old man named August Immer, who claimed that he was in Marshall's vineyard when Marshall discovered gold. Marshall did not plant his vineyard until several years after the discovery of gold. Mr. Immer was not at Coloma at the time of the discovery of gold, nor can I find his name in any of the existing records of persons who were in California in 1848-49.

A man named W. H. Johnson was written up in the *Oakland Tribune*, a few years ago, as having been at Sutter's Mill with his father at the time of the discovery. The only man named Johnson at Sutter's Mill at that time was a young Mormon about twenty years of age, unmarried, and who had been recently discharged from the Mormon Battalion.

There were numbers of others who claimed that they were present at the time of the discovery, but their assertions cannot be substantiated.

To those who say that James W. Marshall was not the discoverer of gold in California, permit me to say that Columbus did not discover America, nor did Americus Vesputius. The Norsemen and Gauls left traces of their occupancy on the north-eastern coast of North America showing that they were on this continent centuries before either Columbus or Vesputius were born.

Iceland was discovered about A. D. 860, and colonized by the Norweigians, A. D. 874; between the years A. D. 910 and 1000, they planted colonies in Greenland.

There are many historians and students of early American history who assert that the Jews, Phœnicians, Thracians and Scythians discovered and settled the west coast of Central America in biblical times.

Cabot landed on the mainland fourteen months before Columbus made his third voyage.

Portola did not discover San Francisco Bay. One of his sergeants found it. Sir Walter Raleigh was never in Virginia, and so on.

Marshall's discovery was made January 24, 1848, exactly nine days before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo between the United States and Mexico was signed on February 2, 1848. This treaty ceded California to the United States. If the Mexican War of 1846 had continued a few months, California would possibly still be a Mexican province. All authorities do not agree that the signing of this treaty and the discovery of gold were merely coincident, and that neither nation had any idea of the immense deposits of gold in California, yet there is no proof that either nation knew of any gold deposits, with the exception of those already found and worked near San Fernando.

It was Marshall's discovery in the foothills of the Sierras that was the real discovery of gold in California, a discovery that startled the civilized world; a discovery that probably caused the greatest exodus from the settled parts of the United States and other countries that the world has ever seen. Gold was mined in such quantities that California became the Mecca for the lusty manhood of the world. The gold mined in California doubtless saved the Union, as our greenbacks were not worth much at home or abroad during the Civil War, and it was California gold that bought in Europe, the needed arms, munitions and machinery which helped to preserve the Union.









Vol. 1

No. IV

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

DOLORES WALDORF BRYANT

*Assistant Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DECEMBER 31, 1924



QUARTERLY  
of  
The Society of California Pioneers

---

CONTENTS

---

	Page
Before the Steamer.....	7
The Rush of '49.....	10
List of Passenger Ships Arriving from March to December, 1849.....	36



THE SIDE-WHEELER "CALIFORNIA," FIRST STEAMSHIP TO ENTER THE GOLDEN GATE, FEBRUARY 28, 1849.



## Before The Steamer

---

A ghostly ship, sails trimmed to a soft breeze, stole warily through the Golden Gate on the night of August 11, 1775, while shadowy seamen "heaved lead" from her bow and sides. When dawn wakened the birds on Alcatraz and warmed the yellow hills, the packet "San Carlos" was revealed at anchor, first vessel to enter San Francisco Bay.

Forty days and nights were spent in surveying the bush-bordered coves and rocky shores. Then Lieutenant Ayala, commander, turned the "San Carlos" towards the sea and sailed south to Monterey where he obtained audience with Junipero Serra and said:

"It is not a harbor but a multitude of harbors in which all the navies of Spain could play hide and seek!"

Fourteen years later the ships of the *Americano*, cruising curiously up the coast, began to worry Pedro Fages, governor of Alta California, and he wrote the following letter to Josef Arguello, commandant of the Presidio at San Francisco:

"Whenever there may arrive at the port of San Francisco a ship named the 'Columbia,' said to belong to General Washington of the American States, commanded by John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston, September 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery to the Russian establishment on the northern coast of this peninsula, you will cause the said vessel to be examined with caution and delicacy, using for this purpose a small boat, which you have in your possession, and taking the same measure with every other suspicious foreign vessel, giving me prompt notice on the same. May God preserve your life many years.

"PEDRO FAGES"

Santa Barbara,  
May 13, 1789,  
to Josef Arguello.

The commandant continued to obey those orders. In 1803 Captain John Brown of the "Alexander," who had spent some time in the harbor during March, appeared again in August. Arguello ordered him to leave. The "Alexander's" super-cargo, James Rowan, heard Brown's version of the story and wrote an eloquent appeal to Arguello. If the commandant only knew of the suffering and misfortune that had followed the "Alexander" on her journey! With food, water and wood all but gone, and no way to land along the coast because of the savage Indians who waited to attack them, they had put in at San Francisco through

desperation. If the commandant would come aboard and see the terrible conditions owing to the lack of food and water!

The letter ended: “. . . trusting in your Christian charity and that of your nation, we hope to be permitted to remain in this port the time necessary to obtain supplies and make repairs, since otherwise we will certainly lose our ship.

“God preserve your life many years.

“JAMES ROWAN.”

The quality of the commandant's heart is lost to history, for there the story ends. But the attitude of the Spanish officers must have changed, for in 1822 Captain John Hall wrote detailed directions for all vessels making ports on the California coast. His advice concerning the whims of the tides in San Francisco Bay was:

“Great attention must be paid to tides, which, during the full and change of the moon, run very rapid, and, I should think, in mid channel, at the rate of six miles per hour. A vessel going in would do well to keep in the middle of the stream. After getting in the heads, keep Fort Blanco about a point on the starboard bow. Passing the fort, the anchorage is situated in a small bay, immediately abreast of the Presidio, where a vessel will find good holding ground in 5 fathoms, about a cable's length from the beach.”

The brig “Pilgrim” anchored in the bay during December 1835, and a member of the crew, Richard Dana, wrote in his famous journal:

“. . . a newly begun settlement, mostly of Yankee Californians, called Yerba Buena, which promises well. Here at anchor, and the only vessel, was a brig under Russian colors, from Asitka in Russian America, which had come down to winter, and to take in a supply of tallow and grain, great quantities of which latter article are raised in the missions at the head of the Bay.”

The two vessels spent Christmas in the harbor and the rain beat down upon them. Deer huddled under the trees on Wood Island, called Isla de los Angeles by the Spaniards. Men off the “Pilgrim,” ashore getting wood from the island groves, lit fires on the beach and gathered close to the coals. They spent a week chopping between showers and the ship stored up a year's supply of wood. Then one night with the stars twinkling coldly far above, the “Pilgrim” took in her anchor and went sailing out to sea.

Shipping was never a frenzied affair in those days. Two or three boats was commerce enough. Whalers and craft in search of tallow, hides or grain were the principal visitors. At one time

during 1835, seven whalers rested off Sausalito. They used to lie in the cove taking on water and making repairs.

Eleven years more dawned and waned above the restless waters, and a passenger ship entered the harbor. The "Brooklyn" with 238 Mormons came to anchor July 31, 1846, just 22 days after the American flag had first lifted to the breeze over San Francisco's herb-grown plaza. The following March the "Thomas H. Perkins," "Loo Choo" and "Susan Drew" came one by one into the waters between Alcatraz and the cove, and Stevenson's regiment was landed.

The first steamboat appeared on the bay in October 1847. The "Sitka" was built as a pleasure boat for Russian officers at Sitka. She was a regular leviathan, 37 feet long, 9 feet in breadth and drew 18 inches of water. W. A. Leidesdorff bought her on one of his northern trips and had her taken on board the "Naslednik," bound for San Francisco. The "Sitka" rounded Wood Island on her first voyage in the bay, and then with 12 on board, including crew, made the journey to Sacramento in 6 days and 7 hours. They say an ox team beat her on the south-bound trip and that Leidesdorff ordered the machinery removed at once. At any rate she became a sloop and went down in a bay gale the following February.

In 1847, W. S. Clark built a small wharf off Clark's Point where deep water came up to the rocks. His pile-driver was 1200 pounds of pig iron from a whaler in Sausalito cove. It was lifted by windlass and the sunny beach echoed to the dull pounding of the clumsy machine.

In October 1848, the brig "Belfast" discharged her cargo at this wharf, now Broadway and Battery. She was the first to do without lighters. The little Clay Street wharf, landing place for small boats, was still used and work had been started towards filling in the Jackson Street lagoon.

That gives us San Francisco's waterfront in 1848, the year that a brusque and bearded man named Marshall found a glittering chispa in the tail-race of a new-made sawmill.

For a little while San Francisco Bay and the beach were as languid and free of clutter as they had ever been. But the secret that was to have been kept until John Sutter's crops were in, drifted south in whispers from man to man and down the river until one day Sam Brannan, returning from the mill country, leapt ashore and raced through the mud of Montgomery Street, crying:

"Gold, gold, GOLD!"

And the great rush was on.

## The Rush of '49

---

There was an element of well-placed drama in the great gold rush of 1849. It began just as the first American steamship line went into service on the Pacific. But California's new-found gold had nothing to do with the organization of the Pacific Mail.

The agitation for mail service to the American territories on the Pacific began in the early forties, about the time the British line started operations along the South American coast from Valparaiso to Panama. It reached definite action in Congress, March 3, 1847, when a steamer mail service was authorized to operate bi-monthly between Astoria, Oregon, and Panama, touching at various ports on the way. The line was organized April 12, 1848, and was to have three side-wheel steamers.

Whispers of the great discovery had begun to travel through the States when the "California," first of the steamers, left New York harbor on October 5, 1848. But the two or three passengers on board were bound for South American ports and even the crew were inclined to smile wryly at the stories.

But rumors kept seeping in upon the cities of the East. They came in letters and by word of returning sailors who had heard the waterfront gossip in strange ports. People began to wonder if there wasn't something in it after all. Numbers of them took passage on the "Panama" and left November 7, 1848. But this second steamer struck heavy weather off the Bermudas, blew out a cylinder head on the fourteenth and put back to New York under canvas. One of the seamen said she was so poorly rigged that she was ill-used by the seas, and dragged drearily into port just as the "Falcon," filled with hopeful passengers, steamed out for Chagres. The "Oregon," cruising down the bay on a trial trip, passed her crippled sister and cheered the "Falcon."

On December 10, ten days after the "Falcon" left port, President Polk's message to Congress gave confirmation to the wildest statements on the gold discovery. It contained Mason's report, told of the specimens and cited various definite finds.

The "Falcon" landed her human load at Chagres and returned. Other ships followed, riding down the heaving seas under sail and steam. Day by day the hordes increased. Those from the "Falcon," having seen and touched dust and nuggets in the possession of a hotel man at Panama, were as weary of the 25-day

wait as the hundreds, who after reading the President's message had taken passage on the first boat to sail.

They waited through the long days and hot nights, watched the silly lizards scamper over the sunny walls of Panama and listened to the ceaseless calling of the bells.

There were false hopes and clouds that looked like smoke, but one day a faraway line of smoke did rise from the uneasy horizon. The "California"! It was a clamouring mob that surged down the beach as the side-wheeler anchored offshore and placidly sent in boats for mail from the "Falcon."

Remember that all this government talk of gold discoveries, and the subsequent madness on the part of a free, thinking people had taken place while the "California" was steaming through calm and storm, frozen straits and tropic seas. She might have been cruising through the waters of another world for all she knew of Marshall's luck until February 1, 1849, when, loaded to capacity, packed with eager, almost hysterical human beings, she left Panama for San Francisco.

Twenty-seven days later she was sighted off Loma Alta, later called Telegraph Hill. News of the first steamer went shouting down the hill and through the fevered, tented town. Every minute increased the cheering, flag-and-coat-waving crowd of figures on the beach.

The two or three men-o'-war in the harbor boomed salutes as the "California's" prow peered slowly around Clark's Point. Her decks hidden by curious, almost awe-stricken passengers, she slipped past the battle boats, whose seamen swarmed shouting in the yards. From the faraway shore came cries of welcome and small boats put out from pier and beach.

Hardly had the "California's" anchor found holding ground when the boats gathered alongside, the oarsmen shouting that there was more than a million a month at the mines. For already the passengers were asking if it was true about the gold. That night San Francisco was bright with the lights of lamp and torch, and the crack of pistol shots spattered in celebration.

A few days and the passengers were hurrying to the mines, followed by the crew who left the steamer to ride the waters in lonely splendor. It was weeks before she could find men enough to set out on her regular mail route.

But that was a gold rush *de luxe* compared to the fleet of ships that followed through the year. Steamers at their worst were better than the best of sailing craft. Large, built for comfort to



the passenger, well stocked with food, they were soon in port and out again for another load.

The "McKim" and "Senator" followed the first three steamers to the Pacific, taking their places in the shuttle of side-wheelers that ran up and down the coast. During the last ten months of 1849 the five steamers landed 3,959 passengers at San Francisco. The "California" cut down her initial trip of 28 days to an average of 22 and 23 days. The "Oregon" generally made the run in 20 or 21 days, but the "Panama" set the record with 17 days on her first run. Then, having established a name for speed she settled back to the same average as that of the "Oregon."

Steamer fares from New York to Chagres were \$150; from Chagres to Panama, \$20; Panama to San Francisco \$250. The run from Chagres to Panama was made in canoes, small steamer or row boats to Gorgona and on muleback from that village to Panama. With the fares alone amounting to \$420 a head, it isn't hard to understand why most of the adventure-seeking boys came West under sail. It was almost impossible to make direct connections with a steamer at Panama and there were hotel charges to be paid on top of transportation costs.

Sometimes whole families came West on the steamers. Others sent for the wife and children a year later. But those whose purse had limits took passage aboard the sailing craft and came by devious ways. There was the trip around the Horn, the journey across Panama or one overland from Vera Cruz to San Blas or Mazatlan. The first two carried the bulk of gold hunters.

It was a romantic rush, set to music, even though bitterness and suffering came later into the lives of many. Very early in '49 "The California Immigrant" began liting its way around the world. Gold-seekers by the thousands sang as they went down to the sea. They sang as they rode into the dry plains of the Middle West—but this is not the story of the prairie schooner.

This is a tale of the sea, a moody, merciless world of uneasy waters, where the wraiths of thirst and starvation came to roost in the mastheads as men stared at each other over rotting food, where the creaking, ill-smelling boats were hated prisons and a sail upon the horizon was like a call from home.

Jonathan Nichols, credited as the originator of "The California Immigrant," sailed for California on the "Eliza," December 21, 1848, with the words of a new song on his lips. The story goes that Johnny Nichols, a Salem boy, was given a farewell banquet by Henry Cogswell, Henry J. Cross and G. L.

Streeter. In those days rhyming was quite the fad and the three young fellows sat down to make a song for the occasion. "O Susanna" was a popular tune, so after considerable argument and humming they wrote eight verses to the swing of it. The eight were neatly copied and given to Johnny while the trio sang them with much feeling. Four of the verses have survived:

#### THE CALIFORNIA IMMIGRANT

##### I

I came from Salem City,  
With my wash bowl on my knee,  
I'm going to California,  
The gold dust for to see.  
It rained all night the day I left,  
The weather it was dry.  
The sun so hot I froze to death.  
Oh, brothers, don't you ery.

##### CHORUS

Oh, California,  
That's the land for me;  
I'm going to Sacramento  
With my wash bowl on my knee.

##### II

I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship,  
And traveled on the sea,  
And every time I thought of home  
I wished it wasn't me;  
The vessel reared like any horse  
That had of oats a wealth;  
I found it wouldn't throw me, so  
I thought I'd throw myself.

##### CHORUS

##### III

I thought of all the pleasant times  
We've had together here,  
I thought I ort to cry a bit,  
But couldn't find a tear.  
The pilot bread was in my mouth,  
The gold dust in my eye,  
And though I'm going far away—  
Dear brothers, don't you cry.

##### CHORUS

##### IV

I soon shall be in San Francisco,  
And then I'll look all around,  
And when I see the gold lumps there  
I'll pick them off the ground.  
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,  
I'll drain the rivers dry;  
A pocket full of rocks bring home,  
So brothers, don't you cry.

This song crossed the Atlantic with an English writer on his return from the mines and appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. It was sung at the Straits, at Talcahuana and Valparaiso. It echoed through the Sierra canyons and the gambling halls of San Francisco.

From England, France and Germany, from Norway, Denmark and frozen Russia, the ships came sailing. But it is the rush from the Atlantic States that particularly interests us. By December 1848, ships were leaving daily, slipping through the dark and icy waters of the wintry harbors. There were boats

that had slept in the mud for many a season; there were river boats and whalers, freighters made over with cabins set up between decks, boats that yet reeked of strange cargoes and stranger lands. And still the hordes crowded to the wharves crying for more ships.

Sometimes the passengers owned the boat, having organized into a mining company. There were hundreds of such companies formed in brave enthusiasm. Most of them broke up in San Francisco Bay. Sometimes the boat belonged to the captain or to an Eastern capitalist.

Those captains were a motley crew; many of them wise and good, mastering the seas though their craft were wallowing tubs. There were captains who came back from retirement; captains who never carried passengers before and fought continually with the unhappy landlubbers. There were captains, too, who got drunk in heavy seas and slept loudly while the ship was beaten by the waves. One master was forever putting members of the crew in irons. He hired, put in irons and fired four first mates on one trip around Cape Horn.

But while the rush was in its first great year the adventure-seeking boys and gold-hungry men thought very little of seaworthy ships and captains. The papers published lists of boats sailing and the first to leave was the one every man wanted. While they were waiting they squandered money on marvelous mining and gold-washing machines. They bought whistles for signaling each other in case the wild Indians attacked them at the mines; and laid in three years' supply of tinned foods and pilot bread that rotted to loathsomeness before the Horn was sighted. Red shirts and high boots were tried on and in some cases worn all during the long months to California.

Most of the immigrants of '49 were boys and men under thirty. Boys who had been too young to fight in Mexico had now come to the age of independence. There was no war to cloak them in glory, no prospects but beginners' jobs down at the village store or in the lonely cities. One can imagine that the stories of California's gold found them hot and ready to be off.

The boyish penmanship of long ago, now fading on yellowed paper, tells in thick journals, written at sea, of the great preparations in New England villages when the boys set out for the mines. The goodbyes to the fellows at the store, village meeting place; the tender and tearful farewell of mother, the envious small brother, the big dinners at an uncle's house with a family reunion. Then the ride down to New Bedford, New York, Nan-

tucket—any one of the numberless ports. Sometimes an elderly relative, unable to make the journey, but envying them the great adventure, would help the boys purchase supplies. "Mr. Good-year's rubber tents and coats" had just come into the market and thousands of them traveled West. There is later mention of a man sending up prayers of thanks to "Mr. Goodyear" for a rubber tent that covered him in a tropical storm on the Isthmus.

Firearms were considered part of the correct attire for a California miner. And the boys of '49 had to be correct, just like the boys of any day. So they bought pistols at \$14.00 a pair, a revolver apiece at a scandalous price not given, gold sieves, bellows, smelters for gold and quantities of medicines. One cautious company bought \$130 worth of medicine, including one gross of Pulmonary Balsaam at \$36. Another took the frame of a two-story house, a \$500 boat and several mining machines.

Then there was life insurance to attend to. The American companies very soon shut down on California insurance, for the risks were great and their books were loaded. For a time the English companies took on California risks, but they were soon swamped and shut down. There is a story that many of the policies carried clauses declaring that one night spent in Chagres, a fatal fever port in those days, would invalidate the policy.

When all the purchasing of supplies and the farewell banquets were done, the boys spent hours down on the wharf watching the carpenters finish work on their ships. This last minute carpentry was frequently poorly done, what with passengers shouting for speed and an early sailing date.

At last the day would arrive, the loads of baggage and equipment would be heaped on deck ready to be stored away by the owners, and the crowds would gather on the wharf to cheer the gold hunters out of the harbor. People were late, even to taking ship for the gold fields, and many a '49er had to ride out on the pilot boat, frantically waving to the stern of the outbound ship.

Before January 1849, had ended, ninety vessels had sailed out of Atlantic ports, seventy were ready, and more than 8,000 men were on the way. The first boat recorded in the San Francisco list kept during 1849 by Edward A. King, Harbor Master, was the "Mary & Ellen," out of Salem, and the last was the "Ann Perry," also out of Salem, 184 days in transit. Experiences on board one vessel were much like those on another, so that the following is in no way an exaggeration or an account of the unusual. It has been taken from four daily journals, kept during voyages on as many different ships, and some fifteen books and





VESSELS ABANDONED IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR DURING THE GOLD RUSH.



biographies written shortly after the authors had arrived or from notes made on the way.

---

## THE VOYAGE AROUND SOUTH AMERICA

They were a sad lot the first two or three days at sea. The majority of them had never been out beyond sight of land before and the waves hit them hard. Sick and pale, they put away their arsenals of pistols, revolvers, rifles, dirks, slung shots and bowie knives and settled down to wondering if it was ever going to be calm again.

It was a sudden change of environment for many of the boys. They came from homes where mothers and sisters catered to their comforts, where everyone cared and one's tastes were considered. But as the land heaved beyond the horizon, a great loneliness came. They found themselves amongst people whose own discomforts and ailments took all their time and interest. Every man for himself was the code.

One boy, taken violently seasick, called the steward and ordered porridge. He waited many hours but no porridge arrived. Then he discovered that the steward had gone to sleep. Seasickness turned to homesickness.

Down off Hatteras storms awaited. The whine of the wind, the hiss and lash of the waves, the heaving and the creaking of the ship added terror to both seasickness and the ache for home. Sometimes the men and boys down in the steerage were locked beneath the hatches. In one case a hatch leaked in salty waterfalls at every surge of the waves. The steerage passengers began cutting through to the cabin and the cabin protested. So the captain ordered the steerage out and as many as could crowded into the cabin while the rest huddled on deck, holding tight to anything that was fastened down.

The first homeward bound boat to be passed was always an irritant to homesickness. Sometimes a mast floated by about the same time and made the gold seekers think of Davy Jones. It was rather a relief to find that the food was bad. It gave them something safe to think about.

The first signs of discontent arose when the passengers discovered that the coffee was bad. That meant the end of seasickness and the beginning of a four to five months battle. Home increased in perfection as the corn cake failed and the salt junk got saltier. Objects supposed to be biscuits, and black tea were bad enough, but one boy was in the midst of tragedy when a

sudden sea broke a bottle of raspberry syrup that mother had given him.

The journals are full of broken thoughts: the "Chinese man-o-war" that floated by, looking the "size of a pineapple" and "like a lobster with a hog's bladder on his back." One day the duff pudding was good and then: "Mondays we have baked beans for dinner." Indicating that a schedule had been set and the passengers were checking up.

The Bible mother gave her boy (and there were thousands of such gifts), began to have dog-ears and thumbled pages. A sail was sighted, and a porpoise. There was a calm; passengers went over the side to swim until sharks cut the water hungrily. Someone speared one of the man-eaters with pork for a bait. This brought cheers and the boys felt revived.

"My appetite is pretty good," wrote a gold hunter, "That is it would be if I was at home where I could get something good to eat."

The "living" of the California-bound vessels was handled sometimes by the captain or a regular steward and sometimes by a passenger traveling as "super-cargo." In either case there was trouble enough. Discussion of the subject became pointed and direct. Sometimes dissatisfaction brought on a vote, as in the case of onions vs. no onions for the lobsouse. The vote was in the negative, so the lobsouse, a sort of boiled hash with ship's bread, went onionless for the voyage.

No doubt there were boats with excellent "living" but in the records it is always the "other ship," the one with the good captain. Generally a vessel whose passengers row over for a visit during a calm, or one at anchor in a South American port for a few days to take on fresh water.

The lobsouse used to develop amazing properties as the days became months. The pork and beef strengthened and the ship's bread, crumbling like ground glass, was full of worms. It was dropped into the lobsouse after the meat had cooked through. The boiled water was soon covered with worms which were deftly skimmed from the top before serving the meal. According to one of the diners "it was a good dish if you did not see the cook prepare it."

There were days when the passengers played games and cards, sheared each others hair, boxed, matched at checkers, sewed clumsily, spliced rope with an old sailor for instructor, sang and told stories. They fished for sharks; and sometimes a whale was sighted, as he rose and plunged down into the surging sea.

Then a vessel would appear, near enough to be spoken and the captain would shout through cupped hands:

"Ahoy, ahoy, where are you from?"

Far across the water a dragging, chanting voice would cry the home port.

"Where are you bound?"

"To Tampico, do you want anything?"

Sometimes it was wood or potatoes. Sometimes the passengers of one boat would row across to the other with letters.

Another day and need of clean clothes. The method was ingenious. The clothes were soaped and put down on deck where the industrious passenger stamped on them until they looked clean.

The days crept into sunset and others followed, bringing nothing but heaving water and infinite sky. Suddenly a sail was sighted on the rim of things. Slowly it approached. Passengers came aboard to visit. Some of them were from the home town. For a little while there was talk of familiar faces at home and the strange new land beyond. Then they returned to their ship and the two vessels drifted apart.

There would come a calm and the men jiggered on deck while the few ladies aboard watched them. An eclipse of the moon helped out for a time and then the captain, taken in a friendly mood, played tuneful airs on his "Spanish instrument." There was a wonderful day with baked potatoes and a little butter connived from the steward.

The inevitable slump came next morning: "It was a hard old breakfast."

Sickness fell on the ship as she drew near the Equator. A man fell from the upper to the lower deck. It happened often in the choppy seas. The heat was oppressive. The days were long and dreary. Someone flew a kite and a number of boys took a bath by standing, each in his turn inside a barrel and being showered with pails full of salt water.

Neptune came on board at the Equator. He never failed unless there was a storm. He is described as "the gentleman who shaves all those who never crossed the 'Line' or Equator before." Old Neptune wore a ragged costume and false whiskers. Those who failed to answer as he called the names were sentenced to pay a forfeit; sometimes two bottles of brandy at the next port. (That would be Rio.) Those who answered were showered with water and soap suds; then shaved with a shingle.

A ship was sighted. They had just fifteen minutes to write letters home. The mate was bawling: "Hurry up!" There was a

nervous scratching of pens, the quick breathing of excitement. Letters were jammed into envelopes, hastily sealed and handed to the men waiting in the boat. One fellow who had his letter ready before a boat was even sighted, swung his hat gloatingly, and lost the letter overboard. Some of the boys began to wonder if they had sealed their letters tight enough. Would they reach home safely?

Many a dog went to the gold rush. One boat had six of them. Every time the boys took to cheering and singing the dogs began to fight. They did it nearly every day on the way to "El Dorado."

One of the boys, whose journal remains, celebrated his 22nd birthday between Rio and home. There was a storm, too; the wind blew away the jib, boom, flying jib and spit-sail yard. But he thought of next year and his pockets "full of the needful." It gave him courage.

The long days at sea were wearing on everyone as Rio became a matter of days. Everyone was quick to anger. One fight between a captain and a passenger started over molasses to sweeten a glass of water. The passenger asked the cabin boy to get the molasses. The boy refused and the passenger went into the galley after it. The steward tried to stop him, failed and ran to tell the captain, who raced down, clapped the passenger three or four times on either side of his head and the battle was on.

Suddenly the fever of Rio swept over the ship. Everyone took to blacking boots, shaving, mending, brushing clothes and making sacks for fruit.

First an orange was sighted in the water. Then the rocky mountains of the Brazilian coast rose out of the sea. "Boobies" swarmed around the ship, darted down for fish or sailed insolently by, perched on boards and sticks that rode the waves.

The coast rose—grew larger. Oranges, lemons and cocoanuts floated on the water. The ship spoke other vessels as they came out of the harbor, bound for California.

All at once the forts and the convents came in sight; then great Sugar Loaf loomed before them and a harbor thick with the masts of many ships. Beyond rose the Emperor's massive palace. Small boats scurried out from the beach.

The last minutes of waiting were impatient ones after the past two months at sea. But the Brazilian customs officers were deliberate souls. At last they were done and the health officials declared the ship safe while passengers swung down to the waiting boats.

They were commanded by natives and manned by slaves. None of them wore more than a short skirt or a breech cloth and

the boys from New England marveled at the scanty costumes. The slaves, long armed and powerful as baboons, wore rings around their necks, carried flour barrels on their heads and called out in a foreign tongue as they wound through the crowds on the waterfront.

So many California bound ships had come in to Rio harbor that fruit prices had gone up and native merchants were filling their treasure chests. Negro merchants shouted their wares in the public square (one boy called it a "common") and the women slaves shuffled by with great tubs of water on their heads. An inquisitive youngster discovered that it took four pails to fill one of these tubs.

There were many things to see in Rio—strange things. There were the great churches, glittering with gold and silver images and ornate interior carvings. There were the colorful markets with melons, bananas, oranges, lemons, squawking parrots, chattering monkeys and screaming macaws. There was the haggling over money, for the natives would deduct twenty-five per cent from the value of foreign moneys. Their coin was in copper "dumps," worth about two cents. They had a "half dump" and bills valued from ten cents to two dollars.

Mealtime found most of the boys at the Phoenix or some other hotel putting away beefsteak, potatoes, coffee and real bread. That tended to, there were the fountains and the aqueduct to see. It was something of a sight to look out on the harbor where 47 vessels lay at anchor during one week in April, 1849. Practically every man of the 5,000 passengers they represented was on shore. Among them were some off the "Phoenix", back from California with news of "gold enough and plenty fighting."

Across the harbor, an eight mile ride in a small steamer, was Rio Grande, the residence district. Four dumps fare to get there, and what a meal afterwards at the "Coffee Hotel"! Food for gourmands! There were orange groves, too, where they were told to take all they could eat. Down on the plaza fireworks were blazing in honor of some saint or patriot and slave girls paraded with baskets of flowers.

Back in Rio that night, many of the "Californians" got drunk but the rest ate some more good land food and slept on mattresses that didn't toss all through their dreams.

There followed several days of sightseeing, of climbing Telegraph Hill where soldiers stood guard, signaling by flags to the forts when a vessel was sighted; of watching a slave girl climb up the steep cliffs with a tub of water on her head and a baby on



her back; of riding nine miles up the river to a little town and then six miles through the woods to a garden in a valley at the foot of high hills.

The Emperor's garden was a sight that few gold hunters missed, for they were given all the fruit they could carry and allowed to touch oranges as "large as a child's head", "lemons as big as saucers", and tropical flowers of every color.

Sailing day came quickly and each man brought aboard his idea of supplies for the journey into the Pacific. There was a boy who bought 12 pounds of sugar at 6 cents a pound, a 60 cent tin of preserves, 100 oranges at 34 cents a dozen, and a bottle of honey for 25 cents. In fact one bit of a sailing boat went out of Rio harbor in April 1849 with 25,000 oranges on board, 5,000 owned by the ship and the rest belonging to the passengers.

Each captain that sailed out of Rio had to learn the password before clearing. On one occasion the word was "Johana", which was given to the lower fort when the sentry hailed her. The "Savannah", man-o-war, glided grandly into the harbor one day in April and both of the forts gave her twenty-one guns.

But that was all beyond the rim in a very short while and a storm played with the ship. She lurched and dived until there were no diners left at the tables and the dishes were "used up completely."

Once more the dreadful days were on the ship. A calm followed the storm. Someone thought to snare birds and someone else kept the eyes of a shark, preserving them in alcohol. The steerage passengers made a great rumpus one night, shouting and cheering down below. The captain, feeling a bit peevish, lumbered down to bawl for silence. There wasn't a sound but the creak of the boat and a clinking as the lamps swung with the surge. Then the captain turned; someone groaned. The skipper's feelings were very much wrought up. "He said a great deal to them, so much that the passengers were very much disappointed in him," ran the comment. Next day the cabin boy found a letter on the stairs. But the captain would not read it and overboard it went.

Sometimes the crew and the captain quarreled. Men were tied in the rigging or put in irons. One captain put into port at Montevideo and sent twelve men back in irons for mutiny.

The days grew shorter. The monotony of the shifting waves made trouble; quarrels over missing money, over food and quarters. The weather was threatening with storms. "Above were clouds hurrying as from a fallen world" wrote an observing boy.

Everything seemed in frantic motion, rushing towards the endless rim. The sea heaved in great caverns and glistening peaks. A man had to cling to his berth with both hands to keep from being thrown to the floor. The deck was washed with violent, almost vengeful seas.

Debating societies were formed in an effort to keep minds in cheerful key. "Will the discovery of gold be beneficial to the United States?" was decided in the affirmative. But the question: "Was the manner in which our forefathers treated the aborigines justifiable?" went to the negative debaters.

Water began to get short. "I feel as if I should like a meal of good victuals" was the plaintive entry for the day. Another debate gave several hours to the proposition: "Does the abolishment of capital punishment tend to abate crime?" The negative won. Storms became more frequent as they neared the Horn.

"I should like right well to be home and see the verdure on my own native hills," wrote one boy after he had spent a good part of the day threading needles for the sail maker. There had also been a great sea that washed everyone to the other side of the ship. It hadn't been at all comfortable.

Another debate: "Which is the more pleasant, anticipation or realization." That wasn't decided. The question of making way to the Pacific drove it from their thoughts. There were three roads to the west; the straits of Magellan, the straits of La Marie or the route around the end of Staten Land.

The wind was stiff and bitter. Sometimes it blew the little ships far down until they must make the journey around Staten Land. La Marie was a strip of water twelve miles wide, with Staten Land on the left. One boat made it through at a twelve knot speed, with three knots of tide going against her. There was a cold howling in the masts, bleak and direful.

It was uncanny to awake in the black and early morning and hear the tramp of sailors' feet and the sound of hailstones beating on the deck above. Bad enough to look out on the ugly churning waters without having a captain try to save on food, even if he was afraid it wouldn't hold out until Talcahuana.

There was the molasses . . . "one pint . . . would make a man drunk and so black it would make a chalk mark on a negro." No wonder the boys were more homesick than ever. Sometimes they had a month of it, battling through to the Pacific. One boat was "winter bound" three months. Days would be passed in the little harbors, where a boat or two would huddle against the driving

storm. Even a trapped albatross, measuring ten feet from tip to tip, didn't cheer things up.

Home looked so good: "Would to God that I may be able to repay in part to my parents for the Kindness they have shown to me in times past."

The world seemed full of whining things that rushed among the shrouds. It was cold and white. The food began to rot. At night rockets would arc their way into the black and fade. In the midst of this fearful time, the captain decided to cut the meals from three to two. The short days were his excuse, but the boys voted him down and they had porpoise for dinner.

There was the boy who caught an albatross, wrote on a strip of leather the latitude, longitude, number of days from home, name of ship and captain, number of passengers and destination; tied the leather on the big bird's leg and set the surprised creature free.

Freaks of the whimsical winds would sometimes bring a calm to the stormy seas along the shores of Staten Land. That meant days added to the journey towards Talcahuana and the passengers would go on three quarts of water a day. Often enough the previous storms had set the barrels in the hold to leaking. One ship lost 25 barrels of water before the calamity was discovered.

But even the calm had its compensations in great billowing clouds that piled high in the heavens, turning red with the angry sun as night drew near. There were days of waiting, with breakfast and supper by uneasy candle light. Then a restlessness ran through the sea, the ship began to lumber at anchorage.

One day a sailor, sprawled out along the bowsprit rope with a harpoon poised for a porpoise, was caught by a sudden lurch of the vessel and thrown neatly into the black and icy water. Ten minutes later he was aboard, due to his ability as a swimmer and some fast work by the other seamen. But the man was so exhausted by that brief and terrifying tussle with the waves that he collapsed after removing one boot.

Many captains thought of the Straits of Magellan with awe, almost fear. But one debonair skipper, commander of a regular floating nut shell, called the straits "that crick". A howling gale drove him into the "Harbor of Mercy" a short time later and he was mighty careful about coming out again. Those small harbors, crowded up against the white cliffs of that southern land, with the screaming sea birds forever circling about them, were protecting havens to many a wave-battered boat. Three or four ships would

scuttle into quiet waters and exchange newspapers, gossip of the sea ports—sometimes shift passengers.'

During April, 1849, the "Panama" steamed through the straits, paying little attention to wind or seas. A captain, peering out from a safe harbor, spoke the "Panama" and offered \$500 to the steamer's commander if he'd tow the vessel through the straits. The master of the "Panama" refused, saying he had no authority to act.

But the Straits of Magellan, of La Marie and the waters below Staten Land finally found the Pacific and the weary ships headed north.

"No one who has not the experience knows the anxiety of passengers on a long voyage," wrote a weary traveler as they left the Cape.

The rough weather and the seeming endlessness of the journey wore on fear-torn nerves as the months passed. The ride up the Pacific to Talcahuana saw many a quarrel at breakfast, heard many an outburst of profanity as food was pushed away or eaten in disgusted haste. Water dwindled to scant rations and the dishes had to be washed in salt water. The galley was slush and unpleasant odors. At every lurch of the ship, dish water would splash in miniature seas.

It was just about this stage of the journey that the food stores really moulded and rotted. Especially if some Eastern contractor had made money on the cases packed in the bottom of the hold.

One night the boys and men compared pictures of home folks. Sisters, sweethearts, brothers and parents were shown about in tintype and daguerrotype. They told of homes in green hills, of fishing ponds and swimming holes, of all the beloved spots so far away. That night one homesick lad wrote: "I should like to see home now and catch a smell of new mown hay."

Talcahuana loomed just beyond the horizon. Once more boots were polished, clothes mended and coats brushed. There was a general shaving and hair cutting. Less attention was paid to the food. The steward and the cabin boy had a fight, kicked each others shins, pulled hair and felt better.

Then the coast of Chili with dancing lights. Anybody could stand hard bread and molasses with land coming at the dawn. There were letters to write, for Talcahuana was a short ride from Valparaiso where British steamers came for mail. And in the midst of all this a dog, prancing foolishly on the deck, fell overboard with terrified yelping. A boat went down the side and he was saved.



Sunrise brought thousands of screaming birds, revealed a mast-ridden harbor, almost locked in the clasp of green hills where toy cattle, sheep and horses grazed and a man plowed up and down behind a team of oxen.

Talcahuana generally had news three months later from California. In June 1849 the seaport town had sent 200 buildings to California, and had orders for 600 more, small frame affairs, fourteen by eighteen feet. The merchants said that California was to be the great center from which the whole of the western world was to be benefited. And the gold hunters forgot the weary days behind them. "California, by jingo!" was their cry. The natives gave them plenty of room on the street.

The little town with its clay huts and queer customs was a sort of clearing port for all undesirable passengers and captains. Sometimes a master was left with his drink-crazed phantasies. Sometimes a trouble-making passenger found a ship that looked better. Meat and other supplies were taken on. The passengers stocked up once more on sweet things and left much money in Talcahuana.

Once out of port, salt horse and hard bread soon followed the fresh meat and vegetables that lasted for a few days. Dysentery hit many passengers about this time. Those in the steerage suffered agonies for days. Death was not unusual and the seas often took a canvas covered, lead burdened body while faces above peered over the sides in sorrow and fear. There was one case of a dying man begging the captain to carry his body to the nearest port. But a few hours later he joined the others in the great unmarked graveyard of the sea.

The weather turned freaky off the coast of Peru. Sudden squawls blew away main gallants, main royals, skysail sails, and then a quick calm would drowse over the ship.

"Calm-calm-calm" wrote a weary boy, adding: "Hot-hot-hot." Six months on the way and California hundreds of miles to the north. Still he was game. "We have had a long tedious voyage but I have not seen the time I was sorry I started for California."

Galapagos Island was sometimes touched. One ship, stopping for water, found two boys who had deserted a whaler with a cruel captain. During the long weeks in which no ship touched the island, the boys had caught twenty good-sized terrapin and caged them. They offered these to the captain of the passenger ship in lieu of money for their fares to California. He accepted and made a sizeable pile of dust from the sale of those same terrapin in San Francisco.



Pushing desperately up the Pacific, the ships sometimes moldered dankly and swarms of vermin crept about. Passengers in the steerage left the bunks to the bedbugs and slept on the floor. They used to write long sarcastic poems about the food and curse the fleas. Nothing ever happened except an occasional flurry of shouts and yelps when a dog would fall overboard.

Head winds beat the boats back; they were driven now east, now west; then becalmed for days. And while these immigrants watched the shimmering waters for a sail or wrote long homesick entries in their journals, another horde of treasure hunters were shouting to the boatmen of Chagres.

---

## ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

Chagres, the fever-port, where every native wore a Panama hat and very little else. There was the river's mouth where the fussy little steamer "Orus" switched her way out from the pier. There was the solemn fort on the left bank, the baggage-cluttered beach on the other side. Beyond were the mountains. Out in the harbor were the sailing vessels, down whose sides clambered eager passengers. A boat or two was beached and filled forlornly. Two miles out anchored the steamers and native boatmen plied the waters with shouts, rising suddenly before falling back on the oars of their "bungoes".

The voices of many tongues were tempered with rage as some speed-mad traveler discovered that a higher bidder had bribed his "bungoe" and boatmen. No man was sure of his "bungoe"\* until he was sitting atop his trunks on board. Many a gold hunter came down the side of the vessel for the last time to find his "bungoe" already well up the river and his trunks on the beach.

Some immigrants built their own boats for the river ride to Gorgona. One party off the "Marietta" out of New York, made a craft called "Minerva", loaded their luggage aboard and set out for Gorgona. Seven days they traveled, with a pull apiece at a bottle of brandy before tackling the rapids. They had a bungled-handed boy along, who managed to jinx everything he touched. So he was ordered to climb the rocks around the rapids and meet them on the other side.

Sadly he did so and waited for the men with the boat. At the head of the rapids they were about to take him aboard when he stumbled, as usual, and made a snatch for an India rubber bag,

---

\*"Bungoe," canoe.

which went overboard. The next instant the "Minerva" was backing down stream at a frightful rate and the whole crew were expressing opinion of the bungler in language fearful enough to hush the monkeys.

At Gorgona the boats were abandoned by the travelers. The "Minerva" for one was sold and dragged ashore where it was tipped over, the bottom being shingled and made into a hip roof. This became "The United States Hotel," the first frame building in Gorgona.

A mule path was the only road to Panama, a winding trail that cut through great gorges and dense forests, passing countless shrines and crosses on the way.

Panama, a walled town, with a prison where the inmates worked ceaselessly on straw hats, was an old and sickly place. There was the Battery and a few guns along the shore wall. The plaza was bordered by the cathedral, the government house and the prison, whose walls were patterned restlessly by the darting lizards. Immigrants learned to mouth the names of the avenues: Calle San Juan de Dio, Calle de Merced, Calle de Obispo.

An old colored woman swung a hammock in the front entrance of the crumbling convent. She used to rent out stable space in the building itself, a "real" a night for each horse. There was another convent, but nuns occupied it.

The immigrants had a dull time, for the natives paid little attention to them, forever heeding the summons of the bells, hurrying across the plaza with prayer mats for mass. And the priests in black silk robes swung down the corridors with long strides. Far beyond the town, smoke or clouds hovered around the mountain peaks.

Toboga, the largest island in the bay of Panama, provided the town and ships with provisions and water. The beef and pork was sold in strips, at so much a yard. There were other islands, green with gardens. Chickens were raised on them and from the flocks came the game cocks that paced the Panama houses with regal strut and crowed at all visitors.

One day just before the rainy season of 1849, a British steamer from Valparaiso entered the bay with \$1,000,000 in gold and silver. That night the fortune was guarded in the custom house. The next morning eighteen mules, divided into two trains with one guard to a train, set out for Gorgona, their packs loaded with the treasure.

The rainy season brought the greatest misery to the immigrants waiting for passage from Panama. Fever came with it

and many a gold hunter was buried within hearing of the bells of Panama. Tickets were more precious than food. Many had bought through tickets at home, but the steamer had either just gone or was not yet due. During the weeks while the "California" lay deserted in San Francisco harbor, hundreds died of cholera, Panama fever, bilious fever and other tropical ailments.

One young immigrant died among the many strangers and a kindly parson took charge of his belongings. The minister was sadly discussing the death with several men when a young fellow jumped down from a nearby wall, strolled over to the group and asked:

"Ah—had he a *through* ticket?"

Many a profiteering capitalist advertised abandoned boats as "new and fast sailing schooners" in an effort to get passage money from those eager to reach San Francisco. Tickets sold at \$200 and \$300 and the passengers were packed on board. They had to provide their own food and fight for a place to sleep. Three times as many tickets were sold as the vessels could accommodate.

The first of these ships to leave Panama Bay struck a wind within four miles of shore, was dismasted and forced to return. The passengers demanded their money back but the captain skipped out.

Disheartened, many returned to the States. Some took the first California-bound boat available, no matter how unseaworthy and were forced to walk hundreds of miles overland after they had been put ashore on the bleak and sun baked coast of Lower California.

The "Niantic" was one of the boats that rescued hordes of immigrants from fever death in Panama. She anchored five miles out and "bungoes" traveled to her all day, bringing passengers who were bedridden, near to death. They were hysterical—frantic. Their only hope was to get out to sea—away from that fearful place. Cheers, weak and quavering, rose from the ship as the captain cried "Heave ahead" and there came the clank of anchor chain.

With 240 passengers aboard, the "Niantic" passed the last flickering lights of the islands and put out to sea. For weeks she sought the trade winds while mold gathered on food, clothing and wood. From the cholera of Panama she sailed into the dangers of ship fever and dysentery. She was one with the boats sailing up from the Horn.

Among those hurrying desperately towards San Francisco was a vessel with a sick child on board. Doctors and the women passengers did all they could, but the little girl died. Canvas was prepared and lead weights made ready. But the mother begged the captain to let her keep the body. If she could only bury her daughter and mark the grave. She cried and pleaded, her screams breaking in terror. Finally the passengers took up a collection and with it paid for brandy to be broached from the ship's cargo. A tin coffin was made from flattened cans and the body wrapped in cloth. It was covered with the spirits, placed in the coffin and the little girl rode at the ship's davits through the Golden Gate.

One would suppose the end of all troubles would be found once the Gate was sighted. But many a ship cruised up and down for three and four days, watching for a break in the fog and a clear path through to the harbor.

Logs and weeds, floating 60 miles out, were always messengers of hope to the passengers. They were done with coopering buckets for use at the mines, had made kegs, harness and tools, had heard the farewell speeches, sung songs for the last time together and packed their boxes.

What boxes those were! Clothes and books underneath; on top the most important things of all: crucibles, gold tests, pick axes, shovels, tin pans and firearms, if the latter weren't already decorating one's anatomy. There were trick boxes, too, for hiding gold, boxes with false bottoms and secret locks. One man made 15 buckskin bags, capacity 20 pounds each, for holding his gold. Others had huge belts.

The lookout always had plenty of assistants as time drew near for sighting California. Men and boys crowded at the mast head and yardarms. Sometimes the fog would lift like a curtain, revealing the high, muscular hills, the rugged cliffs and the great white breakers. With but very few exceptions the sailing craft found their bearings about 20 miles north of the Gate. It was in tacking and manœuvering south that they lost so much time.

Geese, brant, loon and ducks called as they glided overhead. Hair seals frolicked in the water, revealing stripes like a tiger. A whale spouted and dived with a flip of his tail.

Then night would come and ships waited off the Farallones. A baby boy was born on one boat while she watched for the fog to rise from the Gate.

There were few pilots until 1850, and no lights at all. It was the fall of 1850 before Congress appropriated moneys for the



THE COVE AND WATERFRONT OF SAN FRANCISCO AFTER THE CREWS HAD DESERTED THEIR SHIPS  
AND GONE TO THE MINES.



building of lighthouses in the bay. Point Bonita appeared in 1854, Alcatraz in 1856 along with Fort Point and South Farallone. A few buoys had been placed in 1849 and additional ones were provided for in an act made March 3, 1853.

San Francisco's city directory of 1850 lists eleven pilots for the Outer Bar. Those on the Pilot Boat "Rialto" were G. Simpson, R. Leitch, L. Coxelta, C. J. Wright and Charles Richardson. For the Pilot Boat "Relief", the men were: E. B. Jenkins, M. McDonald, Jas. Urie, C. J. Campbell, Robert Sing and J. Ludlow.

But the ships of 1849 depended on the wit and wisdom of their captains, or just plain luck. Once a schooner offered to pilot a boat in for \$200 but the captain would have no help at that rate.

Finally the fog would lift with the dawn, a favoring breeze would belly the sails and the ship would sail swiftly through the Gate. Too swiftly sometimes, heading straight for the rocks, then swinging her prow and plunging madly towards the white cliffs of Alcatraz. Crying and flapping their great wings the pelicans would rise from the rocky island; the seamen would frantically take in all sails but the flying jib, and the ship would swing suddenly around Clark's Point.

All at once the three bare hills, the tents and adobes at the foot, the forest of masts with darts of restless color flying from the gaffs would seem to spring before the eyes of the land hungry ship load.

In among the ill smelling boats, whose tangle of ropes and cluttered decks gave a picturesque touch to the crowded cove, glided the ship to her journey's end. There was a creaking of the windlass, the clank and rattle of anchor chain, the chant of the men and the shouts of the captain. Then the clamour of boatmen shouting for passengers, the jostling of many tiny craft, the swish and splash of oars, the climb up the wharf steps, a hurrying among the crowds, then mud—thick, brown mud—but the soil of El Dorado at last!

---

## ADDENDA

During 1849, a fleet of abandoned ships lay idle in San Francisco Bay. From 120 to 300 battered bodies topped by a tangle of riggings, crowded one against the other, mottled with barnacles and rank with the odors of the sea. Some of them were deserted by all save the rats.

In October 1849, a man-o-war anchored in the cove, set up a ghastly object lesson to all seamen with the desire for gold hot

within them. Two sailors off the government vessel had made a try at deserting ship one night and killed the officer who caught them. Their bodies, hanging limply from ropes strung in the yardarms, were in view of every immigrant ship.

Some of the ships were homes for gold hunters who wintered on board until the spring thaw in the Sierras set them free to try the mines. The seamen began returning in 1850, some of them burdened with belts full of dust, some of them wan and penniless. One by one the ships were manned and went their ways.

Records made by them in 1849 were forgotten. The cry was for speed. Business men and merchants wanted supplies in less time. Clipper ships were developed in answer to the plea of the western seaport. The distance from New York to the Bay of San Francisco was covered in 89 and 90 days against the agonizing five, six and seven months—even twelve—suffered in '49.

Between seven and eight hundred vessels entered the bay during 1849, all of them bringing passengers. There were 233 from the Atlantic States alone. The average to enter the Gate was 2 a day, totaling some 35,000 passengers for the year, including 23,000 Americans. It is estimated that 3,000 sailors deserted for the mines, leaving during the month of August, 1849, 200 vessels without a seaman aboard.

But the years sent this great host of ships, barks, brigs, schooners and steamers down many sea lanes to oblivion. Some became river boats; some were sold for port dues, broken up for building material. Others rotted and sank at their moorings. It was years before the channel was entirely cleared of these hulks.

Some became store ships; most famous among them being the old "Niantic". There were also others—"Euphemia", "General Harrison", "Apollo", "Georgean", "Manco" and the "Canonicus", although the latter two were not enclosed by the growing wharves nor the "made land" of the waterfront.

These dry land ships were colorful structures, plastered with signs, surrounded by a sort of piazza or stage, equipped with landlubberly hip roofs, offices and even prison cells. The fires of 1851 wiped out most of them, although the hulks of several lay rotting underground for many years. But the story of the store ships is a long one and has no place here.

Of the ships of '49 that returned to active duty, some were wrecked and some were burned. The "Tonquin" and "Ascension" were wrecked in '49. Nine more were burned in 1850. The steamers "McKim" and "Senator" went into the Sacramento

river travel and were joined by the "Gold Hunter" in 1850, which went down in a wreck in '69. Both the "McKim" and the "Senator" were deprived of machinery and turned into sloops, losing caste with the years until they passed out of all resemblance to the splendid boats of '49.

The "Panama" was retired in 1865, her machinery removed and the hulk sent to South America for storage purposes in the coffee business. The old "Oregon" was sold to a lumber firm in 1869, her machinery also removed and her class changed to that of a bark. She was wrecked while lugging lumber from Puget Sound to San Francisco.

The queen of them all, "California", made her last trip from San Diego, November 17, 1875. After her machinery had been taken out, she was made into a bark for hauling lumber and coal.

Her years of glory are forgotten, her first great voyage is a legend of romance today. The little harbor with its reeking mud flats has vanished. No more does the "Grey Eagle" hold the record with 117 days from Philadelphia. No longer does the "Arabian" remind one of her 117 days out of Baltimore. Nor does the captain of the "Arcadian" explain why he spent 260 days on the way from Boston.

They're gone now and only the fading ink of treasured books can tell us the story. Down the pages we may go until once more the wind-swept town rises from the years. There's a howling of wind and a rush of sand over the 'dobs and the tents. The long plank piers are rumbling with many feet and loaded wheelbarrows. Gulls scream above the mud flats and geese honk high overhead. Out beyond lie the ships, the maze of naked masts rising like a phantom forest. The ocean breeze slaps the ratlines and whines among the shrouds; there's a snapping of flags—flags of every color, of every land—and a crackling of the pennants far above. . . .

The picture fades to the deep warnings of ocean liners; the whistle of ferry and freighter. A siren and a beacon on the rocks bring us back from '49.

"The Original records from which the arrivals from March 26th to July 1st 1849 were much defaced in the fire by water and mud and some portions were entirely destroyed, and others rendered unintelligible and difficult to be copied.

(Signed) EDWARD A. KING  
Acting U. S. Surveyor  
and Harbor Master

San Francisco  
June 1851

# Boats arriving in San Francisco Bay from March 26, 1849 to December 30, 1849.

\* See Footnote.

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
March	26	Mary & Ellen	brig	American	Salem	
"	28	Genl. Gammara	b'g. war	Peruvian	Callao	
"	"	Ann	sch'nr.	Tahitian	Tahiti	
"	"	Henry	brig	American	Bodega	
"	"	Hortensia	bark	"	New York	
"	"	Sadogapoch	sch'nr.	"	Bodega	
"	31	Bella Angelita	brig	Peruvian	Payta	
April	1	Volunta	brig	"	San Blass	
"	"	Oregon	stmr.	American	New York	
"	2	Asanath	bark	British	Liverpool	
"	"	Emil	brig	Danish	Valparaiso	
"	"	Ellen Lancaster	bark	British	Sydney	
"	"	Aukland	bark	American	Boston	
"	"	Wilhelmina	bark	Danish	Valparaiso	
"	"	Undine	"	American	Oregon	
"	12	Republicano	brig	Mexican	Mazatlan	
"	"	Adalaida	brig	Chilian	Valparaiso	141
"	"	Euphemia	brig	American	Mazatlan	
"	"	Whitton	bark	American	New York	
"	13	Beatris	brig	Chilian	San Jose	
"	"	Theresa	brig	French	Valparaiso	
"	"	Emelia	brig	Chilian	"	
"	"	Neptunas	ship	Danish	"	
"	"	Matildo	brig	Chilian	Monterey	
"	"	Alert	brig	British	"	
"	"	Tasso	bark	American	Valparaiso	
"	"	Eliza	brig	Peruvian	"	
"	"	Julia	ship	Chilian	"	
"	"	Slavoli	brig	French	"	
"	16	Chatabriand	ship	"	"	54
"	"	Henry Nesmith	"	American	New York	150
"	"	S. S.	schnr.	Hawain	Lahaina	26
"	"	Hadiakolos	bark	Danish	Valparaiso	
"	"	Victoria	ship	Mexican	San Blass	
"	"	Felix Herrarra	brig	Chilian	Valparaiso	
"	"	San Jose	bark	Peruvian	Payta	
"	17	Packet of Copiapo	brig	Chilian	Valparaiso	55
"	18	Minerva	bark	American	Santa Cruz	
"	"	Swallow	schnr.	"	Mazatlan	31
"	"	Silva de Grasse	ship	"	New York	148
"	"	Currency Lass	schnr.	Tahitian	Oahu, S. I.	21
"	"	William Hill	brig	British	Sidney	91
"	19	Milwakie	schnr.	American	Columbia River	10
"	"	Lola	schnr.	Equadorian	San Blass	25
"	"	Galg	schnr.	Peruvian	San Pedro	9
"	20	Progress	brig	Equadorian	Benicia	
"	21	Invincible	U. S. Transport	American	Valparaiso	63
"	22	Capt. Lincoln	"	"	Callao	45
"	23	Chance	schnr.	Hawaian	Oahu	26
"	"	Lahaina	"	"	"	35
"	24	Fanny Forrester	ship	American	Monterey	5
"	"	Talca	brig	Chilian	San Diego	14
"	25	Iowa	ship	American	Monterey	
"	"	Oberon	bark	Hamburg	Valparaiso	50
"	"	Antonia	brig	"	Mazatlan	24
"	"	Dispatch	"	British	Oahu	22
"	"	Lima	bark	Hamburg	Valparaiso	67
"	"	Superior	bark	American	Cardiff	175
"	"	Victorine	brig	French	Valparaiso	51
"	"	Charlotta	"	Hamburg	Oahu	22
"	"	Mary Jane	"	America	New York	150
"	"	Sacramento	"	"	"	127
"	"	Andrea	"	Peruvian	Callao	47
"	29	La Leocadia	schnr.	Tahitian	Tahita	94
"	30	Malek Aahel	brig	American	Santa Cruz	4
"	30	G. B. Lamar	brig	American	Valparaiso	49
"	"	Sea Queen (troops)	ship	"	New York	
"	"	Philadelphia	"	"	Panama	81
"	"	Carmen	bark	Chilian	Talcahuana	50
"	"	Natalia	"	"	Valparaiso	80
"	"	Young Eliza	schnr.	American	San Jose	72
May	2	Fairy	"	Tahitian	Tahiti	39
"	"	John Dunlap	"	American	Oahu, S. I.	19

\* NOTE—The steamer "California," which arrived in San Francisco February 28, 1849, 145 days out from New York, has not been included in King's records.



Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
May	3	Mary Francis	bark	Hawaian	Mazatlan	24
"	"	Trobador	brig	Chilian	"	25
"	4	Eliza	schnr.	English	Hobart Town	
"	"	Starling	"	Hawaian	Oahu, S. I.	22
"	"	Edwin	ship	American	Valpariso	49
"	"	Inez	"	American	Sydney	73
"	5	Plymouth	schnr.	Hawaian	Oahu, S. I.	24
"	6	George Nicolas	bark	Hamburg	Valparaiso	63
"	"	6th June	schnr.	Chilian	Oahu	22
"	"	Matilda	"	Danish	Mazatlan	22
"	7	St. George	ship	Italian	Callao	40
"	"	Louisa	brig	British	Sydney	96
"	"	Mercedes	ship	Chilian	Oregon	4
"	8	Janet	bark	British	"	4
"	"	Minerva	"	American	Benicia	
"	10	Olga	"	"	Santa Barbara	
"	"	Ronaldi	ship	French	Valparaiso	
"	11	Papati	schnr.	Tahitian	Oahu, S. I.	
"	13	Emmy	"	Danish	China	
"	"	Cayuga	brig	American	San Blass	
"	14	Josephine	schnr.	Hawaian	Oahu, S. I.	
"	"	Gen. Patterson	"	American	Valparaiso	58
"	"	J. M. Cater	bark	American	Oregon	
"	15	Adelpida	ship	Danish	Valparaiso	
"	18	Grey Eagle	"	American	Philadelphia	117
"	"	Elbe	brig	Danish	Valparaiso	
"	"	John Ritson	bark	British	Panama	
"	"	Col. Fremont	brig	American	Callao	
"	19	Huntress	ship	American	Valparaiso	
"	"	Virginia	"	Chilian	"	
"	"	Belast	brig	American	Panama	
"	20	Osprey	schnr.	British	Hobart Town	
"	25	Fanny	bark	Peruvian	Mazatlan	
"	"	Union	schnr.	Chilian	Valparaiso	
"	26	Maria Louisa	bark	"	"	
"	"	Remano	"	"	"	
"	27	Cirops	ship	Danish	"	
"	"	New Perseverance	brig	Chilian	"	
"	"	Thames	ship	American	Talcahuana	
"	29	Edith	Propeller	U. S.	Mazatlan	
"	30	Antonio	brig	Chilian	Oahu, S. I.	
June	1	Victoria	schnr.	"	Valparaiso	
"	"	Malek Adhel	brig	American	Santa Cruz	
"	"	Warren	"	"	Benicia	
"	2	Eliza	bark	American	Salem	
"	"	Jakin	brig	Chilian	San Blass	
"	"	Prince Meuschikoff	bark	Russian	Oahu, S. I.	
"	"	Bella Angelica	schnr.	Peruvian	Panama	
"	"	James Munroe	ship	American	Oahu, S. I.	
"	"	Quito	brig	American	Talcahuana	
"	"	Citra	brig	Portugese	Hong Kong	
"	"	Louisiana	bark	American	Philadelphia	
"	"	Anonyme	brig	Tahitian	Oahu, S. I.	
"	"	Nuevo Bibayno	brig	Spanish	Manilla	
"	3	O. C. Raymond	"	American	Oregon	
"	"	Mary Ann	schnr.	Hawaian	Oahu, S. I.	
"	"	Grey Hound	ship	American	Baltimore	
"	"	California Dorado	"	Chilian	Valparaiso	
"	"	Favorite (Francis Le Parker)	schnr.	American	New Bedford	
"	4	Panama	stmr.	American	Panama	
"	"	Col. Benton	brig	"	Central America	
"	"	Catalina	"	Chilian	Valparaiso	
"	6	Genl. Rivera	"	"	Talcahuana	
"	7	Rambler	schnr.	Tahitian	Tahaita	
"	8	Massachusetts	ship	American	Callao	
"	"	Lucy Penneman	bark	"	Rio de Janeiro	
"	"	Palamo	brig	French	Mazatlan	
"	9	Johana & Olouff	schnr.	Danish	"	
"	"	Limeuianne	bark	French	"	
"	"	Pataxeut	schnr.	American	"	
"	10	Genl. Fraira	ship	Chilian	"	
"	"	Honolulu	schnr.	American	"	
"	11	Dan'l Watson	brig	British	"	
"	"	Hero	"	Bremen	"	
"	"	Mira del Rogano	schnr.	Mexican	"	
"	"	Liberty	"	American	"	
"	"	Olympa	bark	French	"	
"	"	Heber	ship	American	"	
"	"	Louisa	schnr.	Hawaian	"	
"	13	Oregon	stmr.	American	"	

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
June	14	Munace de Furriés	schnr.	Chilian		
"	"	Anglona	"	American		
"	"	Inconstant	H. B. M. ship war	British		
"	15	Brothers	brig	Mexican		
"	"	Sea Witch	schnr.	American		
"	"	Maria	brig	Danish		
"	16	Equator	bark	American		
"	"	Adila	schnr.	"		
"	18	Glide	brig	"		
"	"	Coureon Cobijo	"	Chilian		
"	"	Lindsay	bark	British		
"	"	Sophia & Marasete	schnr.	"		
"	20	Massachusetts	U. S. Transport	American		
"	21	Deborah	brig	British		
"	22	Mazatlan	schnr.	American		
"	23	Carib	bark	"		
"	"	Empire	schnr.	"		
"	25	Collony	bark	British	Panama	100
"	"	Surprise	schnr.	Tahitian	Tahata	70
"	26	Elvira	bark	American	Boston	175
"	27	Eclipse	schnr.	"	Baltimore	155
"	"	G. H. Montague	"	"	New Haven	154
"	"	Anonyma	"	"	Boston	160
"	"	Arequipa	bark	British	Monterey	3
"	28	Anthem	schnr.	American	New York	168
"	"	Architect	ship	"	New Orleans	160
"	29	Wm. G. Hackstaff	schnr.	American	New York	149
"	30	Pacifico	brig	Peruvian	Hong Kong	
"	"	G. B. Lamar	"	American	Sacramento	
"	"	Ann McKim	ship	Equadorian	Valparaiso	
"	"	Roe	schnr.	American	New York	
"	"	Mentor	ship	"	New London	159
"	"	Josephine	brig	"	Boston	157
"	"	Corrier de Talcahuana	"	Chilian	Callao	
"	"	South Carolina	ship	American	New York	

"I certify that the within are part of the Original Records of Arrivals from March 26, 1849, to July 1st, 1849.

Surveyors and Harbor Masters Office,  
June 31st, 1849.

(Signed): EDWARD A. KING,  
Harbor Master and Acting U. S. Surveyor of Port."

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
July	1	Hellen M. Fielder	bark	American	Rio de Janeiro	110
"	"	Maria	"	"	Boston	170
"	"	Sterling	brig	"	Beverly	180
"	"	Sabine	"	"	Sydney	87
"	"	Madonna	bark	"	New York	165
"	"	Ocean Bird	"	"	"	172
"	"	S. S.	schnr.	Hawaian	Oahu	21
"	"	Aurora	ship	American	Nantucket	169
"	"	Talimazaoo	"	"	New York	155
"	"	Panchita	bark	Equadorian	Mazatlan	38
"	"	Packet of Equique	schnr.	Peruvian	Copio	66
"	2	Kauai	"	Hawaian	Oahu	35
"	"	Hector	bark	American	Rio de Janeiro	132
"	"	Odd Fellow	schnr.	"	New London	148
"	3	Placier	"	"	"	4
"	"	Rialto	schnr.	"	Columbia River	135
"	"	Henry	brig	"	Martha's Vineyard	5
"	"	Olivia	schnr.	"	Columbia River	166
"	4	Mary	bark	"	New York	26
"	"	Isabel	brig	"	Oahu	168
"	"	Mary Ellen	"	"	New York	4
"	"	John Enders	"	"	Columbia River	195
"	"	Constellation	schnr.	"	New York	108
"	5	Leonor	ship	"	Panama	150
"	"	Niantic	"	"	Boston	68
"	"	Malek Adel	brig	"	Sutters Fort	
"	"	Felis Carolina	"	"	"	
"	"	Express	"	Chilian	San Blass	34
"	"	South Pole	ship	Hamburg	Callao	49
"	"	Forest	brig	Dutch	Talcahuano	95
"	"	Pioneer	schnr.	American	Boston	174
"	"	Tarolinta	ship	"	Columbia River	8
"	"	Atilla	brig	"	New York	174
"	"	Mary Stewart	"	"	Boston	174
"	7	Boston	schnr.	"	New York	160
"	"	Edward Everett	ship	English	Boston	160
"	"	Castilla	bark	American	"	175
"	"	Wm. Ivy	"	Peruvian	Lambayque	47
"	"		"	American	New York	157

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
July	7	Ioa	schnr.	Am.	Sagharbor	183
"	"	Centinella	brig	Chilian	Callao	90
"	"	Chambon	schnr.	Equadorian	Acajulta	40
"	"	David Henshaw	brig	American	New York	180
"	"	Albany	ship	"	"	179
"	"	Swallow	schnr.	"	Mazatlan	31
"	8	Orpheus	ship	"	New York	4
"	"	Sacramento	schnr.	"	Columbia River	168
"	"	Saltillo	brig	American	Boston	190
"	9	Mary & Adeline	Troop ship	"	New York	165
"	"	North Bend	brig	"	Boston	172
"	"	Josephine	bark	"	New York	179
"	"	Matilda	brig	Danish	Mazatlan	33
"	"	Azim	bark	American	New York	163
"	10	Antonia	brig	Hamburg	Mazatlan	29
"	12	Phoenix	schnr.	American	Panama	115
"	13	Swallow	bark	English	Hong Kong	68
"	15	Normon	ship	American	Panama	63
"	"	California	stmr.	"	Panama	22
"	16	Euphemia	brig	"	Bodago	4
"	17	Rolla	bark	"	New York	180
"	18	Packet Josephine	brig	New Grenadian	Panama	90
"	"	Undine	bark	American	Columbia River	6
"	"	Joseph Hewitt	schnr.	"	New York via Callao	177
"	"	Velasco	"	"	New London	170
"	"	Suliot	bark	"	Belfast	169
"	"	Almina	brig	"	Boston via Talcahuana	172
"	18	San Blassina	schnr.	Mexican	Santa Cruz	3
"	19	J. W. Cater	bark	American	Portland, Oregon	8
"	20	Capitol	ship	American	Boston	172
"	"	Laura Virginia	schnr.	"	New York	178
"	"	Veloz	"	"	Scajulta	78
"	"	Paraiso	brig	Peruvian	San Blass	85
"	"	Maria	bark	Danish	Hong Kong	66
"	21	Jane Parker	ship	American	Baltimore via Callao	172
"	"	Daniel Webster	"	"	New York via Valparaiso	168
"	22	Steinwarder	bark	Hamburg	Valparaiso	71
"	"	Eliza	"	American	New York via Valparaiso	175
"	"	Genl. Lane	schnr.	American	Oregon	7
"	"	Sutton	ship	"	New York via Valparaiso	203
"	23	Admiral Blaco	brig	Chilian	Valparaiso	76
"	"	Diamond	bark	American	New Bedford via Talcahuana	170
"	"	Pharsalia	ship	"	Boston	175
"	"	Orbit	brig	"	New York	190
"	"	Cordelea	"	"	via Valparaiso	174
"	24	Victory	bark	"	"	177
"	"	Charlotte	brig	"	Newberryport	180
"	"	Harriet Newhall	bark	"	New York	195
"	26	Sylph	ship	"	Panama	76
"	28	Elizabeth	schnr.	Hawaiian	Oahu	44
"	29	Croton	bark	American	New York via Valparaiso	189
"	"	Secret	"	English	Liverpool	205
"	30	Ocean	gallort	Dutch	Valparaiso	70
"	"	I. W. Coffin	bark	American	Talcahuana	83
"	31	Mary W.	schnr.	"	New York via Valparaiso	162
Aug.	1	Conneticut	bark	"	New York	60(?)
"	"	Rhone	ship	"	Hong Kong	52
"	"	Julian	schnr.	Hawaiian	Oahu	31
"	"	Paoli	bark	American	Baltimore	200
"	"	Sarah W. Farland	schnr.	American	New York	182
"	"	Montreal	ship	"	Oahu	24
"	"	Don Quixote	bark	Hawaiian	"	"
"	"	Callao	"	Peruvian	Panama	72
"	2	Russel	"	American	New Bedford	147
"	"	Reward	brig	English	Callao	59
"	3	Newcastle	"	American	New York	210
"	"	Circassian	bark	English	Panama	77
"	"	Swerden	ship	American	Boston	154
"	"	Decator	schnr.	American	New York	184
"	"	Mary Jane	gov't schnr.	"	Monterey	"
"	"	Antelope	ship	English	Liverpool	168
"	"	Mary Taylor	schnr.	American	New London	208
"	4	La Soledad	"	No flag	Panama	98
"	"	Talca	schnr.	Peruvian	Mazatlan	48
"	5	Pacific	ship	American	New York	194
"	"	Oceola	brig	"	Philadelphia	200
"	"	John Day	schnr.	"	New York	"
"	"	Isabel	bark	"	"	179
"	"	Corrier del Pacific	brig	Equadorian	Valparaiso	64
"	"	Johanna Ceasar	"	Bremen	Singapore	80
"	6	Genl. Morgan	schnr.	American	New York	161

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
Aug.	6	Packet of Copiapo	brig	Chilian	Mazatlan	38
"	"	John G. Coster	ship	American	New York	157
"	"	Spencer	brig	English	Sydney, N. S. W.	105
"	"	Helena		Hamburg	Hamburg via Callao	227
"	"	Empress	schnr.	Chilian	Chili via Callao	102
"	"	George Emerry	brig	American	New York	194
"	"	I. M. Ryerson	schnr.	"	"	152
"	7	Christopher Colon	ship	"	Talcahuana	180
"	"	Trescott	"	American	Mystic via Tal.	184
"	"	Oniota	brig	"	Philadelphia via Valpo.	203
"	8	Patonia	bark	"	New York	203
"	"	Sophia	ship	Hamburg	Panama	90
"	"	Cecilla Louisa	brig	Hamburg	Panama	78
"	"	Emily Bourne	"	American	New Bedford	180
"	"	Starling	schnr.	Hawaiian	Oahu	34
"	"	Cristina	bark	English	Liverpool	146
"	"	Panama	ship	American	New York	180
"	9	Hopewell	"	"	Warren	190
"	"	Oscar	"	Norwegian	Rio de Janeiro	120
"	"	Inez	"	American	San Pedro	23
"	"	Hersalia	bark	"	New York	198
"	"	Sabine	ship	"	Greenport	180
"	"	Henrietta Sophia	brig	Danish	Valparaiso	54
"	"	Gazelle	schnr.	American	New Bedford	175
"	"	Wolcut	brig	"	Valparaiso	60
"	"	Brothers	"	"	New York	165
"	"	Huemul	"	Chilian	Valparaiso	71
"	"	Celina	bark	French	Mazatlan	72
"	"	Edwards	brig	Chilian	Valparaiso	73
"	10	Glocano	"	Spanish	Manilla	72
"	"	Lady Leigh	schnr.	English	Hobart Town	56
"	"	Mary Wilder	"	American	Boston	180
"	"	Lota	bark	"	Rio de Janeiro	126
"	"	Quito	brig	"	Oregon	5
"	"	Southampton	U. S. ship	"	Bencica	
"	"	Ewen	"	"	"	
"	11	Philip Howe	bark	"	New York	194
"	"	Genl. O. Higgins	brig	Chilian	Valparaiso	71
"	"	Juana T. Font	bark	"	"	64
"	12	Brooklyn	ship	American	New York	210
"	13	Orion	brig	Chilian	Acapulco	63
"	"	Melchu Seville	"	Peruvian	Callao	54
"	14	Capiapo	"	"	Panama	90
"	"	Valpariso	"	Chilian	Valparaiso	73
"	15	Ohio	U. S. ship	American	Oahu	23
"	16	Carlos Alauth	schnr.	Peruvian	Callao	64
"	17	Euphemia	brig	American	Bodago	2
"	18	Panama	U. S. Mail Stmr.	"	Panama	20
"	19	Sumatra	bark	Dutch	Hong Kong	67
"	"	Matadore	brig	Chilian	Panama	66
"	"	Lacao	bark	"	Monterey	6
"	21	Tonlon	"	American	Rio de Janeiro	190
"	"	Oxford	"	"	Boston	222
"	"	Malik Adhel	brig	"	Santa Cruz	3
"	"	Petrel	schnr.	"	Hong Kong	85
"	"	David Henshaw	brig	"	Santa Cruz	2
"	22	Danbury	ship	"	Boston	190
"	23	Kirkland	bark	"	Baltimore	165
"	"	Helena	ship	"	New York	162
"	"	Imperial	brig	Chilian	Santa Cruz	20
"	"	O. C. Raymond	"	American	Columbia River	5
"	"	Mary Jane	schnr.	"	Santa Cruz	
"	24	Savannah	U. S. Frigate	"	"	
"	26	Florence	ship	"	New York via Valparaiso	170
"	"	I. R. S.	brig	Chilian	Valparaiso & Cobiza	59
"	27	Express	bark	American	New York	235
"	"	Zealous	"	English	Liverpool	165
"	"	Sarah	Loocha	"	Hong Kong	74
"	28	Memnon	ship	American	New York	120
"	"	Lady Adams	brig	"	Callao	52
"	"	Magnolia	ship	"	New Bedford	201
"	"	Geo. Washington	"	"	New York	202
"	29	Robert Bourne	"	"	"	203
"	"	Louisa	bark	English	Sydney N. S. W.	93
"	"	Jas. R. Whiting	schnr.	American	New York	206
"	"	John Petty	brig	"	Norfolk	228
"	"	Anne	ship	"	Bristol, R. I.	189
"	"	Winthrop	bark	"	"	172
"	"	Flash	schnr.	English	Liverpool and Valpa.	78
"	30	Fanny	schnr.	English	Auckland, N. Z.	85
"	"	Quechi dios de Mayo	schnr.	Equadorian	Quaquil	60

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
Aug.	30	Olga	bark	Am.	Mazatlan	43
"	"	Stafford	"	"	New York	206
"	"	Regai	brig	English	Sydney, N. S. W.	84
"	"	Humboldt	ship	New Grenada	Panama	101
"	31	Louisa	brig	English	Mazatlan	46
Sept.	1	Drummond	bark	Am.	Boston via Callao	210
"	"	Johanna O'Laffa	schnr.	Danish	Mazatlan	32
"	"	Audly Clark	ship	Am.	Newport	198
"	5	Pauline	brig	"	Boston via Valparaiso	240
"	"	Crown Princess	ship	Hanoverarian	Panama	83
"	6	A. Emery	schnr.	Am.	New York	220
"	7	Touro	bark	"	New Orleans via Valparaiso	214
"	"	Drie Gebroeders	"	Dutch	Panama	120
"	"	Georgianna	brig	Am.	New York	233
"	"	Mariposa	ship	"	Hong Kong	91
"	9	Col. Fremont	brig	"	Santa Cruz	4
"	"	Samoset	ship	"	New York	173
"	"	Edwd. Fletcher	bark	"	Boston	182
"	"	Orb	"	"	"	189
"	10	Isabella Blyth	"	English	Hong Kong	62
"	"	Elizabeth	schnr.	Chilian	San Diego	29
"	"	Planet	"	Am.	Boston	160
"	"	La Union	brig	Peruian	Callao	70
"	11	Winhemena	bark	Danish	Panama	56
"	"	Ohio	U. S. ship, 120 guns	Am.	"	"
"	"	Savannah	U. S. ship, 64 guns	"	"	"
"	"	Inez	ship	"	Benicia	"
"	"	Corbeia	brig	English	Panama	83
"	12	J. B. Gagu	schnr.	Am.	New York	208
"	"	Clarissa Perkins	ship	"	"	216
"	"	J. A. Jesuren	bark	"	"	200
"	"	John Allyne	schnr.	"	New Bedford	214
"	"	Lenark	bark	"	Boston	212
"	"	Gesine	schnr.	Hanoverian	Bremen via Valparaiso	164
"	13	Hebe	bark	American	Baltimore	218
"	"	E. Isadora	"	"	Boston	165
"	"	Talisman	"	Bremen	Bremen via Valparaiso	150
"	"	Burgeomester Jensen	ship	Hamburg	Callao	42
"	"	Mary Ellen	brig	Am.	Oregon	8
"	"	Col. Taylor	"	"	Boston	208
"	"	Wodan	ship	Danish	Callao	42
"	"	Rising Sun	bark	Am.	New York	165
"	"	Robert Bruce	brig	"	Central America	59
"	"	Malek Aahee	"	"	Monterey	3
"	"	Two Sisters	schnr.	Equadorian	Panama	130
"	"	Henry Lee	bark	American	New York	206
"	"	Mallory	"	"	"	189
"	"	May Flower	ship	"	New Bedford	163
"	14	Xyton	"	"	New York	"
"	"	Ellen Augusta	bark	"	Buenos Ayres	150
"	"	Napoleon	"	Hamburg	Valparaiso	57
"	"	Manse	ship	French	Havre	173
"	15	Venus	sloop	Chili	Valparaiso	120
"	"	Taranto	brig	American	Boston	165
"	"	Menervia	bark	"	San Pedro	10
"	"	Eudorus	brig	"	Bangor	214
"	16	William & Henry	ship	"	Fair Haven	206
"	"	Griffin	bark	"	New York	180
"	"	Henry Astor	ship	"	Nantucket	188
"	"	Rodolph	schnr.	"	Boston	219
"	"	Floyd	bark	"	Providence	220
"	"	John Mayo	"	"	Baltimore	165
"	"	Martuquise	ship	French	Valparaiso	58
"	"	Levant	"	Am.	Philadelphia	201
"	"	Fremont	schnr.	"	New Bedford	220
"	"	Loo Choo	ship	"	New York	192
"	17	Phoenix	"	"	"	167
"	"	Sarah & Eliza	ship	America	New York	211
"	"	Charlotte	"	"	Boston	196
"	"	Anonyme	Loocha	Portuse	Hong Kong	70
"	"	Belfast	brig	Am.	Oregon	14
"	"	Reoka	bark	"	Valparaiso & New York	251
"	"	Flavius	ship	"	New York	166
"	"	Ann Welch	bark	"	"	190
"	"	York	ship	"	Boston	168
"	"	Wm. Watson	"	English	Port Philip	82
"	"	Ovid Mitchell	"	Am.	New Bedford	167
"	"	Harriett Nathan	bark	English	Robert Town	101
"	"	Rochelle	"	Am.	Boston	180
"	"	Jules	"	Chili	Valparaiso	54
"	"	Jules Ceaser	"	French	Bordeaux	195



Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
Sept.	17	Palmetto	bark	Am.	New York	192
"	"	Legrange	"	"	Salem	184
"	"	Henry Harbeck	"	"	New York	193
"	"	Elizabeth	ship	"	Salem	165
"	"	(names lost. Page torn)	brig	Dutch	Valparaiso	59
"	"	Orguade	"	Bremen	Rio via Valparaiso	134
"	18	Oregon	stmr.	Am.	Panama	20
"	"	Louisiana	bark	"	Oregon	6
"	"	Bonne Adele	"	French	New York	226
"	"	Elizabeth Ellen	ship	Am.	"	215
"	"	Horatio	bark	"	"	190
"	"	Godeffroy	ship	Hamborough	Valparaiso	60
"	"	S. M. Fox	schmr.	Am.	New York	162
"	"	Condor	brig	Equadorian	San Blass	41
"	"	Ferdinand	schmr.	Am.	Baltimore	198
"	"	Annoyme	Cr.	American	Oahu	"
"	"	Appollo	ship	"	New York	"
"	20	James Munroe	"	"	Oahu	28
"	21	Morrison	"	"	New York	220
"	"	Paragon	schmr.	"	Cape Ann	213
"	"	Amazon	schmr.	English	Tahiti	90
"	22	Andalusia	ship	Am.	Baltimore	150
"	"	Ville de Bandoux	"	Chili	Valparaiso	88
"	"	America	"	Am.	New Bedford	160
"	23	Areutes	"	"	Boston	170
"	"	Caroline	schmr.	Kanacka	Lahina	25
"	"	Samuel Roberts	"	Am.	New York via Rio	246
"	"	"	"	"	and	149
"	24	Alciopi	ship	"	Boston via Valparaiso	169
"	"	Empressa	bark	Peruian	Callao	66
"	"	Delin	brig	Chili	Valparaiso	74
"	25	R. W. Brown	"	Am.	Baltimore	210
"	26	Algona	bark	"	Philadelphia	210
"	"	Resolute	ship	Oldenburg	Rio via Valparaiso	162
"	"	Bon Pere	"	French	Bordeaux	135
"	"	Linda	bark	Am.	New York	166
"	"	Sequin	brig	"	Buenos Ayres	145
"	"	John Potter	bark	"	Baltimore	237
"	"	Ajax	"	English	Liverpool	142
"	27	St. Mary	"	Am.	New York	130
"	28	Mundo	ship	Equadorian	Valparaiso	103
"	"	Manuel E. Forbes	schmr.	Mexican	San Blass	59
"	"	Nymph	sloop	Equadorian	Rio d Laco	139
"	"	Shelde	bark	Belgian	Valparaiso	74
"	"	Cynga	brig	Am.	San Luis	7
"	29	Wm. Melville	bark	English	Hobart Town	84
"	30	Paul	"	French	Bordeaux & Panama	90
"	"	Cameo	brig	Am.	New York	240
"	"	Regulas	ship	"	Boston	192
"	"	Pedemonte	brig	"	Valparaiso	54
"	"	Mary Anna	ship	"	Richmond, Virginia	190
"	"	Mary Jane	U. S. brig	"	Monterey	"
Oct.	1	Mary Frances	"	Haweign	Oahu	25
"	1	Sarco de Marda	brig	Italian	Buenos Ayres	186
"	"	Elena	"	"	Plymouth	198
"	2	Yoeman	bark	Am.	New York	200
"	"	Mousam	"	"	Santa Cruz	6
"	"	David Henshaw	brig	"	Guaquil	89
"	"	Celina	"	Equador	Oahu	21
"	"	Honolulu	schmr.	Am.	Matapoisilt	164
"	"	Mount Vernon	ship	"	New Orleans	"
"	3	McKim	stmr.	"	"	"
"	"	Nautilus	bark	"	"	"
"	"	Treaty	brig	"	New York	222
"	"	Lucy Penniman	bark	"	Rio de Janeiro	156
"	"	Anglona	schmr.	"	Cewara Coast	14
"	"	Mary	U. S. Ship	"	"	12
"	"	Union	schmr.	English	Callao	"
"	"	Two Friends	brig	"	Port Philip	79
"	4	Swallow	schmr.	Am.	Panama	165
"	5	Laura Ann	brig	New Grenada	Mazatlan	25
"	6	Selma	bark	Am.	Rio Lea	70
"	"	Glenmore	ship	"	New York	177
"	"	Canton	bark	"	Richmond	182
"	"	Cinq Freres	ship	"	New York	188
"	"	Elizabeth Archer	bark	French	Harre & Valpariso (Val.)	66
"	"	Conesde Cobija	brig	English	Sydney, N. S. W.	81
"	"	Dos Amigos	schmr.	Chilian	Honolulu	24
"	"	Annoyme	"	Mexican	Mazatlan	36
"	"	Maria Victoria	brig	Am.	Bodaga	2
"	"	Forest	"	Peruvian	Callao via San Diego	70
"	"	"	"	Am.	Columbia	8

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
Oct.	6	Will Watch	bark	English	London	190
"	"	Catherine	ship	Chilian	Valparaiso	92
"	7	Velasco	bark	Am.	Boston & Talcahuana	236
"	"	Dryade	"	"	Talcahuana	65
"	9	Vernion	"	"	New York	220
"	10	California	U. S. stmr.	"	Panama	23
"	"	Arabian	brig	"	Baltimore	117
"	"	Clarissa	bark	Am.	New York	207
"	"	Johan Amelia	"	Peru	Panama	110
"	11	Star of China	schmr.	English	Sydney	105
"	"	Susan Jane	bark	Am.	Boston	163
"	12	Alhambra	ship	"	New Orleans	180
"	"	Ricardo	brig	Peruvian	Acapulco	60
"	"	New Jersey	ship	Am.	Boston	152
"	"	Prince Charles	"	Swedish	Buenos Ayres	88
"	"	St. George	bark	English	Plymouth	220
"	"	Susan	bark	Am.	New York	210
"	"	Tasso	"	"	Panama	75
"	"	Susan G. Owens	ship	"	Philadelphia	151
"	"	Reform	brig	Russian	Valparaiso	50
"	"	Belvidera	bark	Am.	New York	192
"	"	Almerudutina	"	Chili	Valparaiso	72
"	"	Salem	ship	Am.	New York	214
"	"	Phenix	brig	Hamburg	Guiaquil	40
"	"	Mason	ship	Am.	Philadelphia	"
"	"	Friendship	schmr.	"	New Orleans	210
"	"	Mary Haket	brig	English	London	200
"	14	Mazeppa	ship	"	Port Adelaide	129
"	"	Sabina	brig	"	Rebajo, C. A.	58
"	15	Genl. Worth	schmr.	Am.	New York	180
"	"	Amazon	ship	English	China	"
"	19	Walter Scott	"	Am.	Edgartown	156
"	20	Mary	bark	Tahitian	Hong Kong	65
"	"	Ann	brig	Hawaiian	Oahu	39
"	21	Montgomery	bark	Am.	New Orleans	187
"	"	Emurdale	"	English	Auckland	70
"	22	Friederike	brig	Oldenburg	Rio de Janeiro	170
"	23	Clyde	schmr.	Eng.	Auckland	124
"	24	J. W. Cater	bark	Am.	Columbia River	8
"	24	Eveline	brig	Am.	Hong Kong	79
"	"	S. S.	schmr.	Hawaiian	Lahaina	30
"	26	Mary Stuart	"	Am.	"	26
"	"	Joseph Albine	"	Eng.	New Zealand	70
"	27	Senator	stmr.	Am.	Panama	21
"	29	Privateer	schmr.	Hawaiian	Oahu	31
"	"	Arcadian	brig	American	Boston	260
"	"	Ocean Bird	bark	"	Oregon	7
"	"	Capt. Lincoln	schmr.	"	Mazatlan	"
"	"	Helen Steward	bark	English	Hong Kong	70
"	"	John Bull	brig	"	Auckland	94
"	"	Mary Jane	"	"	Monterey	"
"	30	Diana	bark	Chili	Valparaiso	77
"	"	Mumford	brig	English	Hobertown	110
"	"	Conarad	"	Hamburg	Buenos Ayres	66
"	"	Na. Eagle	"	Am.	Boston	235
"	"	Magdalena	bark	Hamburg	Hamburg	210
"	31	Ugicorn	U. S. mail stmr.	Am.	Panama	"
"	"	Henry	brig	"	Oregon	8
"	"	Spartin	bark	Eng.	Launchonten	88
"	"	Hortensia	"	Am.	Monterey	2
"	"	Coyrir	"	"	New York	234
Nov.	1	Helen Augusta	"	"	Boston	170
"	"	Panama	U. S. Stmr. (Mail)	"	Panama	21
"	"	Chatham	brig	"	Boston	168
"	"	Smyrna	bark	"	New York	168
"	"	Francis Ann	ship	"	Boston	194
"	"	Athen	schmr.	Hamburg	Liverpool	235
"	2	Fraternite	"	Tahitian	Tahiti	66
"	"	Patapsco	"	Am.	Montevideo	110
"	"	Hurricane	"	Chili	Valparaiso	60
"	"	Clyde	bark	American	"	61
"	"	Globe	"	"	Talcahuana	121
"	"	Asie	"	French	Chiloe	61
"	"	Knickerbocker	ship	Hamburg	Valparaiso	64
"	"	Amazon	bark	Portuguese	Buenos Ayres	70
"	"	Cononicus	brig	Am.	Valparaiso	63
"	"	Moise	ship	French	N. W. Coast	28
"	3	Alfred	schmr.	Am.	New London	210
"	"	Vicar of Bray	bark	Eng.	Valparaiso	"
"	4	Eugenia	ship	Chilian	Panama	94
"	"	Van Sittart	schmr.	Eng.	Hobartown	134

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
Nov.	4	Brigham	ship	Am.	Valparaiso	64
"	"	Ann Smith	bark	Am.	New Haven	214
"	5	Brothers	brig	"	Santa Cruz	½
"	7	Malek Adhel	"	"	San Diego	8
"	8	Osprey	3 mast schnr.	Eng.	Auckland	59
"	"	Thos. Burnet	ship	Am.	Charleston	210
"	"	Louisa	brig	Mexican	San Blass	53
"	"	Connecticut	bark	Am.	Oahu	16
"	"	Ralph Cross	"	"	Philadelphia	"
"	9	Grey Eagle	ship	"	Mazatlan	17
"	"	St. Michiel	"	French	Valparaiso	50
"	10	Deculion	"	Am.	Boston	156
"	11	Clavelina	brig	Spanish	Manilla	95
"	"	Challenger	Chilian	"	Valparaiso	60
"	"	Speck	Brigantine	Eng.	Auckland	78
"	"	.....arint Sprague (Word obliterated)	bark	Am.	New York	175
"	11	Susan & Abigail	brig	Am.	Boston	194
"	13	Horace	schnr.	"	New Bedford	240
"	"	Othello	"	"	Onaraston	286
"	14	Collooney	bark	Eng.	Van Couvers Is.	20
"	17	Canada	ship	Am.	New Bedford	160
"	19	Nahen Keag	bark	"	Providence	255
"	"	Oberon	"	Hamburg	Valparaiso	49
"	"	Starling	schnr.	Hawaiian	Oahu	26
"	"	Constantin	ship	Am.	Boston	134
"	20	North Pole	brig	Norwegian	Valparaiso	54
"	21	George	ship	French	Havre	180
"	"	Arno	bark	British	San Diego	10
"	"	Express	brig	Russian	Valparaiso	45
"	"	Willimantic	schnr.	Am.	New London	250
"	22	Joseph Butler	brig	"	Nantucket	132
"	"	Levena	bark	Buenos Ayres	Buenos Ayres	110
"	"	Johanna	"	Hamburg	Hamburg	"
"	"	Wasson	brig	Am.	Charleston	215
"	"	Galinda	bark	"	New York	226
"	"	J. R. Whiting	schnr.	"	Oahu	"
"	"	Golconda	ship	"	Bangor	160
"	"	Virginia	"	Chilian	Valparaiso	56
"	"	Oxnard	"	Am.	Boston	150
"	"	Dutchess of Clarence	bark	English	Hobarttown	89
"	"	Suffrieno	"	French	Havre	"
"	"	Adolph	"	Hamburg	Buenos Ayres	101
"	"	Thomas Perkins	ship	Am.	New York	124
"	23	Iranzeska	ship	Hamburg	Rio de Janerio	101
"	"	Eldorado	schnr.	Am.	Philadelphia	192
"	"	Anna Reynolds	bark	"	New Haven	150
"	"	Tonquin	ship	"	New York	234
"	"	Balance	"	"	"	240
"	24	Warwick	bark	"	Philadelphia	193
"	"	Dimon	"	"	Oregon	6
"	"	Chance	"	British	London	164
"	"	.....rnica	ship	Hamburg	Valparaiso	48
"	26	J. Merithew	"	Am.	Leersport	152
"	"	Eurotas	bark	"	Boston	188
"	27	Montano	ship	"	Bangor	180
"	"	Alcibide	"	French	Valparaiso	50
"	"	Jacob Perkins	"	Am.	Boston	176
"	"	Madonna	bark	"	Oregon	12
"	"	Coquette	schnr.	Eng.	Sydney	80
"	30	J. B. Gager	"	Am.	Lahaina	17
"	"	Sacramento	brig	"	Columbia River	15
"	"	Mary & Ellen	"	"	"	14
Dec.	1	Giraffe	"	Eng.	Sydney	87
"	"	Oregon	stmr.	Am.	Panama	20½
"	"	Vesta	brig	Am.	"	229
"	2	Juchinnan	bark	Eng.	New Zealand	67
"	"	Anita	"	Am.	Columbia	5
"	"	Mayeppa	"	"	New York via Valparaiso	230
"	3	Patapsco	schnr.	"	Bodago	"
"	5	Shelikoff	bark	Russian	Sitka	22
"	6	Honolulu	schnr.	Am.	San Pedro	10
"	7	Blakely	bark	British	Liverpool	196
"	"	Huntress	ship	Am.	Columbia	15
"	"	George & Martha	bark	"	Boston	187
"	9	Magdala	"	"	New York via Callao	228
"	"	Frederick	brig	English	Auckland	81
"	10	Azim	bark	American	Columbia River	8
"	"	Lawip	"	Chilian	Talcahuana	63
"	"	Belampigo	brig	Mexican	Mazatlan	35
"	"	Thos. P. Hart	"	Am.	New Orleans	186

Month	Day	Name	Class	Nation	From	Days
1849						
Dec.	10	Mary Adeline	brig	Am.	Boston	195
"	"	F. G. Colley	bark	"	Norfolk	275
"	"	Copapo	brig	Mexican	Mazatlan	
"	"	Huron	ship	Am.	New York	171
"	"	Edward	ship	"	New Bedford	185
"	"	O. C. Raymond	brig	"	Oregon	5
"	"	A. Le Morino	schnr.	English	"	
"	"	Agenoria	brig'tine	"	Hobarttown	90
"	11	Aurora	ship	Amer.	Oregon	8
"	"	Experiment	brig	Sweden	Valparaiso	53
"	"	Java	ship	French	"	48
"	"	Far West	"	Am.	Monterey	4
"	"	Angilique	"	"	New York	185
"	"	Probus	"	"	"	169
"	"	Juana Avilina	"	Oriental	Buenos Ayres	135
"	12	Lalla	brig	Eng.	Liverpool	172
"	"	Peri	schnr.	"	London	233
"	"	Penelope	"	Am.	New York	237
"	"	Anglona	"	"	Lahaina	24
"	13	Cuthbert Young	brig	English	Valparaiso	66
"	"	Sea Lion	schnr.	Chilian	"	69
"	"	Edward	ship	French	Havre	257
"	"	United	brig	Eng.	Coquimbo	125
"	"	Ebenzer	schnr.	"	Sydney	75
"	"	Rialto	"	Am.	Tombuy	43
"	"	Hector	bark	"	San Pedro	18
"	"	Bolton	"	"	New York	
"	15	Ceres	ship	French	Havre	248
"	"	Louisa Maria	bark	"	"	
"	"	Maria	"	Am.	Philadelphia	128
"	"	San Juan	schnr.	"	Panama	
"	"	Ella Frances	bark	American	"	99
"	19	Hope	"	"	New York via Valparaiso	246
					200 N. Y.	
					46 Valpo.	
"	"	Swallow	schnr.	Mexican	Mazatlan	26
"	20	Boston	ship	Am.	New York via Talcahuana	144
"	"	Flora	bark	"	New London	168
"	"	Arkansas	ship	"	New York via Talcahuana	220
					178 N. Y.	
					42 Talca.	
"	21	Anaroklos	ship	Danish	Valparaiso	51
"	"	Carter	brig	Chilian	"	58
"	"	Fanny	bark	Peruvian	"	51
"	"	Thresea	"	Hamburg	"	60
"	"	David Malcolm	"	English	Lancaster	90
"	"	Eudoras	schnr.	Am.	Monterey	8
"	"	Cecelia	brig	Swedish	Valparaiso	147
"	24	Russel	bark	Am.	Hawaii	29
"	"	Dolores	"	Chili	Valparaiso	42
"	26	Aliza	brig	"	"	54
"	27	Fox, S. M.	schnr.	Am.	Lahaina	26
"	"	Abille	bark	French	Mazatlan	
"	"	Louis Phillippi	ship	Am.	Baltimore	
"	"	Ocean	brig	British	Panama	62
"	"	Margaret	"	"	Sydney	120
"	"	John Farnham	bark	Am.	Philadelphia	
"	"	Alice	brig	Chili	Valparaiso	60
"	"	Twins Victoria	ship	Am.	New York	153
"	"	Norman	ship	"	"	157
"	"	Globe	brig	"	Boston	178
"	"	Dive de Brabant	"	Belgian	Valparaiso	50
"	"	Fair Tasmianan	bark	Eng.	Hobart Town	76
"	"	Henry Erobank	"	Am.	Boston	215
"	"	Sacramento	"	"	"	188
"	"	U. S. Qr. Master Brig	brig	"	Oregon	
"	28	Caroline	schnr.	Hawaiian	Lahaina	25
"	"	Hamburg	bark	Hamburg	Valparaiso	60
"	"	Thos. Lord	brig	British	Auckland	108
"	29	Waldemar	bark	Danish	Montevideo	120
"	"	California	stmr.	Am.	Panama	22
"	"	Pearl	bark	Eng.	Tahaiti	
"	"	Tonlon	"	Am.	Oregon	62
"	"	Augusta	brig	Prussian	Valparaiso	14
"	"	Ann Perry	bark	American	Salem	184









Vol. II

No. 1

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

DOLORES WALDORF BRYANT

*Assistant Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

MARCH 31, 1925









Vol. II

No. 1

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

DOLORES WALDORF BRYANT

*Assistant Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

MARCH 31, 1925



QUARTERLY  
OF  
THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

---

Contents

---

	PAGE
Biography of William Van Voorhies.....	5
Address of William Van Voorhies.....	7
Biography of John Shertzer Hittell.....	19
Address of John Shertzer Hittell.....	21
Address of John J. Lermen.....	35
Address of Henry L. Van Winkle.....	45





## WILLIAM VAN VOORHIES

1823-1884

A more hot-headed or sincere partisan never lived, yet he was typical of his time and of his kind. One cannot tell the story of his life, no matter how brief the biography, without writing his name in this wise: William Van Voorhies, DEMOCRAT.

Born in 1823 in Maury County, Tennessee, he must have made his first political speech from the cradle, for in 1844 he took such an active part in Polk's administration that he was appointed to office in Washington, D. C., shortly after inauguration day.

In 1848 he was made postal agent to the Pacific Coast and delegated to carry a message from President Polk to the people of California. It had to do with the bitter battle being carried on between Senator Benton and the President. Benton was trying to start government organization in California before Washington could take action, and Polk was fighting it for fear Fremont, Benton's son-in-law, would organize a republic.

Van Voorhies, the courier, left New York on the famous "California," saw the mad hundreds clamouring for deck space on the boat at Panama, and entered the Golden Gate February 28, 1849.

The letter delivered to the people through the newspapers, Van Voorhies set out on his tempestuous career as a lawyer, statesman, politician, newspaper writer and erstwhile poet.

As Postal Agent he appointed C. L. Ross temporary post master of San Francisco until the arrival of the "Oregon," when John W. Geary took office. For a time Van Voorhies worked at the task of establishing routes and post masters. But it was a thankless and expensive job. He had resigned before fall.

In a short time he had established a good law practice and entered the auction and commission business with John W. Geary and O. P. Sutton. During the late summer, Democrats in San Francisco began talking of party organization, and William Van Voorhies sniffed the pleasant smoke of battle. He delivered a fiery and cheer-inspiring oration at the first Democratic meeting, held October 25, 1849, in Dennison's Exchange. The following November he was elected to both the new State Assembly and to the office of Secretary of State. He retained the latter position, resigning from the former in December, '49.

By July 4, 1850, his genius as an Independence Day orator had been discovered and he addressed the citizens of San Jose. His speeches before the mission town's Court of First Instance always drew a crowd.

He served as Secretary of State under Peter Burnett and John Bigler, but resigned during the latter's administration, leaving office on February 19, 1853. President Pierce had appointed him Surveyor of the Port of San Francisco. During that same year, 1853, Van Voorhies joined The Society of California Pioneers, delivering the Admission Day address, which is reprinted in this quarterly.

The Democratic party split in July, 1854, and Van Voorhies went with the Chivalry, or southern faction. He followed McDougal to Musical Hall, Montgomery and Bush streets, where he was appointed to the Committee on Address and Resolutions, an office which he held almost continuously until 1872. This Democratic division brought about the organization of the Tammany crowd under McGowan, in Carpenter's Building.

During the previous January Van Voorhies had married McDougal's niece, creating something of a sensation when it developed that the wedding had been solemnized by a judge, Alexander Wells of the State Supreme Court.

His office as Surveyor of the Port ceased when Pierce left the White House, and he began writing for newspapers. Opposition sheets referred to him as the "bitterest Democrat" in California. It is easy to find Van Voorhies editorials in the papers of those early days. The very personality of the man gave force and character to every phrase. Twice during his long newspaper career he was not only editorial writer, but publisher. His *Alameda Gazette* was as fierce and relentless a Democratic organ as ever came off a press. The *Alameda Democrat* was quite as well charged with high voltage editorials.

All through the years he wrote for other papers—verse, quaint letters, editorials. Some were signed with the initial "V," others were veiled under odd pen names. Besides turning out columns of such copy, he carried on his law practice and held office in both the Alameda County Democratic organization and the State committee.

In August, 1884, he went to Eureka to handle some special work on the *Humboldt Standard*, but died there on the sixth of September, leaving an empty chair at the caucus meetings and committee conferences of a party organization that had been all but a child to him.

ORATION  
OF  
Hon. William Van Voorhies

Delivered on the 9th of September, 1853  
before the Society of California  
Pioneers.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Society of California Pioneers:*

This is the third anniversary of the admission of our State into the Union. To the train of events which led to its acquisition and admission, it is needless now to recur minutely. They were inevitable—"manifest destiny" decreed, and Anglo-American energy and enterprise consummated the decree. It was a magnificent but inevitable consummation. Location, climate, soil and productions marked it for our own sooner or later, and though the difficulties of the General Government with Mexico hastened its *regeneration*, it would have been ultimately none the less certain. The tide which had set westward in 1632, from the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, flowing slowly at first, but surely, at the rate of two miles and a half per year, up to 1800, having advanced about 400 miles in the space of 160 years, or as far west as the Ohio river—thence with increased and yet increasing impetus, rushing at the rate of 30 miles per year to the junction of the Osage with the Missouri river, 900 miles west of the Ohio at Wheeling—was still advancing with resistless force, sweeping away in its course, English, Spanish, French and Indian possessions, to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and was gradually overleaping even that tremendous barrier. As well might the French and Spanish have expected to remain masters of Louisiana and Florida, or to control the navigation of the Mississippi and Missouri, as Mexico, or any other power, have sought to retain the Californias against the strong necessity of American expansion on their own continent. A Western outlet for Eastern commerce, a great thoroughfare for the commercial nations of the world and homes and employment for accumulating millions were and are becoming with us a strong necessity. Before it, no matter how, by conquest or purchase, the grasp of feeble, weak, indolent Mexico must have been ultimately relinquished.

The immense resources of California—agricultural, commercial and mineral—attracted the attention of our people, and the stupendous idea of a railway—stretching from ocean to ocean, from the Orient to the regions of the setting sun—struggled into being, and its possession and occupation became at once a "fixed fact", an absolute *fatality*. It required no treaty of Queretaro to secure it; it required no war with Mexico to thrust it violently into the embrace of the Union. These were adjuncts—auxiliaries, hastening, but not producing results. Of the Spaniard, the original and proud discoverer of this great continent, this mighty

breakwater between two oceans, there remains now comparatively nothing in our pathway of legitimate progress; and with the exception of half a million of French peasants in Lower Canada, tenaciously adhering to the manners and customs which their fathers brought from Normandy two centuries ago, and a third part of that number of planters of French descent in Louisiana, there is nothing left to bear witness to the amazing fact that less than a century ago France was the mistress of the better half of North America—the mighty basins of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence.

But I have not time to pursue this further. It is sufficient that we have acquired the territory, admitted the State, and are building a splendid commonwealth. What Californian, in contemplation of the past, reflection upon the present, and anticipation of the future, does not feel a thrill of proud exultation? I can well remember, and I am not, by many years, one of the “oldest inhabitants,” when the Bay of San Francisco afforded “ample room and verge enough” for the easy and unobstructed passage of the largest class mail steamers anywhere between Clark and Rincon Points; when one could make one’s way from the summit of Telegraph Hill to the old Parker House by winding down its bare sides (now Broadway and Pacific streets), and leaping the slough (now Jackson Street), wading through the Bay (now Montgomery street), up a sand bank (now Washington Street), to an open space (now Kearny Street and the Plaza), thence fifty paces south, to the point of destination. I can well remember, also, when an unobtrusive *casa*, compared with the immense structures which now rise heavenward here and there at “magnificent distances,” was all in the way of internal, or for that matter, *external* improvements, that met the eye; when the Parker House, the old Portsmouth House, the United States Hotel, Howards’ Store, the venerable *adobe* on the Plaza, then a custom house, afterwards a broker’s shop, and now no more, with one or two other shanties, looked to us immigrants of ’49 like palaces; when *seraped* natives chased the wild bullock over the surrounding hills, satisfying a lean, lank traffic, not commerce, with the offering of a hide or a horn; when a Chinese was a *lusus naturae*, and a woman on the street—which was an imaginary line drawn in red and blue ink on pasteboard—an absolute and unmitigated wonder.

But now, how changed! The busy hum of active industry, like the tones of “applauding thunder,” rings from mountain top to



the bosom of the valleys; cities and villages, as if by magic, spring up; mountain fastnesses are penetrated and subdued; harbors whiten with the sails of a worldwide commerce; the remote West grasps the hand of the remote East, and Brother Jonathan, the "Independent," familiarly exchanges with John the Chinaman, clocks for silks, teas and chessboard, while "Hail Columbia" is sung under the walls of Nankin, and "Yankee Doodle" whistled at the gates of Japan.

In short, by the acquisition and admission of California, we have brought the world into social as well as commercial contact, and there remains now no such thing as that complex mystery of our school-boy days—the *Antipodes*. I know that there are those who consider this state of things to be ephemeral—an "insubstantial pageant," which is destined to fade and "leave not a rack behind." Croakers and sceptics have indulged the same doubts time and time again, of the Union itself; but the Union has continued to advance, and I must believe, therefore, that California, in spite of their incredulity, is also destined to perform a part in the world's drama, at once imposing and permanent. Steamboats and clipper ships, those winged witches of the sea, have followed and railroads must follow, its acquisition. The vast population gathering upon its shores; the vast interests creating, and the immense resources developing, are not, I submit, the emblems of decay, nor the insignia of evanescence. I do not pretend to say that we are a perfect people, nor that there are not well founded objections to our social and political organization. But I do pretend to say that we, I mean the United States, possess the elements of permanent prosperity, which, if nourished vigilantly, and warmly cherished, cannot fail to ripen into maturity and produce the fruits of a world's regeneration. Perhaps I am enthusiastic, and am assigning to our people and Government a position and influence to which they are not strictly entitled. But when we think of the quiet haven where the "Mayflower" furled its tattered sails; of the feeble colony—call them Puritans, religious enthusiasts, fanatics, what you will—planted upon the barren rock at Plymouth; of their revolt in 1775; of their immortal Declaration of 1776; of the sanguinary battles of their protracted Revolution; of the acknowledgment of their Independence, by treaty, in 1783; of the establishment of their great Federative Republic; and then following them in their career of territorial extension and national greatness, through the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, extending their possession south and north to

the Pacific Ocean; the reduction of the Indian tribes and the extinguishment of their titles east and west of the Mississippi; the acquisition of Florida in 1819; the annexation of Texas in 1845; and the acquisition of New Mexico and California in 1848, thus in a mere span of time, building for themselves a fabric of government, under the sunlight of which the deep night of the Old World's systems passes away, and the *reflected* dawn of struggling freedom in Europe heralds the glorious morn and splendid noonday of universal emancipation. When we think of all this, I say, is it wonderful or discourteous that we denounce the expression of a doubt touching our prospects of future usefulness or greatness as but the unfounded predictions of unmitigated croakers and inveterate "fogys," if you will allow me the use of a designation perhaps less elegant than significantly comprehensive. As with the general Government, so with California. The raven of incredulity is flapping and has flapped its sombre wings upon its pathway since its acquisition, and since its admission. For a long time, actuated by these doubts, *sagacious* capitalists withheld investments; *prudent* statesmen denied protection; cautious editors at home set their warning types, and issued their "gory-lock" bulletins. Our mountains of gold were bubbles, our valleys of sunshine unsubstantial dreams, and our vaunted resources but the ingenious conjurations of conscienceless speculators. Worse than this: a scoundrel, away up in the dark ravines of the Sierra Nevada, demands the purse or life of the adventurous miner, and we are all highwaymen; a dusky Sonorian steals a horse from an obscure "corral," and we are all horse thieves; a villain fells a drunken sailor with a slungshot at midnight, and we are all lawless; an incarnate devil fires a house and involves a city in ruins, and we are all incendiaries; an unfortunate, sometimes, but too often dishonest debtor, "incontinently *does*" his creditor, and we are all swindlers. In short, in the opinion of these croakers, there is neither law, order, religion, morality, decency, honor, nor honesty amongst us, from the Bay of Humboldt to the mouth of the Gila, from Pah-Utah to the Pacific.

But in the teeth of all this we have steadily—nay, rapidly—progressed. We have founded schools, we have erected churches, we have formed social organizations, temperance societies, *sewing societies* (not the least *civilizing*, by any means), religious associations, and we have established and endowed institutions for the sick, the blind, the insane, to say nothing of the wicked and the vicious, for whom ample provision is made in the way of county

jails and State prisons. In addition to this, we have formed a code of laws to supplant another entirely dissimilar; we have wrought system out of confusion; we have practically legislated for interests, and beneficially, too, which could not in the nature of things be at once thoroughly ascertained and comprehended; and we have done a great deal more than elsewhere could have been accomplished in a quarter of a century. It was and is to be expected, that out of the incongruous materials which the discovery of gold, the occupation of a new territory, the settlement of a new world, had collected here, there could not immediately be wrought a perfect, entire, symmetrical edifice, morally or politically. Rash and reckless adventurers, men without character or principle, desperadoes and outcasts, were, of course, amongst the emigrants lured hither by what at first seemed fabulous stories of golden treasures concealed in the bowels of prolific mountains. Some of this character are yet amongst us, but their ability to do evil grows "small by degrees and beautifully less." A higher moral sentiment begins to obtain, a purer public opinion begins to prevail, and as a consequence, back to their dens and hiding places begin to skulk these lawless, reckless ruffians, who were wont to stalk abroad at noonday and who made the early history of our State hideous with their accursed revels. I am not disposed to disguise it that we still have much to do—morally, socially and politically—before about the home of our adoption will cluster the elevating, refining, purifying influences that make glad the homes of our nativity. I know that there are still bad men here who are exerting bad influences; that the standard of public morals is not yet the purest; that an entirely healthy and controlling public opinion is not yet formed; that virtue is not yet the "bright particular star" of our earnest worship, nor vice yet become that

"—*Monster of such hideous mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen.*"

I know that in our eager search for gold we may, for a time, have lost sight of and neglected much that is chastening, softening and elevating. Domestic altars have not kept pace with the construction of temples devoted to the service of Mammon; family ties have snapped with the powerful tension of grasping avarice, and too many of us could detect no beauty in anything unconnected with gold or silver. But such is not the case now. A change in this respect is rapidly passing over the spirit of our dream. We are still a commercial, trading, business people; we

have great respect for the "almighty dollar," because within its shining circumference are railroads, steamboats and clipper ships, together with great cities, affording employment and a competency for the laborer, and subsistence and home comforts for the comparatively indigent and industrious. At the same time, be it remembered, we are no longer a "motley multitude" of mere temporary sojourners, lured hither by a sordid dream of gold, and intending immediately upon realizing a "pile" to depart hence. We are *citizens*, permanently identified with the present and prospective interests of our adopted State. Wives and children, brothers, sisters and mothers are here, and homes, with their happy and cheerful firesides, and their throbbing circle of affectionate hearts genially penetrating the *ruggedness*, if you please, of California society are here waking us to a sense of the warmth and beauty of social life. We may have been wayward, but we are young; we may have been rude, but it was the rudeness of undisciplined childhood, which youth will soften and manhood chasten and subdue. A few years and the untrained energies of the boy will have matured into the deep, settled purposes of the man—the strong man—whose hopes are with the future and whose noble aims are not only to make himself immortal, but the world better and happier.

But I would address the pioneers! the really pioneer, the pioneer of the plains, and in so doing must again be permitted to recur to the past.

A little more than seventy years ago we emerged from a state of Colonial vassalage—a little more than half a century since the now model Republic and one of the first great powers of the world was locked within the rocky embrace of the Alleghanies. Wild, uncultivated, unsubdued, the "Great West," now the home of the hardy, the industrious and the enterprising, breathing with the nervous energy of the age, and actively engaged in working out the difficult labor of human progression, slept the deep sleep of savage seclusion; a vast storehouse, locked and bolted then, but now *open* and *free*, and paying vast tribute to the comprehensive sagacity which acquired it and the fearless enterprize which developed it. Onward and yet onward rushed the resistless current of American emigration *westward*. The axe of the adventurous woodsman rang through the grand old forests of a hitherto unpenetrated wilderness; the church and the school house, the plough and the steam engine, hut, hamlet, village and city followed, springing up in the difficult track of the intrepid



pioneer. The indomitable energy, the untiring industry, the ceaseless activity of our people, buoyed and sustained by the beneficent policy of the general Government, broke the confined barriers of territorial restriction, and poured a tide of rushing, but regenerating emigration over the prairies and mountains of the West. Jewel after jewel was thus added to and sparkled in the coronet of the Union, until their concentrated flashing attracted the attention of the civilized world, and roused its hereditary powers from their long-indulged dream of vaunted supremacy.

But the end was not yet. There is a restless, ever-active and adventurous spirit, I will not say peculiar to, but certainly more strongly developed in our population than in that of any other nation, which cannot remain *quiescent* when there are fields of discovery, and especially upon their own continent, yet to be won, and untried dangers in the attainment of difficult objects to be encountered. This roving, restless disposition is objected to by some as a national evil. I cannot now stop to discuss the question, except simply to remark that practical results would seem to authorize a different conclusion. But for this wandering spirit, which delights in wild adventure, and abhors, if you will, all social and domestic restrictions; which finds no happiness about the hearth-stone, hallowed though it be by a thousand tender associations, by the memory of a mother who nursed and cherished, a father who counselled and directed, and a sister who pressed her warm kiss of love upon his cheek—

*A sister's kiss, so pure and holy  
That an angel's lip could feel  
Nothing earthly in the magic  
Impress of its heavenly seal.*

I repeat, that but for this wandering spirit, I do believe that the proud national spectacle we today present—a free people numbering not less than 25,000,000 souls, inhabiting a territory stretching well nigh from the inhospitable regions of eternal snows to climes where the breath of never-fading flowers loads the balmy atmosphere with fragrance, would be yet a dream of the enthusiast or visionary, an ardently hoped for but slowly developing consummation of national greatness; for in the acquisition and organization of new territories and formation of new States, government has followed in the path of the pioneer, and law waited upon the settlement of the emigrant. But to return: Beyond the barrier of the Rocky Mountains—that fearfully magnificent chain of eternal hills—lay, bathed in sunshine, the dream-



land of our boyhood. From old Spanish manuscripts, musty and mysterious; incredible tales of adventurous trappers, and doubtful log-books of daring whalers, stories of glittering sands washed—not lashed—by lake-like oceans, of beautiful islands, luxuriant valleys and golden mountains were derived. The settler upon our then western frontier heard, and forgetting the dangers and hardships he had already encountered in his progress westward, “purposed in his heart to take a further flight.” The spirit of adventure grew strong within him, and unshrinking determination, that magic key which unlocks the portals of unfailing success, nerved him for the fearful adventure. The home he had builded—patiently, laboriously, painfully builded—was to be abandoned. Upon his contemplated pathway arid deserts burned, lowering mountains frowned and the savage denizens of the forest lay in wait to destroy. But the intrepid spirit of the American pioneer is to be turned from the bent of its purpose by neither fancied nor real dangers and difficulties. With the wife of his bosom, then, and the little children of his “house and heart,” he set out upon his fearful expedition.

To portray the toils, the sufferings and privations, resulting too often in disease and death, those hideous attendants upon these expeditions, is not for me. Few of us will ever forget the awful story of the ill-fated Donner party. Children perishing in the arms of their dying mothers, wives falling famished at the feet of their exhausted husbands; hunger, like a gaunt spectre, waking the echoes of the dismal mountains with its wailing cry for bread, and starvation with horrible appetite feasting upon the withered flesh of human beings. There are those within the sound of my voice—the pioneers of '43, '45, '47—who will bear me witness that it was at these several periods no holiday excursion to seek, across the continent, the distant shores of the Pacific. But the American pioneers, gathering here and there from the narratives of exploring expeditions and the reports of trappers and trading companies just enough to inflame the fancy and whet the appetite for adventure, sought and found amidst dangers and difficulties of which we, the steamship '49ers, know nothing—a foothold and a home upon these distant shores.

I cannot forbear introducing in this connection the thoughts and reflections of a *fair* pioneer, suggested by the occasion of this celebration, nor have I an apology to offer for doing so, except to her, for they are at once appropriate and beautiful.

"Today the pioneer with a proud heart beholds our valleys fenced and teeming with the fruits of cultivation and the rewards of toil; our cities crowded with the commerce of all seas, and noisy with the hum of intellect and energy; our bays and rivers white with the full sails of wealth and sinewy strength of immigration; the ravines and mountain gulches cheerful with the ring of pick-axe and shovel, and the whole wide land opening up the riches of her golden heart to the great spirit of progression that woos and wins her. Amidst all this, let him pause and musingly remember when, standing first upon the snowy mountain top, his soiled and weary sandal-shoes grey with the dust of weary miles and worn with rough realities—let him remember how the land then broke upon his sight, sleeping and unconscious of her own beauty; the plains echoing no sound but the wild laughter of the mountain stream; the green hills dotted over with cattle never herded; the oaks casting their broad shadows day by day alike; the long moss swaying silent in the balmy wind, and the ravines and gorges dark with the undisturbed and unbroken gloom of the great pine and redwood. Let him go farther back, and recollect when the wild fever of adventure first possessed him; when the dear reverence for his father's hearthstone, the broad old acres of the homestead, the graves of the gray-haired and golden-locked alike with the living voices of the loved, persuaded him in vain against his romance, and he went forth to make his dream real.

"Let him remember the weary march, the accident, the disappointment, the hunger, and the thirst, and the storm; the knowledge of the heart of man in trial; the mistaken mask of goodness dropping off from friends, and the stern, desperate struggle of life with the grim monster in all forms. Let him muse on these things, and in his memory unfurl the scroll—like a flag—stripes first and stars afterwards—until like our country's flag it hallows the soil it waves over and swells the humble standard bearer's heart with gratitude and pride, till fondly saying, *magna pars fui*; he shall rise up equal to his destiny in the future, a great and *individual* destiny—that of reclaiming from forgetfulness and utter silence a fertile garden in which to transplant systems of government, institutions of human knowledge, ties of society and hopes of advancement and fame; until he shall feel a proud consciousness that he is a co-worker in the formation of a great and new State, a land that offers fortune only to the laborer worthy of his hire, that will give permanent position only to talent and

the inborn, God-given power of command, wealth to the young and strong while he has life and tastes to enjoy it, and success to the ambitious who has not wearied out before the goal is half attained; where men begin to understand the relations of the past towards the future; where old age looks to youth for the keen sight and strong arm it has lost, and confers upon it in return the wisdom of experience and suggestion of example." Thus eloquently speak, think and feel the pioneer ladies of the country.

Few in numbers, but strong in the characteristic energy of our people, the early American population of the Californias exerted an influence upon the destiny of the people amongst whom they had taken up their abode which in the brief period of a few years ripened into dominion. I cannot but regret that the limits of this address will not admit of a recurrence to some of the many interesting incidents connected with the early history of California and the part taken by the early settlers during the pendency of the war with Mexico.

Says one of the oldest and truest friends of California: "The first emigrants came not to seek the rich treasures which glitter upon the hills. They came to clear the road for civilization." And they have done it. Their mission has been gloriously performed. The tree which they planted and watched over has taken deep root; the rich fruit it produces is the fruit of civilization, and the world plucks it eagerly from the bending branches, and "eateth thereof." Honor, then, to the daring spirits who preceded the Star of Empire on its westward way! Honor to the men and women of '43, '45 and '46, who cleared the path across trackless deserts and through dangerous mountain passes, for succeeding generations to follow. Honor to the *California Pioneer!*



# JOHN SHERTZER HITTELL

1825-1901

He was an onlooker, not an actor on the stage of life. Hindered by uncertain health, he studied wherever he traveled, whatever was at hand. A quiet man and thorough, somewhat typical of the staid State from which he came.

Hittell was born on Christmas Day, 1825, in Jonestown, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, and graduated from Miami University, Ohio, when he was eighteen years of age with the degree of Master of Arts. He was a law student when he set out for California on May 1, 1849. Of the two thousand miles between Ottawa, Illinois, and California, Hittell always said he walked 1200 and rode the other 800.

The young student tried for gold with the rest of the boys and spent the winter of '49 and '50 at Horsetown, Shasta County. Later he spent some time in the old town of Sonoma, but in 1852 he moved to San Francisco. The following year he took a position on the staff of that famous old newspaper, the *Alta California*. For twenty-five years he wrote about the people of the State, the resources, the history, saturating himself with the very essence of California.

During these years he found time to write books on many subjects. His "Evidences Against Christianity," 1855, created such a sensation in San Francisco that it was republished two years later in New York. Such a subject was daring, not to say scandalous, in 1855.

He was a courageous philosopher. Whatever he thought he wrote. His last book seems to have been "The History of the Mental Growth of Mankind," published in 1894. Histories, essays, volumes on the resources of the State, on the commerce and industries, addresses—all of these he wrote during the years 1855-1894.

For a considerable length of time he was historian of The Society of California Pioneers. His affiliations with the Society began May 2, 1862, when he became a member. During his years as historian, he collected a quantity of valuable material for the organization and wrote an excellent history of San Francisco.

The committee in charge of the San Francisco celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence asked Hittell to write a history of this city, and incidentally, of



the State. In 1878 the book was published for the public: a colorful yet accurate account of a city's growth.

On March 8, 1901, John S. Hittell set out on a pioneer journey to a far country. Services were held in Pioneer Hall and the kindly historian was put to rest in Odd Fellows Cemetery. He lies there now, in the very heart of the city which was but a raucous new-made town when he first glimpsed the crowded harbor, the long-rumbling wharves and the carefree crowds that filled the muddy streets.

ORATION  
OF  
Hon. John S. Hittell

Delivered on the 9th of September, 1869  
before the Society of California  
Pioneers.

### Friends and Fellow Pioneers :

I congratulate you upon meeting again at this, our nineteenth annual assemblage, to commemorate the organization of our State and the formation of the nucleus of the American Empire on the Pacific, to revive the recollection of the impressive scenes witnessed in the early days of pioneer life, and, if possible, to give additional stimulus to our affection for California, our chosen home, to which we are bound by a multitude of cherished memories, by soul-stirring associations which no other land could have supplied to us. The ideas called up today belong, however, not exclusively to the anniversary of the admission of our State into the Union and its attendant incidents. In this celebration we cannot overlook the facts that in this year fall the centennial anniversaries of the first white settlement of California, the discovery and naming of the Bay of San Francisco, and the first appearance of white men on the site of our city. And this year has witnessed an event of worldwide interest and of especial importance to us, the completion of the Pacific Railroad, forming a grand climax to the close of the first century of Californian civilization, that began with one of the lowest and ends with one of the highest phases of human society. We seem to have leaped at one bound from the bottom to the top of the ladder of progress.

The first era of California, that of Indian dominion and savage life, extends from an unknown and remote antiquity to 1769. In an epoch that belongs not to history or tradition but to geology, while the Sacramento Basin was a great lake, while the higher parts of the Sierra Nevada were covered with glaciers, and, still earlier, while numerous volcanoes were pouring out their lavas to form the northern portion of the Sierra, men lived upon its slopes, as their bones, their mortars, their pestles, their spear-heads and arrowheads, then deposited in deep beds of gravel, and of late brought to light, bear witness. We have no conclusive evidence that the Diggers found here by the first Spanish explorers more than three hundred years ago, had been preceded by a different race. The tradition that the Aztecs came from this coast, and the theory that the North American Indians are descendants of Asiatics are not sustained by any trustworthy proof. The aborigines were not able to adapt themselves to high civilization, and they are not represented among us today. They have left no art, no custom, no monument (except a few mounds, the accumulation of shells, bones, coal, and ashes, around their rancheros), no original thought, no recollection of a noble deed,

no tongue, only a few proper names (such as Sonoma, Napa, Petaluma, Suisun, Tuolumne, Mokelumne, etc), to testify to their existence.

The second era, that of Spanish dominion and ascetic ideas, lasted fifty-three years, beginning on the 11th of April, 1769, when the brig *San Antonio* arrived at San Diego with the first party of white men who came to make a permanent settlement in what was then Upper or New California and is now simply California. This settlement was under the control of Franciscan friars, whose purpose was to convert the Indians. Some soldiers accompanied the missionaries to protect their persons and property, and soon a white lay population began to grow up, but the dominant interest was that of the friars, and most of the inhabitants recognizing Spanish authority were Indian converts.

The Franciscans held that the chief virtues of life were chastity, celibacy, poverty and abject humility and the chief duties were frequent recitation of prayers, the mortification of the flesh, the sacrifice of the passions, and the renunciation of all social pleasures and secular interest for the sake of beatitude in a future existence. Twenty-one missions were founded, none more than thirty miles from the ocean; the first and most southern at San Diego, in 1769, the last and most northern at Sonoma in 1823.

In July, 1769, a party under the supervision of Friar Juan Crespi started by land to examine the coast northward. After journeying for three months among savages who showed no hostility, in October, he discovered and named our bay, reached the site of our city, and here turned back. Seven years later the Mission of San Francisco was established. Seven years hence, in 1876, we shall celebrate the centennial anniversary of the white settlement of San Francisco, and also the centennial anniversary of the independent existence of our nation.

The missions were in their best condition in 1814, after which they were injured by the stoppage of pay and other consequences of the Mexican Revolution, but they continued to increase in population and property until 1826, when they had 24,611 Indian neophytes, 215,000 head of neat cattle, 135,000 sheep, and 16,000 horses, and harvested 75,000 bushels of grain. The friars of the ascetic era have all disappeared. Of their converts only a few hundred remain, and those, with rare exceptions, no longer occupy their old homes. Most of the missions have served as centers round which towns have been built. Some of the adobe churches still stand as monuments to the industry of the neo-

phytes, guided by friar architects. The oldest building of our city, erected more than half a century since, though lately renovated, is the church at the mission, dedicated to St. Francis, the founder of the Franciscan Order, the pre-eminent hero of asceticism, whose name has been adopted by the San Franciscans, but whose practice is not followed by them, as the taste, the fashion, the beauty, the wealth, the luxury represented by this auditory, may testify.

The third era, that of Mexican dominion and pastoral life, lasted twenty-four years, beginning on the 9th of April, 1822, when the independence of Mexico from Spain was formally proclaimed and first officially recognized at Monterey, the capital of the territory. The white population increased slowly. The Mexicans were not a colonizing people. The journey to Sonora by land was long and beset by many hardships and dangers. The advantages of California were not generally known or appreciated. Most of the men who became prominent under Mexican dominion were officers or soldiers, or the sons of soldiers, sent out to protect the missions. Most of the early emigrants came at the request and with the assistance of the Government.

On the 29th of November, 1777, the first town was established at San Jose by a party of fourteen families, which had started from Sonora two years before; and on the 4th of November, 1781, the pueblo of Los Angeles was founded by another party. The rancheros and town people never agreed very well with the friars, who became subordinate in influence to the military and civil authorities soon after the Mexican flag was hoisted. The Indians ceased to obey their teachers, neglected their work, and plundered the mission property. In 1835, the missions were secularized—that is, orders were issued that part of the herds and agricultural implements should be distributed among the neophytes and rancheros, and the remainder should be disposed of for the benefit of the public treasury; but most of the property was soon in the possession of the chieftains and their friends. In 1842, only 4,500 Indians remained at the missions, some of which had been deserted by the friars.

The Mexican Californians lived an idle, easy life. Their only income was derived from the hides and tallow of their neat cattle which thrived on the wild grass in the open country. They had no work and little worry. They were happy; they did not know any better. They had few excitements, and many of them had no anxieties. Most of them, and some of the old American resi-



dents, have regretted the change which has since taken place. From various miseries of life, common elsewhere, they were exempt. They had no lawyers, doctors, tax-gatherers, or newspapers; no steamboats, railroads, stage coaches, postoffices, regular mails, or stove-pipe hats. Bedsteads, chairs, tables, wooden floors and kid gloves were rarities. They were a large, active, hardy, long-lived race, who made up by their fecundity for the failure of the friars to contribute to the population of the territory. It was fashionable in those days to have large families. Ignacio Vallejo had twelve children; Joaquin Carrillo (of Santa Barbara), twelve; Jose Noriega, ten; Jose Arguello, thirteen; Jose Maria Pico, nine; Francisco Sepulveda, eleven; Jose Maria Ortega, eleven, and Juan Bandini, ten. These were all the founders of the large families of their respective names, and in most cases the progenitors of all of their name in the State. In the second generation there was no decline. Nasario Berreyesa had eleven children; Jose Sepulveda, twelve; Guadalupe Vallejo, twelve; Josefa Vallejo, eleven; Feliciano Soberanes, ten, and Jose Antonio Castro, twenty-five. An old lady, named Juana Cota, died some years ago, leaving five hundred living descendants at the time of her death. There have been wonderful changes in California.

As the children nearly all married, and the white families were not very numerous, (there were only seven hundred ranchos or country estates in 1846) it happened that nearly everybody was the relative of everybody else by blood or marriage, and where these two bonds failed, the spiritual relation of godfather or godmother supplied the deficiency. All were cousins or *compadres* (co-fatjers). They were all one large family, not only willing but glad to entertain their relatives, and glad to be entertained. Time with them was not money; knowledge was not power. Leisure, horses, beef and beans—the essentials in those days for making long journeys—were abundant, and so their life was a succession of *paseos* and *fiestas*, riding and feasting.

But the social good feeling did not prevent political troubles. The supreme government at Mexico sent out carpet-bag Governors, who were expelled. Los Angeles and Monterey, the north and the south, contended for the Territorial Capital. The personal interests, the ambitions of the Picos, Carrillos, Noriegas, Castros, Alvarados and Vallejos for the honors and profits of civil and military office, led to contests in which soldiers were frequently called out; but the revolutions were not very bloody, for

only one man was killed in them previous to 1845 and he by accident. And yet they were brave as they proved in the battle of San Pasqual when Gen. Kearny narrowly escaped destruction. From 1835 to 1846 these political troubles continued to increase in seriousness and many of the leading men, having appealed in vain to Mexico for aid, were discussing the question whether they should not solicit the protection of England or the United States—the predominant influence being decidedly in favor of the latter—when the discussion was suddenly arrested by the conquest.

The American commercial era of California began on the 7th of July, 1846, when the Stars and Stripes were permanently hoisted at Monterey. An adventurous Boston boy—a *mozo* *Boston*, as the old Spanish records call him—took up his residence at Santa Barbara in 1794, and John Gilroy, a Scotch sailor, near death, was allowed to come ashore at Monterey in 1814; but with those exceptions Anglo-Saxons did not begin to establish themselves in California until the overthrow of the Spanish authority opened the ports to foreign vessels and the land to foreign settlers. Whalers and smugglers, mostly American, had for years been familiar with the coast. Boston merchants, engaged in buying hides and tallow and selling cheap calico and trinkets, soon made their appearance and they were followed by others of different occupations. Abel Stearns, Alfred Robinson, Henry Mellus, W. D. M. Howard, T. O. Larkin, Wm. Dana, D. A. Hill, Henry D. Fitch, David Spence and W. E. P. Hartnell, all arrived by sea before 1840. In 1825, thirty trappers under Jedediah Smith crossed the Sierra Nevada, about latitude thirty-nine degrees, and were the first white men to reach California overland from the Mississippi Valley. They all went back but the information which they circulated induced two other parties of trappers to come in 1827, one of which entered the State at Fort Yuma and thus the middle and southern transcontinental trails were opened. Among those who came with the trapper parties were Yount, Wolfskill, Workman, Sparks, Leese, and Graham. In 1839 Sutter came by sea and established his fort which afterwards became an important center for American influence. Workman, after his first trip with the trappers, returned to New Mexico, where he had lived, and induced a considerable party of his friends and neighbors to come to this Coast. The largest migration from the Valley of the Rio Grande came in 1841, and included the Vaca and Pena families. In that same

year, Joseph Chiles, of Missouri, came to California and in 1842 went back with information that here people could live without work and cattle without shelter or cultivated food; that valuable land could be got by the league for nothing; that it would be very valuable as soon as it should be covered by the American flag, and that annexation was inevitable and not far distant. His statements had much influence. The next year a party, including Bidwell and Reading, came; in 1844 another; in 1845 another, including Hensley and Snyder. Those who came overland, by their numbers and skill with the rifle, got the preponderance north of San Pablo Bay; the commercial immigrants settled on the southern coast and there obtained a powerful influence by superior education, ability, and marriage into the leading families. Anglo-Saxon husbands were married to five Carrillos of Santa Barbara, three Carrillos of Santa Rosa, four Noriegas, four Bandinis, three Ortegas of Santa Barbara, two Vallejos and one Soberanes. Some of them were English but they were all glad of the change of government, and they induced the great majority of the Californians to submit quietly when the Stars and Stripes were hoisted. There was some resistance but it was almost hopeless from the first. The American Cabinet had determined to own California, and, indeed, there is good reason to believe that, but for the expectation of getting this country, they would not have taken up arms when they did. Soon after the first encounter, on the Rio Grande, orders were issued to recruit a regiment of men in New York to serve in California, with the understanding that they should remain here as citizens after the war. Those only were to be received who would be suitable settlers for a new country. On the 29th of September, 1846, they sailed; on the 6th of March of the next year the first vessel arrived in our bay. They had little military duty to perform, but many of them have since become prominent men.

The gold discovery was made on the 19th of January, 1848,\* a month before the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed and five months and a half before peace was finally proclaimed and the American title to California acknowledged by Mexico. In June the whole territory was excited, and on the 20th of September the first public notice of the discovery printed in the Atlantic States, so far as I can learn, appeared in the *Baltimore Sun*, attracting little attention. Letters of army officers and small

---

\*NOTE.—It has since been decided that gold was discovered on January 24, 1848. See *Quarterly*, Vol. I, No. III, The Society of California Pioneers.

shipments of dust began to arrive in November, followed soon by fuller and more favorable accounts and in January the States were in a fever. It was then that most of us determined to seek our fortunes in the distant El Dorado, in a land almost unknown to geography, on an ocean almost unknown to commerce. Those near the Atlantic started to double Cape Horn; those in the Mississippi Valley to cross the Rocky and Snowy Mountains. It was a bold adventure to go to a remote country of which we knew little, to engage in a business of which we knew nothing. Most of after getting our outfits had no money left to bring us back or support us in case of adversity. The amount of gold which had arrived from the mines was small and the statements that there were rich claims for all who might come were not justified by the knowledge of that time, though they were proved to be correct by subsequent discoveries. But the excitement was up and we were not disposed to be critical or skeptical. The start was accompanied by the warnings of the old men, the tears of the women, and the envious and congratulatory remarks of our associates who wanted to come and could not. It was an impressive occasion, full of bright hopes and dark forebodings for many who remained as well as for all who came.

Of the army of 20,000 men who, in May, 1849, broke camp at various points on the banks of the Missouri River between Council Bluffs and Independence to march to the land of gold, I was one. A few had pack animals or mule teams, but most had oxen—three yoke and three men to a wagon, in which we had provisions for a year, as there was then no stock in the mines and we knew not when we should find a supply. All were armed for defense. As for the men, we were the flower of the West; nearly all young, active, healthy, many well educated, all full of hope and enthusiasm. In our ignorance of the nature of auriferous deposits we expected, unless particularly unfortunate, to strike places where we should dig up two hundred or three hundred pounds of gold in a day without difficulty. In visions by day and in dreams by night we saw ourselves in the possession of treasures more splendid than those that dazzled the eyes of Aladdin. We compared ourselves to the Argonauts, to the army of Alexander starting to conquer Persia, to the Crusaders. Our enthusiasm was maintained by our numbers. The road, as far as we could see by day from the highest mountains, was lined with men and wagons; at night the campfires gleamed like the lights of a city set on a hill. Our brightest anticipations suffered



no diminution as we advanced on our journey; vexatious and tiresome as many of the days were, we never forgot, we never doubted, the reward that was to compensate us. The long march of two thousand miles, (for we were nearly all afoot, and there were no seats in the wagons), the fording and ferrying of cold and swift rivers, the repeated preparation for Indian attacks, of which false alarms were spread; the tedious guarding of the cattle at night, the long marches over the desert, the oppressive heat and the still more oppressive dust of the alkaline plains, the toilsome ascent of the mountains, which seemed so steep that we doubted whether our oxen could climb up alone—all these were borne, if not cheerfully yet without regret that we had ventured upon them. I can mention but I cannot describe the anxiety of finding that a desert which we expected to cross in forty miles was much longer, and on being told by a man who met us that he had been thirty miles further and found no sign of grass or water. Our oxen were already exhausted and such a distance was impracticable. Nobody that we knew had been over the road, nor had we any guides. We went on, however, and found two families—men, women and children—in tears, their oxen all dead, themselves helpless. We still pressed on, and the next morning we and the unfortunate families were in camp at an oasis and fiddling and dancing followed the suffering. Neither can I describe the delight with which we looked down from the summit of the Sierra Nevada over the distant valley of the Sacramento, dim and golden in the rays of the setting sun.

We had come to dig for gold, and nearly all who came by land went to mining. Though we did not make so much as we had hoped, we still found the placers wonderfully rich. It was no uncommon event for a man alone to take out five hundred dollars in a day or for two or three, if working together, to divide the dust at the end of the week by measuring it with tin cups. But we were never satisfied. Others were getting more, we were not making enough. We went prospecting far out into districts occupied by hostile Indians, we found diggings that would at last make millionaires of us, but in the midst of our rejoicing we ran out of provisions, and had to live for days on grass and acorns picked from the holes in trees where they had been placed by woodpeckers. We had to meet the savages in battle and, more dangerous than that, we had to swim the large mountain torrents in full flood height. For months we slept under no shelter and saw no house. And worst of all, our diggings, which we had gone



so far and risked so much to find, at last deceived us. They were not so rich as we imagined; the water gave out, and we were not numerous enough to keep a guard at all points against the Indians. All these things I went through in person, and my experience was, perhaps, not so eventful as that of most pioneer miners. The expenses, the time spent in traveling and prospecting, and the lack of all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life, made many of us think it was cheaper to get the gold in any other way than by digging for it in the placers. We abandoned the mines. Our bright dreams of becoming millionaires by washing the sands of the Sierra Nevada were all dissipated. Nor have we, as a class, made large fortunes in other pursuits and of those who have, not a few have lost them again. But when we look back across the interval of twenty years we do not regret that we became pioneers. We had demanded of California that she should fill the purses of everyone with gold. She refused that demand to many but she gave to all a cherished home, a sunny and genial sky, a fertile soil, a delightful landscape, a clime suited to the development of every energy, the companionship of the most intelligent and enterprising people, and a site suited for a great city and for the concentration of the commerce of a wealthy coast. She gave us the greatest relative abundance of gold known in the world. She compressed, within a few years, the progress that elsewhere would have required a century. Our business has been unparalleled in its activity. Our lives have been a rapid succession of strong sensations. Great wealth has hovered about us all, within reach of all, and if many of us did not know the precise moment for grasping it, still we have for years been interested in the chase, and perhaps the active excitement of pursuit has given us more pleasure than we could have enjoyed in possession. Many of us have gone back to the Eastern States, intending to make homes there, but found the attempt a complete failure. Life was a dull and commonplace routine; once accustomed to the whirl of California speculation and the cordiality of California society, we could not live without it.

For a long time we could not think or speak of this as home. We had started with the expectation, the promise, of soon returning. When we first saw the brown mountains and the bare plains of California in the fall of 1849, it did not occur to us that we should ever want to live here. There was nothing here to reward ambition, save gold. Our mothers, sisters, sweethearts,

wives, remained in "the States," and for years we longed to get back to them. And they, deprived by unjust and oppressive social rules of an equal chance in the race of life, hoped that we would come to give them our companionship and assistance. The affections of a million families throughout the civilized world were fixed upon California by such bonds. The sorrow caused by these separations, the disappointments that resulted from many causes, were great. One of those who looked in vain for the return of her Californian, wrote these pathetic lines:

"Why don't he come? He said the leaves then springing  
At his return should still be fresh and green;  
How oft they've sprung and faded without bringing  
His truant footsteps to his hearth again.  
At first, there came soft oft-recurring tokens,  
As if to save his memory by the sign;  
What need? Can they forget, who bow heart-broken  
At Memory's shrine?

"Why don't he come? Not all the glittering treasures  
That freight the navies through the Golden Gate  
Can buy me back my heart's once healthful measures,  
Or check the current of my hastening fate—  
Dispel the gloom in which I am benighted—  
Restore the lost, I live but to deplore—  
Revive again my hopes all dashed and blighted—  
For evermore.

"Why don't he come? Like traveler belated.  
Perhaps he stays and slumbers by the way;  
Where was he faring when with greed unsated  
Death claimed the weary wanderer as his prey?  
Did I but know, to seek his nameless ashes,  
My soul would garner all its wasting fires,  
Like the spent taper which a moment flashes  
And then expires."

None of the great battles in the late war broke so many heart-strings and caused such widespread pain as did the California gold migration; but on the other hand, scores of thousands of families which would have otherwise suffered the privations of lifelong poverty were placed in comparative comfort by the remittances of their friends in the mines and that the general influence of California on society has been highly beneficial there is no room to doubt.

The sudden rise of the gold production to sixty million dollars; the excitement about Kern River, Fraser River, Washoe, and

White Pine; the Vigilance Committee; the great fires and floods; the development of our agriculture and horticulture to surpassing excellence in some branches; the introduction of the Panama and river steamers; the construction of the Panama Railroad; the establishment of the pony express, overland stage line, the trans-continental telegraph, and the trans-Pacific steamer line; and last of all, the completion of the Pacific Railroad—all these have made epochs in our lives. In the consciousness and memory of every pioneer, however slight his importance may be to others, the history of the State since he arrived here is an important part of his personal history. Some of us can hardly look at a prominent landmark, between Shasta and Mount Bullion, without recollecting that it is associated with some interesting incident within our personal experience.

In San Francisco, the chief port, the metropolis, the main pleasure resort, the center of wealth and luxury on our coast, life could not be dull. Existence received a zest from the powerfully tonic effect of the climate, impelling all to the open air every day from the excitements of frequent public demonstrations, the stimulus of an extraordinary throng of business, the composite character of the population representing every leading nation in a small space, and the all-pervading influence of an enterprising daily press that gave expression and intensity to every phase of an excitable public feeling. The building of the long wharves, the cutting down of the high hills, the filling of the coves, the construction of a site as well as of the city to occupy it, were wonders that never lost their interest. For years our only communication with the Atlantic States and Europe was by semi-monthly steamers, which in large installments and relatively long intervals brought us all our news and our immigrants and carried away our gold and our Californians going to visit Eastern friends. The proportion of the arrivals and departures to the population, and of the treasure shipment to the business, was so great that steamer day was a shock that was felt throughout the State. Nearly everything we consumed, save the cereals, fresh fruits, fresh meats and coarse furniture, was imported from the North Atlantic, from which we were five months distant; that is, we could not obtain goods until five months after we ordered them from here. The smallness of our stocks and our distance from all large markets offered facilities for forestalling, and gave to mercantile business a speculative character, the influence of which was felt in all classes of society. The abundance of money,

the rapid growth of the city, the wonderful productiveness of the Washoe silver mines, and the success of forestalling speculations, made many fine fortunes and stimulated everybody to aspire after wealth. The Latin poet longed for a life of ease, with dignity; the Californian longs for a life of speculation, with success. Whatever else may be said of the pioneers, they will not be accused of rusting out.

Nor will it be said of them that the passion which drove them to incur the dangers, the privations, and the toils of adventure in an unsettled and almost unknown country was sordid. They risked their lives and exerted all their energies for gold, but with no miserly feeling. They spent their money as fast as they made it, too many even faster. Not parsimony but extravagance distinguishes the State. Yet it is not a base extravagance. Our community is highly intelligent; our pleasures are intellectual and refined. Our numerous charities, our munificent contributions to the Sanitary Fund, our free schools, our public libraries, our frequent concerts, the liberal patronage of the theaters, this elegant temple of drama in which we have today assembled, bear witness to the dominant feelings and tastes of San Francisco. Great men have made their preferred home among us and found here their most appreciative friends. It was among us that Baker and Starr King reached their highest flights of oratory. They were with us in life, they remain with us in death. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan spent many of their best years in our State and were here prepared for the responsible service to be performed after leaving us. Halleck and Yale have contributed works of permanent value to our legal literature; Dwinelle, Randolph and Tuthill have shown eminent ability in their historical labors. Our poetry, our humorous writings, our pictures, have done credit to us at home and abroad, though but beginnings.

The companions of Cortez in his conquest of the Aztec Empire, even the poorest and most ignorant of them, were distinguished and pointed out as *conquistadores* as long as they lived; and it appears to me that we pioneers accomplished a work, different in many respects from that of Cortez, but not altogether unlike in the spirit in which it was undertaken and the importance which it assumed. We did not subdue and plunder a great empire, but we founded a new one, which already, in twenty years, occupies a more important place in commerce and industry than Mexico with three centuries of civilization and eight millions of people. The exploits of the Mexican *conquistadores* did not



find an appropriate and immortal record till Prescott wrote. In our own time the adventures and labors of the California pioneers may go as long before they are told in a history that will charm men to the remotest age. If I were a poet and felt myself capable of maintaining the epic flight, I think I could find in the great Californian gold discovery and its results a subject more congenial to the taste of this age, richer in impressive suggestions, in strange and romantic incidents, and generally in the material for a great poem, than the conquest of Troy or Jerusalem, the adventures of Ulysses or Æneas.

Much we have seen, more we shall see. Our State is the Italy of the New World, possessing a dower of beauty not inferior to that of the Latin Peninsula; but, unlike that, not destined to be fatal in its attraction. The descendants of the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun, who crushed the ancient civilization of Italy under their fierce barbarism; of the German, the Frank, and the Spaniard whose favorite battlefields for centuries were the plains of Lombardy and Naples, will come, not to contend with us in arms, but to compete with us in arts. We shall gain victories and celebrate triumphs more numerous and more glorious than those of Republican and Imperial Rome but our triumphs will be those of good-will: the triumphs of the architect, the road builder, the engineer, the inventor, the farmer, the miner, the scientist, the author, the painter, the musician, the orator. They will be celebrated not by processions, with generals riding in gilded cars, dragging captive kings in chains, but by intellectual gatherings, art exhibitions and industrial fairs. The highest civilization will make one of its chief centers here. The coast valleys, from Mendocino to San Diego, on account of the mildness and equability of their climate, surpassing even that of Italy, will be the favorite place of residence for many thousands from abroad. They will fill the land with wealth, luxury and art. California will occupy in the hemisphere of the Pacific as a focus of intellectual culture, a position similar to that long held by Attica in the basin of the Mediterranean. Looking confidently forward to such a result, hoping to see much of it accomplished in our own time, let us endeavor to lay a broad, solid and generous foundation for the political, industrial and educational greatness of our State; let us be proud that we have taken part in a work which has contributed much and will contribute more to stimulate commerce and to extend civilization, and, as a consequence, to enrich and benefit mankind, a work which will be forever prominent in the history of humanity.



ORATION  
OF  
John J. Lermen  
President of the Society of California Pioneers  
on  
CALIFORNIA'S ADMISSION DAY  
September 9th, 1915  
at the  
COURT OF THE UNIVERSE  
Panama-Pacific International Exposition  
San Francisco, California

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Today a descendant of a pioneer appears before you to address you on behalf of the Pioneers of '49. That fact, of itself, signifies that that great army of men who came to California in 1849 is now almost all but a memory. It is with a feeling of much diffidence that I, of the second generation, undertake even approximately to do justice to the memory of the men and women who have bequeathed to us a heritage of gigantic achievement, unmarred by any act ignoble or unpatriotic.

It is an easy thing to enthuse over the deeds of our pioneers, as in loving memory and proud contemplation we think of the situation that confronted them in the days of '49, the manner in which they met it, the order that they drew out of chaos, and the society that they builded, rough-hewn though for a time it might have been. It was a man's work that the pioneers of '49 found laid out for them when they came here, and that work was performed by manly men in a manly way.

It was on the 24th day of January, 1848, that James W. Marshall, at Sutter's Mill, at Coloma, discovered that small nugget of gold that brought the first general recognition from the world that here, in California, was to be found a true El Dorado. Within a few years, Marshall's nugget, worth in itself the paltry sum of fifty cents, when measured by the gold unearthed from the hiding places revealed by its discovery has increased in value to over a thousand millions of dollars. The world's supply of gold was suddenly largely increased, and, with its aid, the world at large became bigger and better for it. New industries sprang into being and old ones were revived, not in our country alone, but everywhere throughout the civilized world. But far above the value of the glittering gold was the new empire that the pioneer developed for his country, large enough and fertile enough to support, not only in comfort but in luxury, a population far greater than what then was in the entire nation.

And the march of the pioneers began. While many came from South America, the islands of the Pacific and from the Orient, by far the greater portion of the number who started for California in 1848 and 1849 were from the Eastern States of our own country, true Americans all of them, schooled in liberty, taught the rights and principles of freedom, educated in the belief that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their

Creator with certain unalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

When our forefathers left their homes in the Eastern States to come to this then distant land, they brought with them a physical endowment far above the average. The flower of the youth of our country were they. Naturally, and in keeping with the old adage, in such sound bodies were sound minds. With a full realization of the dangers of the march across the continent and of the voyage around the Horn, they brought with them a courage that could not be weakened, a determination that was not to be denied. Added to these endowments of a perfect physique and a clean and wholesome mind, they brought with them a knowledge of the principles of American freedom, of American government, and of American citizenship.

And so it was that our pioneers fitted into the new country and with one another so quickly, so easily, and as if to the manner born, that notwithstanding the remarkable fact that from the adoption of the Constitution in November, 1849, until the formal acceptance of California as a State on September 9, 1850, California was without a government to enforce its laws; nevertheless this State enjoyed as much ease, as much happiness, and as much security for honest men and women as we have ever enjoyed since our formal recognition as a State. Seldom, perhaps, has a more peculiar political situation developed than that which existed here in California during the period succeeding the adoption of the Constitution and before the admission of California as a State. Without any organic law to govern them, without knowing just exactly by what authority justice was administered, nevertheless order was maintained and the pioneers went about their affairs just as though they were still citizens of the Eastern States. Our pioneers builded here a new community made up of men and women with real red blood, men and women who had little or no patience with crime and disorder, but nevertheless men and women whose predominating and characteristic trait in their relations with one another is best expressed in the old saying, "Live and let live." They, our fathers and mothers, lived in a land of toleration and they practiced toleration, perhaps because they were not yet far removed in point of time from their own ancestors who, in 1776, went to war for the sake of that same principle, "Live and let live."

And so they started here, some across the continent and others over the stormy seas and the rebellious waters of Cape

Horn. An army of one hundred thousand they were, young and strong American citizens, each one of them nurtured in the cradle of American liberty. Down the sides of the Sierras they swarmed, gathering new strength with the satisfaction that at last they had reached the land of promise. In through the Golden Gate they sailed in a fleet of vessels so numerous that their masts transformed the placid waters of the bay into a forest. Up from the bay, and down from the mountain, the vanguard of the two pioneer armies met where the plain joins the mountain, and the joyful acclaim of the one was hurled back, echo-like, by the exultant shouts of the other until they were all blended together in the one magic word, "Eureka."

There have been pioneers and pioneering expeditions as long as the world has existed. Sad to relate, but nevertheless true, many of these pioneer expeditions were inspired only by the spirit of conquest. With such pioneers victory means despoliation and rapine to the unfortunate people in the unhappy land that might be touched by the blight of their invasion. "Like swarms of locusts they came, and devoured and disappeared, leaving no trace of their coming or their going but their own ravages." Or perhaps like moths, they were consumed by the fire of the civilization, whose light they might have darkened but whose fires they could not quench or destroy.

But the pioneer of 1849 was animated by a wholly different motive. He came here to occupy this land, to civilize it, to improve it, and to make this an abiding place for himself and his descendants for all time. He came here in answer to the call of El Dorado. He came here to unlock the vaults, the doors of which were to swing open for him who held the combination. The combination was tireless energy, indomitable perseverance, and unshakable courage, and the pioneer possessed all these.

It is hardly fair to the pioneers to say that "They builded better than they knew." The archives of the Society of California Pioneers hold no more priceless evidence of the brain and the wisdom of the pioneers and especially of their leaders, than the orations of the men who from 1853 commemorated this day in addresses delivered at the exercises commemorative of the time and the occasion. Pervaded by a lofty spirit, breathing a promise of a future to San Francisco and to California that perhaps to some at that time might have sounded like a tale from the "Arabian Nights" and the product of an exaggerated fancy, nevertheless today those same prophecies, when measured by the

conditions that prevail today; when measured by the Society that has been builded up; by the city that has been rebuilt; the city that *will* rise again even though the forces of an otherwise kind nature might for a time prevail against her; when measured by the encouragement given to art; to music, to science, and to culture generally; when in fact measured coldly and calmly by the yardstick, or weighed in the tipping balance of a grocer's scales, those prophecies will be found each and all of them to have been fulfilled. The descendants of the pioneers have not been found wanting. The pioneer did not over-reach himself in his preparation for the days and the people and the conditions that were to follow from his beginnings. The pioneer of '49 knew just what he was building and it was with a firm, devout, aye, a religious belief in the absolute, unalterable, and unchangeable destiny of the land that he opened up and developed that he proceeded with his work and was not swerved therefrom by fire or earthquake, by plague, epidemic, or other disasters, or by difficulties that were unique and peculiar because of conditions then prevailing in a land far removed from the world's centers of civilization.

The word "pioneer" is of tender significance to us. Not only does it recall vividly the struggles, the hardships, the obstacles and the successful overcoming of them that have endeared our pioneers to us, but we are also reminded that the Forty-niner, within less than one year after his coming, founded here a political organization so completely endowed with all of the qualifications necessary for admission to Statehood that Congress could not well deny California's claims. True, the final act of admission was delayed until September 9, 1850, a period of about ten months from the time that California first knocked at the door of the Nation for admission into the sisterhood of States, but the fact remains that she was admitted just as she had presented herself after only about ten months of preliminary training and development.

The pioneers of California are in a great measure the pioneers of the Nation, for directly and indirectly they opened up the entire Pacific Coast west of the Rocky Mountains. With the advent of the California pioneer in 1849, began the development of the vast empire of the whole Pacific Coast, which gave to the Nation an added wealth of gold and other precious metals, of timber and other natural resources, in figures so immense that the human mind cannot appreciate their magnitude.



The early settlers of the Eastern States had indeed tremendous obstacles to overcome. Hostile savage tribes had to be met and conquered, a vast wilderness had to be cleared, and the forms of government and of society adopted and order compelled.

All these things, also, the pioneers of California were confronted with, and while the pioneers of Colonial times did their work and did it well—and all honor, credit and glory to them for the doing of it—nevertheless we, the descendants and the successors of the pioneers of '49, may with equal pride point to the energy, the bravery, the courage, the perseverance, the intellect and the wisdom of our own California pioneers as a fitting counterpart to the best that we may find in song or in story of Colonial times.

The pioneer of California came, saw, and conquered, but he conquered not with the arms of war but by the arts of peace. He came here not to subdue or plunder a great empire, but to found a new one. We Californians, animated by pride of State, are pleased to call this State of ours the most priceless jewel in the crown of the Nation. It must be remembered that when our California pioneer came here, he found that jewel a diamond in the rough, and it was he who, with incomparable artistry, gave polish and brilliancy to the finished jewel that we now are so proud of. It was he who, with reverend hands, placed it in the diadem of the nation where, among all the brilliant jewels, it shines out in splendor and effulgent glory.

Nearly fifty years ago today, the then orator of the day stated that, "With all due deference to the general intelligence of our Eastern countrymen, and of our law-makers in the halls of Congress, we may be permitted to say that they fail to comprehend the greatness of the land in which they live." The burden of his complaint was that the people of the Eastern States at that time, who had never been to California, had no conception of the immensity of the empire between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast; no conception of its vast and varied resources; no conception of the possibilities it offered of a rich and profitable trade with the countries of the Orient.

A great many of us Californians today think just as the eloquent speaker did of fifty years ago today, and while we give second place to none in our loyalty to the estimable man and his advisers now controlling the policies of this Nation, and while we fervently hope that finally and not long in the future the

situation will right itself, nevertheless it is with feelings of deep regret for the present, and of fear and trepidation for the future, that we see the fleet of vessels flying the American flag that has for years been the pride of every San Franciscan, swept from the ocean that connects our shores with those of the Orient. It is indeed with feelings of sorrow and sadness that we will shortly see the last of the vessels of this fleet leave the beautiful bay upon the shores of which we now stand and for the last time wave over the waters of the Golden Gate the flag of the Nation we all worship and adore.

Who, of the old Californians, has forgotten "Steamer Day"?

We are reminded by it of the steamers that, before the completion of the transcontinental railroad line, sailed out of this harbor carrying from us the treasures of the mine and the products of the soil.

We are reminded that twice a month, on "Steamer Day," we had a financial house-cleaning.

We are reminded of the scenes of activity and of excitement surrounding the incoming and out-going of this fleet of vessels.

"Steamer Day," and all the things that went with it, meant much to San Francisco and to California in those days. The ocean highway was for California, for many years, practically the only means of transporting her wealth to the world outside. And we Californians still feel that transportation by *water* should today engage the solicitous care and attention of our rulers just as much as transportation by *rail*. We believe that the one can and should be made just as beneficial to this city and this State as the other.

For years the greatest boon that we of California have hoped from the completion of the Panama Canal, has been a return to the halcyon days of American shipping, before the coming of the railroad. It certainly has been a bitter disappointment to us that, notwithstanding the completion of the Canal, the enactment of recent shipping legislation has resulted in a blasting rather than a fruition of those hopes.

May it be that this situation is only temporary, soon to be relieved, if not through the wisdom of our rulers, then by the kindly intervention of Providence.

It is true that we Native Sons take a boundless pride in our State. Sometimes, as we must admit, in voicing that pride we may be guilty of boasting. But we never can, nor do we, separate our pride in our State from our love of all the States.

When our minds, fired by love of State, conjure up for her virtues that perhaps may not be equally appreciated by those from without, when we behold our beloved California the goal, the end, the consummation of the march that for centuries upon centuries has been ceaselessly in progress, in obedience to the dominant idea that "Westward the course of empire takes its way," we are not forgetful that back of us are our compatriots who have remained behind to complete the work that the pioneers laid out for them, and we rejoice that as the last forward march of the course of empire met the waters that mark the western limits of man's abiding place, the recurrent wave of prosperity that swept over our own beloved State also deposited its beneficent waters upon the other States of the Nation.

We, the descendants of the pioneers, native sons of California, love our Nation just as much as we do our State, and if at times we must submit to the will of a majority that we, in California, think have been misguided because of a lack of true knowledge of the claims of the West, we nevertheless do so willingly and patriotically. But we must set ourselves about the task of educating our fellow-citizens of the East in what California is, what she has done, and may do, and what she means to the Nation. It was in such a spirit as that that this great Exposition was conceived by us. It was not that we expected any profit in an immediate material sense from the management of the Exposition, but we did and do hope that by attracting to our city and State many thousands of our fellow-citizens from the different States of the Union, we can make them feel, first that they are part and parcel of us, and we of them, and to that end we have extended ourselves in fulfilling to them the duties of hospitality. It was next in our hope that coming into close personal contact and touch with us, they would with their own eyes see the things that they had merely read about, and with their own ears while within our State and city, hear the things that we are asking from the Nation; and thus, guided by their own personal experience, and moved by a spirit of fairness, grant to us, their Western brethren, such consideration as in common justice, and as members of one great family, we are entitled to. We have nothing to conceal from the eyes of the most persistent investigator. Indeed, if anything, we have been perhaps over-zealous in exposing our failings rather than in concealing them. We have no apology to make for California. We have nothing to lose and much to gain by having the people of

our country know us better. Their knowledge of us will prove our strength. As our country knows us better, we are confident that, if anything, our country will love us the more.

We have left with us today only a few white-haired old men to hear the eventful story of their contemporaries, a story, however, that merely touches here and there some of the things that they, and the men who came with them to see these shores over sixty-six years ago accomplished, not only for themselves, their city and their State, but for their Nation; aye, even for the world. These reverend old men, the original pioneers of California, have long since passed the stone that marked for them the summit of the roadway of life. For many years the sun of their lives has been sinking in the west that they and their fellow-pioneers opened up and developed for us all, and their shadows have been ever lengthening in the east, gentle reminders to our friends of the Eastern States that the last of the young men who left them some sixty-six years ago and more are passing away from the land that they helped to give to them. But these old men will carry with them, even the last of them, the love, the reverence, that will grow in intensity as the shadows of the valley of death become for them darker and deeper.

The dream of the pioneer has been realized for these old men who still survive. A day-dream it was, too, for them and their contemporaries of sixty-six years ago. They did not underestimate the obligation that was upon them to prepare properly for that future.

The city that we have today, the effort and the achievement that have made her possible, and this World's Exposition that is even better than the brag, are all testimonials to the truth of the tribute paid to San Francisco by the then President of our country, "San Francisco knows how." The pioneers of '49 knew how. They knew how to build and they build as they knew.





# The Treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo

---

AN ADDRESS MADE BEFORE

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

On February 2, 1924, at the Fairmont Hotel  
San Francisco, California

BY

HENRY LIVINGSTONE VAN WINKLE

President of the Society of California Pioneers  
1923-1924

## The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo

---

We are to talk this afternoon on the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which was negotiated under the guns of General Butler's army on the second of February, 1848, at Guadalupe Hidalgo, a small village near the City of Mexico, and which we are here to celebrate, the 76th anniversary.

I am indebted to an address of William Blanding before the Associated Veterans of the Mexican War, in San Francisco in 1888, for the best account of hostilities and the causes which led up to the Mexican War.

In April, 1836, Texas declared her independence, having defeated and driven from her soil the Mexican forces sent for her subjugation. Her national existence was recognized by the United States, Great Britain and France.

In 1844, during the last year of the Tyler administration, a treaty with Texas for annexation had been proposed to the U. S. Senate by the President but it had been rejected by the decisive vote of 16 yeas and 35 nays.

In the succeeding Presidential campaign, the question came before the people and was discussed with great bitterness. The Whig party, led by Mr. Clay, its candidate for the Presidency, opposed the annexation of Texas on the ground of impolicy of further territorial acquisition. Free soil sentiment, then strong in the North, denounced it as a measure intended to add, in time, more slave States to the Union.

The defeat of Mr. Clay and the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency settled the question. On the 1st of March, 1845, a joint resolution was adopted by Congress by a majority of two in the Senate and twenty-two in the House, approving the annexation and directing the President to effect it either by a treaty with Texas or by resolution of her convention.

On the 4th of July, 1845, that body, by resolution, accepted the terms of the annexation proposed, and on the 22nd of December following, Texas was admitted to the Union.

This action of our Government gave great offense to Mexico. Her Minister of War, General Almonte, demanded his passports, announcing to Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, that Mexico would regard it as a just ground for war. This was followed by a similar declaration from the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, who notified the American Minister of Mexico's de-

termination to close all relations with the United States. His passports were returned at the same time.

An angry proclamation was then issued to the Mexican people to take up arms in defense of their rights and honor. Believing that such indignant feeling would lead to an invasion of Texas, General Taylor was ordered to take post at Corpus Christi.

The United States signified to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs its wish to renew diplomatic relations with Mexico with a view of effecting a peaceful adjustment, to which they received a reply that a commissioner would be received with power to settle the "present dispute."

Mr. Slidell was appointed and sent to Mexico as Minister with full powers. He arrived in Vera Cruz on December 8th and dispatched his credentials as Minister to the Mexican Secretary but was informed that he would not be received in that capacity. A change in the government having taken place, Mr. Slidell renewed his request for recognition. It was again refused, and in March, 1846, he demanded his passports and returned to the United States.

There was no mistaking the language of this refusal. It declared that the annexation of Texas was "an act of usurpation and created an imperious necessity that Mexico, for her own honor, should repel it with proper firmness and dignity," and "that negotiation was, by its very nature, at an end and war was the only recourse of the Mexican government." Thus ended the first effort for a Treaty of Peace.

There is no question but that the refusal of Mexico to listen to any words of reconciliation was unwise. It was dictated by passion, and not sober sense. The annexation of Texas, right or wrong, was an accomplished fact and it had become one of the States of the Union. Its soil was as inviolate as that of New York, Virginia or any other of the States. Consequently the whole power of the Union was pledged against its invasion.

Mexico began immediately to mass troops on the southern side of the Rio Grande and General Taylor was ordered to advance to some point on its northern bank with instructions to resist invasion but to commit no aggressive act. The Mexican army crossed the Rio Grande, and the result was Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, followed by Monterey and Buena Vista.

It was after the battle of Monterey, in September, 1846, that it became apparent that although Texas was safe from invasion,

peace was as far off as ever. It was evident that a more vital and effective blow was needed, one that would, if necessary, strike the very Capital of Mexico, which was the seat of her government, the center of her population and wealth, and to which Mexico attached a great deal of sentiment and pride.

The politicians around the War Department proposed to make Thomas H. Benton Lieutenant-General and thus out-rank Scott and Taylor, who, both, being Whigs, might become dangerous to Democratic success in the next presidential election. But the Senate, to its credit, would not listen to it, and General Robert Patterson, who had been serving under General Taylor on the Rio Grande, was selected for the command. Before his reply was received, however, General Scott was ordered to the command by the President himself, and, you might say, was forced on the War Department. During the whole campaign he was made to feel its want of hearty sympathy.

By a masterly strategy that commanded the admiration of the great soldiers of the day, our colors were soon flying on the walls of the City of Vera Cruz, and the castle of San Juan De Ulloa. The army, amidst the smoke and din of battle, forced its way through the pass of Cerro Gordo and stopped at Jalapa. At this juncture occurred the greatest mistake of the Mexican War. A novel experiment was hit upon by the diplomats at headquarters of sending an olive branch to be lifted high above the smoke of the battlefield that the enemy might know that it was there. How little they cared you will see by what follows.

Nicholas P. Trist, Chief Clerk to the Secretary of State, was informed that the President, having confidence in his ability, patriotism and integrity, had selected him as Commissioner to repair to General Scott's headquarters, clothed with full power to conclude a treaty of peace with Mexico if it could be accomplished. He was furnished with an outline of a treaty such as the United States desired to have made; its main features were a cession of New Mexico, Upper and Lower California, and the right of transit free of all tolls and charges across the Isthmus of Tehauntepec of articles, growth or manufacture of the United States, or those of foreign growth or manufacture belonging to its citizens. For this cession fifteen million dollars would be paid in five annual sums, the first on the ratification of the treaty by the Mexican Government; and further, that the United States would assume and pay all claims then allowed against Mexico in favor of American citizens and such claims as might thereafter be allowed to an amount not exceeding three million dollars.

Mr. Marcy, Secretary of War, informed General Scott of the appointment of Mr. Trist to proceed to his headquarters to receive any peace proposals that Mexico saw fit to make and that Mr. Trist was vested with such diplomatic powers as would authorize him to enter into arrangements with the Government of Mexico for the suspension of hostilities. Should he advise General Scott, so the communication ran, that the contingency had occurred, the General was to regard such notice as a direction from the President to suspend military operations until further orders. The Secretary further stated that he should retire from no position occupied by the army, nor abstain from any change of position deemed necessary for its health or safety, except on consultation with Mr. Trist. The Secretary also wrote that he would transmit to the Government of Mexico a dispatch from Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, of which Mr. Trist was the bearer, and inform Mexican officials that Mr. Trist was at his headquarters.

Mr. Trist's mission was disastrous from the very start. The mission itself was a diplomatic blunder. Neither the character of Mr. Trist, the time selected, nor the method devised for bringing about the treaty of peace were at all auspicious. The national pride of Mexico revolted at the idea of peace, which they claimed as another name for submission. It was believed that the United States would demand a cession of territory as a condition of peace. To the bitter thought of submission was added the more bitter one of dismemberment of its empire, and the popular feeling was not yet ready to assent to either of these without further resolute resistance.

His first act on arriving at Vera Cruz on May 6th was to forward to General Scott at Jalapa, the dispatch from the Secretary of War and the sealed letter from the Secretary of State to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs. He sent no copies of the project of the treaty nor of his instructions, nor of the letter to the Mexican Minister, although the Secretary of State had especially requested him to do so.

This dispatch from the Secretary of War to General Scott, when read by itself without any explanation such as those copies would have given, was of a tone and character well calculated to irritate any army commander even less imperious and jealous of his authority than General Scott. He lost his temper. Mr. Trist was greatly at fault for withholding from the General the documents from the State Department showing the extent and limits



of his authority. As a result, Mr. Trist received scant recognition from General Scott, which he well deserved.

The General advanced his army of Puebla. While Mr. Trist followed he must have been aware that his presence as a peace commissioner was regarded with great disfavor, as they felt that peace was to be secured not by diplomatic art but by crushing blows.

During the months of June and July, 1847, while General Scott was waiting at Puebla for arrival of reinforcements, Mr. Trist set himself to work actively at his commission. On the 6th and 11th days of June he wrote to the English Minister of Mexico, asking him to receive and have delivered to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Buchanan's dispatch, which General Scott had refused to forward because, being sealed, he could not know its contents which he claimed it was his right to know.

Mr. Trist's letters, with most unpardonable loquacity, disclosed the purposes of his mission and even in exaggerated terms stated the earnest desire of our Government to conclude a peace. He laid himself open to foreign influence still further when the English Secretary of Legation was sent to Puebla to receive the dispatch. When the unlucky dispatch finally reached its destination, it was laid before the Mexican Congress, and although the Committee on Foreign Affairs reported that the subject of negotiation rested with the President, a resolution was adopted forbidding it.

Santa Anna, at that time President and General in Chief of the Army, was a man of no ordinary talent, of excessive ambition, destitute of all moral principle and with an infinite capacity for intrigue. While the War Party looked upon him as their leader, there was not a moment during the war that he was not ready to advocate a treaty of peace, even with a cession of territory, if it had served his interest. His policy was changed from day to day. Mr. Trist could never put his finger on Santa Anna, as his worried dispatch to Mr. Buchanan indicated. On the other hand, this wily tactician could "spot" Mr. Trist every time. At one moment he would gently wave the olive branch before his delighted eyes, and the next would throw him into despair by brandishing the sword in the face of General Scott.

I must speak at this time of the first contact between Santa Anna and Mr. Trist. Through the English diplomatic channels came an intimation from Santa Anna that if \$10,000 was paid in

cash and one million dollars placed at his disposal on the signing of a treaty of peace, he would appoint commissioners to meet Mr. Trist. General Scott called a conference of his general officers on the subject, and although some of his officers declined to advise and two of them were opposed to it, General Scott shouldered the responsibility and accepted the proposition. The \$10,000 was paid to Santa Anna's secret agent, but the popular feeling in favor of war was too strong to be trifled with and Santa Anna dared not face it, as he would have been hurled from power.

At this time Santa Anna had 36,000 troops around the City of Mexico. He had fortified it on every side that might be attacked, and with full intent had left the strong pass of Rio Frio, through which the United States army must enter, so that he might close around them when they had entered. This he did most effectually.

On the 20th of August the battles of Contreras and Churubusco followed. The outpost was carried, and a few daring men made their way within the entrenchments of the city itself. Without support, no effective lodgment could be made and they were forced to retire. In his dispatch, General Scott said: "After so many victories we might, with but little additional loss, have occupied the capital that same evening."

The smoke, however, had not cleared from the battlefield that evening before General Scott's headquarters were beset by advisers from the City of Mexico. He and Mr. Trist were admonished by the best friends of peace, intelligent neutrals and American residents, against precipitation and taking of the City of Mexico, feeling that by so doing we might scatter the elements of peace.

Deeply impressed with this danger and remembering their mission to conquer a peace, the army very cheerfully sacrificed to patriotism—to the great wish of our country—the eclat which would have followed an entrance, sword in hand, into a great capital. Willing to leave something to this republic on which to rest her pride and recover her temper, they halted their victorious troops at the gates of the city. These words are quoted at length as being the official expression at the time of the reasons that induced the unfortunate armistice that followed this halt.

It is most certain that if not duped by Santa Anna, Mr. Trist was woefully misled by the "intelligent neutrals" at Puebla, having taken them into his confidence. These go-betweens, having

deeply impressed our side, returned to the other side to tell of the impression, with the result that on the 21st day of August, Santa Anna sent a proposal for a truce which was rejected. In return, General Scott sent a proposal for an armistice to open the way to negotiations for peace. It was accepted and commissioners were appointed on either side.

On the 23rd of August the articles of armistice were approved by General Scott and Santa Anna. They provided that it should continue as long as negotiations for peace were going on, or until one or other of the Chiefs of the armies should previously give forty-eight hours' notice of its termination. While in force, no military work should be commenced, enlarged or strengthened, and neither army should be reinforced or be removed from their present positions.

There can be little doubt that within a few days General Scott saw error in this armistice and would have gladly thrown reliance back on his faithful army, from which he had been drawn by the pretenses of peace mongers. His soldiers were true and loyal, ready at his word to advance and dictate peace from the great plaza in the City of Mexico. But knowing the great cost, he is not to be censured if, with a grateful sense of devotion and with a true soldierly nature, he would not consent to inflict further loss on his army until every effort for peace had been made, and the last hope of securing it had vanished.

Commissioners from the City of Mexico were appointed by the Mexican Government to meet Mr. Trist. A basis was given them for their guidance, its main features being the recognition of the independence of Texas for a sum to be agreed on but not to include the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande; a proposition for the cession of Upper California might be entertained but not with the twenty-sixth degree of latitude as a boundary line; cession of the port of San Francisco for a factory, payment being made therefore; compensation by the United States for the damages and injuries done and for the depredations on private property during the war; assumption and payment of all claims of American citizens against Mexico; exclusion of slavery from all territory ceded; and concluding with the words, "Peace is to be treated for as if we had triumphed and as a nation who can yet carry on a war to advantage."

These commissioners were instructed to hear Mr. Trist's proposition but not to discuss it and to transmit same on to Santa Anna, and on the 27th day of August, the first was had. Mr.

Trist submitted the project with which he had been charged by our State Department, which provided for a boundary line which involved a large cession of territory, the relinquishment of all claim by Mexico on Texas, and the cession to the United States of New Mexico and Upper and Lower California. The sum to be paid for these cessions was left blank to be agreed on later.

On the 29th of August, 1847, the Mexican commissioners reported this project to their Government and were given further instructions: that Mr. Trist should be required to declare explicitly what were the motives of the war and for what ends it was being prosecuted; whether founded on the right of force or on friendly negotiation; whether Texas was claimed by the right of annexation, or would be paid for, and that in either case its limits should not extend beyond the Nueces River, leaving the intervening space between it and the Rio Grande as neutral territory; that as to New Mexico and California no cession should be made and Mr. Trist should be required to declare by what right the United States claimed their cession; that as to the Port of San Francisco, the United States might have a factory there for eight years at not less than one million dollars, subject to renewal for like period and sum, in recognition of its being Mexican territory; that the right of transit across Tehuantepec should be refused; that as soon as the peace preliminaries were signed, without waiting for their ratification by the Mexican Congress, the United States should withdraw all its land and naval forces; and that Mexico should be indemnified for all the expenses of the war.

There is no wonder that on the 31st of August, the Mexican commissioners wrote to their Government that on such basis and instructions it was impossible to charge themselves with the negotiation, to which the President replied that his instructions could be enlarged to the extent of being approximated as much as possible.

Much discussion and letter writing took place, during which time Mr. Trist conceived the idea that the cession of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande was the sticking point with the Mexican Government, and therefore proposed that he be allowed forty days in which to consult with his Government on that point. This proposal was declined and he was asked on the 6th day of September to give his counter project within three days. Mr. Trist's reply was given in a voluminous document, but its polished sentences were lost amidst the peal of our guns at



Molino del Rey on the morning of the 8th day of September.

General Scott found that Santa Anna had violated the terms of the armistice, and had availed himself of the two weeks to strengthen his forces. On the 6th day of September he demanded an explanation and reparation of such violation, to which Santa Anna replied, charging that the American soldiers had been engaged in violating their churches, robbing their sacred vessels and insulting defenseless women, and in addition, charged that the threat of renewed hostilities was due to General Scott's anger at his not lending himself to a treaty that would disgrace his country. He denied the American General's charges.

As a result, the battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec took place, the City of Mexico was stormed, and the American flag was raised over the capital on September 8, 1847.

By so doing they did not scatter the elements of peace, but released the friends of peace from the unprincipled military demagogues who had stifled their voices. Santa Anna was driven into disgrace and the Mexican Government, both civil and military, had established itself at Queretaro.

Let us pause here to state that the forty days which Mr. Trist asked for in which to consult his Government was met with great disapproval by the United States Government, and Mr. Buchanan wrote him severely reprimanding him for his proposal, advising him that, as Mexico had not only rejected all their offers, but had done so with insult, he was recalled to the United States.

Mr. Trist received this letter after the capture of the City of Mexico, and having good reason to believe that his project would be accepted, he paid no attention to it, but continued to send letters to Mr. Buchanan pointing out the political state of the country and the growing sentiment in favor of peace, that in fact a Peace Party had been formed. In one of his letters he stated that the leaders of peace had implored him to stay in the country; that the reasons given for his recall were not true and that the highest interests of his country demanded that he should remain. In another letter he stated that for good or evil he was now resolved and committed to carry home with him a treaty of peace, if the Mexican Government would agree to a boundary line of the Rio Grande to 32 degrees of latitude and thence to the Pacific Coast.

In January, 1848, and again on the 25th of February, Mr. Marcy, Secretary of War, wrote General Wm. O. Butler, then in command of the army, to notify the Mexican Government that



Mr. Trist was no longer authorized to continue the negotiations, but it was too late. Although notified of Mr. Trist's recall, the newly appointed Mexican commissioners had renewed negotiations with him, and on the 2nd day of February, 1848, at Guadalupe Hidalgo, a village near the City of Mexico, the treaty was duly signed. It was forwarded in the hands of Mr. James L. Freanor, so well known in California in after days. He reached Washington on the 20th, and the treaty was at once laid before the Senate by the President, with the explanation that, although it had been an unauthorized act on the part of Mr. Trist, yet it conformed to the project he had been directed to propose, and it was submitted for ratification.

On its being taken up by the Senate, Mr. Webster proposed that it be laid on the table and that the President be requested to send commissioners to Mexico to negotiate a treaty. After innumerable amendments, the treaty was at last ratified on the 10th day of March, 1848, by the constitutional vote of two-thirds—38 yeas and 14 nays. But Mr. Webster was not satisfied. In a speech before the Senate a few days after, he violently denounced the treaty, one or two of his remarks being as follows:

"We propose to take California from the 42nd to 32nd degrees of latitude along the Pacific Coast. Scattered along that great distance are settlements and villages and ports, and in the rear all is wilderness and barrenness and Indian country. New Mexico and California are not worth a dollar, and we are paying for them in vast sums of money."

The terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo were the cession to the United States beginning at El Paso and running due north following the Rio Grande at a point approximately 32 degrees latitude; thence west to the Pacific Coast.

Three million dollars was paid to Mexico on the signing of the treaty and three million dollars additional one year, two years, three years and four years thereafter at 6 per cent, totaling fifteen million dollars for what now comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah, the lower quarter of Wyoming, the western half of Colorado, and the west half of New Mexico and Arizona. I only leave it to my hearers to realize that the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo added more to the wealth of the United States than any other treaty that has ever been ratified.

On the 29th of May, 1848, General Butler announced to the army that peace had been made and the war was at an end. On the 12th of June, 1848, the American flag was lowered from the

flagstaff of the Palace in the City of Mexico, where it had floated for nine months. It was replaced by the flag of Mexico—each nation saluting the other's flag with its big guns. Then the United States army was returned to its own soil.





Vol. II

No. 2

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

DOLORS WALDORF BRYANT

*Assistant Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

JUNE 30, 1925



## MILESTONES

---

First crossing of the Sierras—May, 1827, by Jedediah Smith and two companions; bound east for Salt Lake.

First crossing by emigrants—October, 1841, by Bartelson's Company; John Bidwell, Secretary; bound west.

First crossing by through train—May, 1869; passenger train over Union Pacific and Central Pacific lines; bound west.

First crossing in dawn to dusk aeroplane flight—June 23, 1924, by Lieut. Russell Maughan; bound west.

## FOREWORD

Travel today is such a simple action. We buy gasoline or we pay for printed slips of paper, from which railroad conductors each take their dole, and we lounge in comfortable chairs until white-clad men summon us to meals, the limits of which are bounded by our pocketbooks.

As we yawn drowsily at the shuttling vistas outside our car windows, during the ride from the Mississippi to San Francisco Bay, we might well forget our boredom in visioning the picture of a wavering train of tattered wagons, stumbling, bloated oxen and haggard emigrants, suffering the tortures and enduring the sights of this sun-baked land, not for hours, but for weeks and months.

As we skim along the national highways in our motor cars, grumbling at a bump in the paving, we might well still our tongues and remember that the roads of the forties were rutted trails, now wallowing in tricky sand, now clambering over rocky slopes—sometimes scarcely wide enough for the wagon wheels, sometimes sprawling a quarter mile over the prairie.

Just a year ago, an army aviator covered the distance from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco in little more than nine hours. He suffered from nausea and drowsiness. Food awaited him at every station where he stopped for gasoline, but he could not eat. Contrast this with the five months' ordeal of thirst and hunger, the longing for green vegetables, the craving for pure water, the weariness from pitiless heat, the fear of fire, of snow—of the very land itself, which haunts the diary that makes up the bulk of this book.

Israel Foote Hale, born in 1804, was forty-five years old when he journeyed to the rendezvous at St. Joseph, Missouri, in May, 1849, and prepared to set out on the journey to the land of gold. With him went his son Titus, then a boy of seventeen, now a white-haired man of ninety-three and the only survivor of that overland wagon train.

Israel Hale left the smaller children in the care of his wife, to whom he would return with the gold of California. As he rode westward, he added to a journal kept in an old account book, to be read later by those who had remained at home.

Writing for his family, he assumed the phrasing of direct speech; he told in detail of the valley that should have been called the Valley of Roses, of the high winds and sailing hats, of the

desolate prairie dog town, of the begging tramps—brothers in wanderlust to the tie-walking horde of today.

As we read the diary we feel that a transcontinental railroad would be impracticable. We hear men talk of cattle thieves, of quarrels among the trains, of Indian raids on stock. We pray for deliverance on the white desert and see the sun fade behind a cloud and feel the cool caress of a sudden breeze. We wonder that the United States could want this unhappy land. We mutter when we learn that the Mormons have a good ferry and fine pasture land up the river, for Mormons only. We suspect white men of commanding the Indians who drive off our oxen and sell them, two hundred miles back on the trail, to oncoming emigrants with weary teams.

But let Hale tell his story—suffice to say that he did return to his home in 1851 with something more than \$1500 in California gold dust. He did not journey to California again, contenting himself with the memory of the great adventure that had come to him in middle years. He died in 1891, leaving behind him a living experience in the fading handwriting of that old brown account book, now in the possession of The Society of California Pioneers, of which his son Titus is an ex-president and one of the few surviving senior pioneers.

# DIARY OF TRIP TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849.

Written by ISRAEL F. HALE

*"I came with him"*

—TITUS HALE

SATURDAY, MAY 5th, 1849.

At twelve o'clock we left St. Joseph for Savanna Landing. The rain on the previous night made the road (which is very hilly) quite slippery and bad until we arrived at the Missouri bottom where we had to encounter deep mud for two or three miles. We camped about midway of the bottom for the night.

6th SUNDAY MORNING. Started again for the landing and arrived about eleven o'clock but not without some hard pulling. Found at the landing about thirty wagons ahead of us waiting to cross. Spent the balance of the day in cooking, cleaning up etc. Got the privilege of using the boats at night by manning them and paying an extra price for crossing. Mine was the thirteenth wagon and was crossed about sun rise Monday morning.

7th. Traveled about six miles to the foot of the bluff and turned out the stock to graze. Wood, water and grass tolerable good.

8th. Started onto the plains about twelve o'clock. Traveled seven miles over a hilly or broken prairie and camped on a hill. A very handsome situation.

9th. This morning we got a late start. Traveled seven or eight miles to Wolf River. The country is becoming more level but is still some hilly. Saw the first Indian this day. Since we crossed Missouri we find plenty of good spring water at almost every camp. On Wolf River we saw an Indian grave in a tree, also a grave yard near the river. After crossing Wolf River we saw some fine land for farming purposes. Last night we stood guard for the first time. This afternoon we saw several Indians. It is said that a large encampment is very near.

10th. Yoked up soon in the morning and were all ready to start when news came that Nathaniel Clark, one of Isaac Herrington's men had the Cholera, when we again turned out the stock. I rode up to the Agency, distance two miles. They have

a large farm, I think one hundred and fifty or two hundred acres, four or five dwellings, a mill, a store and a blacksmith shop. The mill is by far the best building. It is frame, the balance log and not good. The man Clark died in ten hours from the time he was taken sick. We buried him today and traveled five or six miles.

11th. Traveled over a fine country, but timber is very scarce. Water is now seldom found except in holes or in skirts of timber.

12th. Started at sunrise and traveled ten miles and stopped at a pond for noon. In the afternoon crossed the Nimehaw and camped for the night.

13th. SUNDAY. Traveled eight or nine miles to a creek. Passed through a fine prairie. No wood or water until we arrived at the creek, where we camped and spent the balance of the day. In the night we had a hard rain.

14th. Traveled about twenty miles over a fine prairie and encamped at a grove and creek. The weather is very cold and looks like rain. We travel at the rate of two miles per hour.

15th. This day we came to Blue River and crossed and encamped on the west side for the night. The Blue is near as large as the Maramec but not so wide. On the bank of this river we saw a quantity of provisions thrown out, such as flour, bacon etc. But this is not the first lot. It is left by persons who have more than their teams can haul.

16th. At ten o'clock arrived at the fork of the St. Joseph and Independence Road. This day we traveled more than twenty miles and encamped in the prairie without wood and water and but little grass. This day we passed some fine country but very little timber or water. We passed several graves during the day and the road is nearly filled with wagons and teams; as many as eight or ten trains in sight at one time, and some of them large. The weather continues cool and threatens rain.

17th. The country is becoming more broken than formerly. Saw at a distance two Pawnee Indians but none as yet have paid us a visit. Their absence, however, is very acceptable, for they have the name of being a thievish set. We encamped for the night two miles east of Walnut Creek. Good grass, bad water and no wood. The above named valley is an extensive body of flat land and is very handsome. We are, however, several miles from the Little Blue. It is called the Valley of the Little Blue.

18th. Crossed Walnut Creek and then traveled about five miles and took a cut off, which turned to the left. It is said to be a gain of fifteen or twenty miles. We missed our course a little



but were in a measure compensated by finding a good spring of water which enabled us to replenish our water vessels with good water. This day we saw a small drove, or lot, of antelope and the first game of any kind that we have seen since we entered the Indian country. Traveled in the cut-off twelve miles and encamped in the prairie without wood or water and with short grass.

19th. About sunrise in the morning we began to yoke up our stock and found thirty or thirty-five steers gone, also four horses. The latter were soon found; the former were found in small lots and brought in until ten o'clock when they were all found but five. The train then started on and arrived at the main road in six miles travel, where we found wood, water and grass. It was the Little Blue, a stream near the size of Big River in Jefferson County. Here we encamped for the night, also to wait the return or arrival of the men who were hunting cattle. They came in with the cattle about three o'clock.

20th. SUNDAY. This morning we left the encampment a little after sunrise, the road heading up the Little Blue. We saw nothing worthy of note except occasionally a hat or cap would appear to take wings and would sometimes go two hundred yards before it could be overtaken, for the wind blew almost a gale. We stopped to noon after ten miles travel and near a small grove of willow trees and within one hundred feet of Little Blue. Foot racing continued during the day or a bare head was the result. We kept up Little Blue two or three miles when the road left the river and ran across the prairie. We traveled about eight miles and came to a slash or pond in the road. We there turned to the south for wood and traveled one mile; not finding any we returned to the pond and encamped for the night and boiled our coffee water with buffalo chips.

21st. Started at sunrise. In two miles travel came to Little Blue. Traveled ten miles and stopped for noon. In the afternoon we arrived at the place where the road leaves Little Blue and turns toward Platte River, having followed Little Blue near twenty miles without crossing at all.

22nd. This morning the Cincinnatti Company killed an antelope. It was little less than a deer and nearly white. Its hair is coarse and very tender, and had I seen it on a log should have said it was some kind of vegetation (a species of grass). For several evenings past we have been troubled with what is called June Bugs. They are a brown or reddish bug about one half inch

long. One evening they nearly covered one of our tents. They appear to aim for a light.

We started at the usual time in the morning, taking with us wood and water for the day, expecting to find none by the way. But such was not the case. Water was plentiful and we had several opportunities to get wood but I would think that water of a dry season would be scarce. We stopped for noon after traveling eight or ten miles. The roads this morning have been heavy, as they are called; that is, they are wet. But we have no reason to complain of roads for they have been dry and solid, until yesterday, since we left St. Jo. The country that we are traveling over is a level prairie with an occasional ravine, which I think are dry except in a wet time,

This morning was one of the coldest I ever saw at this season of the year. Every man has on his overcoat and I had a mind to put on my cloak also. In the afternoon we drove eight miles and encamped in the prairie; water at the distance of half a mile. No wood in sight. About twelve o'clock the weather changed and the afternoon was uncomfortably warm. Mosquitoes made their appearance this evening in swarms.

23rd. The demand for overcoats and blankets this morning was equal to that of yesterday. Between nine and ten o'clock we came in sight of the timber on Grand Island, which to appearances was two or three miles distant. Soon after we struck the bluff a new road took off to the left, which we took. It is probable it is to avoid the sand on the bank of the river where I presume the old road runs. We stopped for noon after a travel of ten or twelve miles. At three o'clock we came to the bank of the Platte River and followed it up a few miles in a hunt for wood, but were unsuccessful and finally struck camp in the prairie.

The Platte River bottom, where we entered it, is most beautiful. It is wide and level, but it is destitute of timber. A man from Prussia (who is with us) says it resembles the valley of the river Rhine, which he always considered the most beautiful spot in the world. Grand Island, I am told, is near one hundred miles in length. It appears to be well timbered. It is not a single island, but is composed of a cluster of islands divided by sloughs as near as I could judge. The timber is cottonwood. The weather has been cold during this day and most of the men have kept on their overcoats.

We still find articles which have been thrown out by emigrants. We have seen two wagons that were left or rather destroyed and

judging from the irons and parts left they were of good quality. We met today five or six wagons from Fort Laramie, which were loaded with robes, furs and the like. They belonged to Mr. Pappin of St. Louis.

Yesterday our company divided. Five wagons left. They thought our train too large. We now number but eleven wagons and forty men. We occasionally see antelope but have not yet seen a buffalo. Game appears to be very scarce. We have not seen as much since we came into the Indian Country as we saw in Missouri. I have only seen one squirrel; that was a prairie squirrel. It had some resemblance to our ground squirrel, but larger and more handsome. One of our men killed a hare. It was similar to our rabbit, but twice as large.

24th. After a drive of two miles we arrived at what is called Fort Kearny. It consists of a number of rudely constructed huts (it will not offend our great men to give them that name) built of the sods or turfs from the prairie, laid up after the manner of laying bricks; the roofs are covered with the same kind of material. Some of them had glass windows and very decent looking doors, the principal thing that denoted civilization. They have two fields fenced in with the same kind of material. They have also had a store, blacksmith shop and wagon shop. These compose the fort, which is situated near the banks of the Platte, opposite Grand Island.

The ground after we left the fort is low and very muddy; many of our teams stalled in sight of the fort and we had to double for the first time since we crossed the Missouri. This morning we had a slight fall of snow. We left several persons at the fort trying to sell a part of their loading. Some sold their wagons for one-quarter what they cost and put their loading in another wagon and joined teams. The wagons are, generally speaking, entirely too heavy for so long a trip. We drove two miles from the fort and made a halt for dinner.

In the afternoon we drove through the rain six or eight miles and called a halt for the night. The Platte at this place is as wide as the Mississippi at St. Louis and as muddy as the Missouri, and within one or two feet of the top of its banks. The banks are said to be low even in low water. This river cannot be very deep as the current is rather rapid than otherwise. A person would think from the appearance that the Platte was navigable for large boats but such is not the case.

25th. After spending a very disagreeable night we started at a late hour. Last night the thunder roared, the lightning flashed an almost constant flare, the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew so hard that a man could not walk without staggering. This storm commenced before sundown and continued until late in the night. The result was the rain blew into our wagons, the ground was soon over shoe in water and nearly every tent was blown down. Every man of our number wished for a more comfortable lodging place, if they did not wish themselves at home.

This morning the wind continued to blow and the thermometer stood at thirty-six degrees in the wagon and out of the wind, within four degrees of freezing cold. Could a citizen of Manchester have seen our company this morning after we had started and had not discovered the teams, we should undoubtedly have been taken for Creoles of the country. For almost every man was wrapped in a blanket whether he had on an overcoat or not.

After we had driven two or three hours I discovered a black something a little distance from the road in the prairie. On approaching it I found it to be a neat little cast iron cooking stove, which had been thrown out. The weight was forty or fifty pounds. At first I concluded to take it but upon reflection I had no vessels to suit it, and therefore left it thinking that I had load enough without it.

We drove about ten miles and stopped near the river for the balance of the day, having good grass, plenty of water and wood by packing it from the island. It appears that most of these sloughs can be forded with a horse which appears the only chance for the emigrants to get fuel in the absence of chips, which are becoming scarce. It is said that the number of wagons that have passed before us exceeds nineteen hundred. This accounts for the scarcity of chips. The cold weather for some days past has given a great number of our emigrants bad colds, attended with coughs. It has had that effect on myself and at night when in the corral, I can hear a dozen persons coughing at a time. Such a scene is not infrequent. With the exception of colds our company is in good health.

26th. This day we have driven through mud and sloughs and have had considerable rain—not a steady or settled rain, but several showers. We traveled eight or ten miles and called a halt for dinner in the prairie near a slough. Good grass but no wood. We made our fire of almost everything: some chips, some brush, some pieces of ox yokes, boxes etc. In the afternoon we drove



five or six miles over the same kind of roads; it has been hard on the teams as well as causing hard labour for the men, and encamped near a slough of good water. Fine grass and some wood but rather of the brush kind.

I saw today a gray or white wolf lying near the road. It was about as large as a common sized dog. Whether it was an old one or not, I am not able to say. This evening we came into the prairie dog country. I saw one today and there is one of their towns in sight of our camp. I saw one, it is true, but it was so much injured by shooting and not full grown that I cannot give an accurate description of it. This evening we have somehow got into a perfect nest of emigrants. If I was to guess I should say there was one thousand head of cattle within a mile of camp.

May 27th. SUNDAY. Contrary to my wishes we left our camp at the usual time once more. It has the appearance of clear weather. It has also turned warm, although we had a hard frost this morning. Having lost several pieces of days by rain and bad weather as well as bad roads is the cause of our traveling today, and the fear of a rise in the South Fork may be called another cause. Nevertheless, our men and stock are both much fatigued. Some of our oxen are poor and ready to give out, and it would surely have been good policy to have lain by for the day.

After we left camp this morning the road ran near the bluff, the first time we went near it since we came down to take the bottom; the river came near, which was the reason of going down to the bluff. The roads this morning are heavy and in some places bad. We drove about ten miles and turned out for dinner and found fine grass and water, but no wood. In the afternoon made a drive of about ten miles over a low, wet piece of ground, making very laborious on our teams and men, and at last made a halt near a slough with grass and water, but no wood but prairie chips.

I discovered this afternoon the ground where there was no grass had the appearance of having been covered with flour. It looked as the ground would after a flour bag had been shaken. I took a little lump and tasted it and found it was salty. This country very much resembles the salt marshes on the Atlantic Coast. I saw a drove of antelope today and saw two men on horseback take a run after them. You may be sure the antelope won the race.

28th. This morning the road was muddy for about two miles. After that distance it became better and we drove on finely for about eight or ten miles. The bluffs are much higher than they



were below, but in point of beauty the valley here in no way compares with that below. Here a part is low and swampy. Some of it is cut up with sloughs and, of course, some level ground. Below, it is a broad smooth high prairie. The weather today has been fine: clear and just cool enough for oxen to travel. In the afternoon we made a short drive and stopped for the night on a creek with good water and grass; not much around. We saw a porcupine and met some traders. Moses Richards also saw some men from Franklin County. I think our men begin to think they have driven too hard, for the cattle are beginning to fail.

29th. Nothing of importance to notice. The roads have been fair. Saw a small lot of buffalo across the river. Stopped for noon on the banks of the Platte. We had some cottonwood but poor grass. In the afternoon we crossed several ravines, most of them dry, and encamped near a ravine; grass short, some wood. We are near the bluffs, and we suppose about ten or fifteen miles from the mouth of South Platte. These bluffs are not rocky but are clay or sand and very uneven. I have seen a great many mounds or sugar loaves. The whole bluff resembles a string of mounds. They are formed by ravines. In some of these ravines I discovered cedar and am told that an abundance of cedar is found back from the river, some of it as much as eighteen inches in diameter.

This afternoon we passed a willow grove which very much resembled one I saw while we were on the waters of Little Blue. The willows were one foot in diameter. I observed that the grass was short. It is buffalo grass which never grows high. It is low, short and fine, and is said to be the equal of oats for stock. We have passed today a great many buffalo heads or skulls, as well as other buffalo bones which shows that somebody has plenty of fresh meat, but it has not been our good fortune to get any as yet.

30th. Last night we had another dreary night. It was my turn to stand guard from eight to half past eleven o'clock. Just as I had got into the wagon a storm came up. The wind blew very hard and the rain fell fast, and for a long time every tent in the train was prostrate with the earth. Some went into their wagons, some under them and others attempted to take shelter under their tent cloths and blankets. In the morning the scene was amusing. Almost every one was giving a history of his troubles on the previous night. When the tents fell, they were generally abandoned together with their contents. And in the morning hats were either filled with water or were laying in the water, which was as

bad. Coats, boots, shoes and the like were in the same predicament.

The weather continuing rain and bad, we concluded to lay by; and the only comfortable place I could find was in the wagon with both ends closed, for we have had almost constant rain accompanied with high winds. About noon two of our company came into camp, each bringing a fine antelope, which they generously distributed amongst our company, and, by the by, was a very acceptable treat. It continued to rain at intervals throughout the day and in the evening turned cold.

31st. Another night like the last, I hope I will not be required to record. The wind blew very hard, and it continued to rain almost the entire night. It began to grow cold in the evening and kept growing colder through the night. Almost every one had got their bedding wet the previous night and we had no opportunity to dry them. Mine fared a little better; my wagon did not leak much and my clothes were but little wet consequently.

Some invalids and the like called on me for lodging, so that we were full to overflowing, and little or no bedding caused all of us to fare hard; so if we suffered cold and lost our sleep we kept ourselves dry, which is something that cannot always be done of a rainy night on the plains.

We started late from our camp this morning and drove about five or six miles through mud and rain and stopped for noon near the bluff. I noticed the bluff at this place and find some rock in it. The clay is of a whitish cast and the rock in color very much resembles the clay. A large train of wagons is just behind us. It is supposed there are three hundred wagons within three miles. We drove but a short distance in the afternoon, it being cold and rainy. The bluffs are getting much lower than they were a day or two ago. I saw another dead wolf this afternoon. It was the same color of the other, but much larger.

We camped tonight in the prairie; good grass and water. Wood scarce. One thing, and the principal thing, that caused us to spend so disagreeable a night was the addition of four persons in our wagon besides what generally slept in it. Then take into consideration the cold, the rain and the division of bed clothes, made our night's lodging anything but pleasant. But under the circumstances I could not refuse, for any of them would have returned the compliment to me.

JUNE 1st. This morning for the first time in several days the sun rose clear. The black and heavy clouds which had almost

deluged us in water for days past have now disappeared. Joy appeared on the countenance of all. By noon the mud began to disappear and the road to improve. We drove about ten miles before we stopped to graze the stock.

We were informed this morning that we had passed the mouth of the South Fork. If such is the case we passed it unnoticed. The bluffs have nearly disappeared. We could drive our wagons up at almost any point. Our greatest anxiety now is, how we are to cross the South Fork. Yesterday some of our men killed a buffalo. They killed it so far from the wagons that they brought in but little. I did not get any. We passed a prairie dog town, but I think the inhabitants have gone on a visit, perhaps to avoid receiving company. I have not seen the first live one yet.

In the afternoon, we drove five or six miles and encamped near a creek and found a good spring a short distance from the camp. The grass is good as also the water, but no wood. The bluffs on the opposite side of the river look like sand banks. We saw several trains on the other side of the river. They are supposed to be Mormons. Traveling on the plains in cold and rainy weather is very disagreeable. But such a day as this has been makes up in some measure for the hardships we endure in bad weather.

Several of our men have been out hunting since morning and we look for a feast of buffalo meat. One of them, however, returned soon; his horse threw him and put his arm out of place. I noticed as we passed along the valley, a great many paths, what we would call foot paths. On making enquiry, I found they were buffalo trails. It is probable they are the paths used in going from the hills to the river for water. When we find them we generally see a dozen more, sometimes five or six near each other; at times they are from fifty to one hundred yards apart, but they always head from the bluff to the river or vice versa.

JUNE 2nd. This day between twelve and one o'clock we crossed the South Fork of Platte River. It is said we crossed fifteen miles below the old or common crossing place. The water is swift but is not deep. It did not come into our wagon bed. The bottom of the river appears solid and we crossed without trouble and did not double teams, so now the dread is over.

We are safely landed on the N. W. side of the long-dreaded stream and have now encamped for the night. We have driven ten or twelve miles and crossed the bluff, or rather went onto the bluff and drove several miles. The bluff ran into the river a few miles before we came to the ford, but before we struck the ford

we came round a sand hill and shortly after turned square off to the river or ford. The river at this place is less than half a mile wide and there are several small islands at the crossing. The water is near as muddy as the Missouri, but there is no quicksand as at the other fords.

Last evening I ate some buffalo meat. It was fine. It was sent in by the men who killed the buffalo a day or so since. The hunters yesterday were unsuccessful. They did not kill anything. It is reported that three or four men have been killed by the Indians, which prevented our men from venturing far from the train. It appears the men have been killed a long time as it was difficult to tell whether they were white, black or red. They had on hickory shirts and were scalped. This should have happened twenty or twenty-five miles below this place. We have good grass for our stock, river water, but no wood. It looks like rain again.

JUNE 3rd. SUNDAY. This morning as we started for the North Platte we had not driven more than two miles, having got well onto the bluff, when we discovered the North Fork. We supposed the distance to be from eight to twelve miles, but found it not to exceed four.

Just as we were leaving camp this morning, two buffaloes were discovered near some cattle (there were several camps in sight), when about a dozen men started in pursuit, some on foot and some on horses. It was a handsome sight. The buffaloes took to the bluff; some went down the river to get ahead of them; some aimed direct for them and others followed on the trail, but the buffaloes were too smart. They got away from all of them.

We immediately crossed the bluff to the valley of the N. Fork and followed that up some eight or ten miles and encamped near a slough where we found good grass and water and some wood. Someone had encamped a short time before us and had left several articles: salt, bread etc. Should any of our friends think of making this trip I would advise them not to load too heavy, also to not buy a cooking stove in the States, for I have had chances to get one almost every day for the last two weeks, and some days two or three. A small hole dug in the ground appears to answer a better purpose than the most approved pattern of cooking stove for the plains.

The N. Fork is wider than the S. Fork was where we crossed. I should think it was near a mile wide. It is not deep. Some of our men waded nearly across, opposite our camp. Main Platte, South and North all appear to have a great many islands in them,



and another thing that they differ from other rivers in the west, we find little or no drift wood, which shows that the heads of the streams are also destitute of timber.

We found another wagon today that was left at a camp. They worked horses in it I presume. They took out the load and packed it. Some of our men used a part of the bed for a box. The balance was left. The valley of the North Fork is not as wide as that of the Main Platte, but so far as I have seen the grass is better. Almost every day we see persons hunting cattle. Some trains have lost near one hundred head, and I am told that some companies are about to return on account of the loss of stock.

4th. This is wash day and we are laying by. I killed a snake today, it being the first live one that I have seen since I started. We heard of one thousand Indians being encamped where we crossed the South Fork. Owing to that and the appearance of a storm we tied our cattle. But neither storm nor Indians came. There is more wind in this country than in any place I ever saw. It often, as at present, shakes the wagon so much that I can hardly write.

JUNE 5th. We left the encampment at the usual time and drove two or three miles when the river came to the bluff and we had to take the hills. They were, however, of easy ascent. We had not driven more than two or three miles on the bluff when news came that some of the men had killed a buffalo. We sent back some horses and drove on. In about half an hour word came that another buffalo was killed nearby. We then stopped the teams until the men returned with the meat. The first was a two year old, the second an old he, but in good order.

We went a short distance and made a halt for noon. We kept the hills near ten miles and then returned to the valley. The bluff was high and rocky and the descent steep, but good, considering the steepness of the hill. We drove a few miles in the valley and turned out the stock for the night near a pond. Good grass, muddy water and no wood.

The Indians that we hear of were the Sioux. They are at war with the Pawnees and have been down to have a battle, the result I did not learn. I am told that they stole a horse and sold it for a bag of flour and a plug of tobacco, but the owner soon found and redeemed him. I also hear complaint of their taking small articles, such as pans etc. It is said that the Pawnees will kill a man to steal his horse, but that the Sioux will steal a horse but will not kill a man. I discovered that the bluffs are getting



higher than they were this morning. This has been another windy day, worse than yesterday, so I will quit writing and eat some buffalo as it is about ready.

6th. Last night it was showery most of the night. I came on guard at two o'clock soon after which we had a shower. When it was over the moon shown bright and I saw as fair a rainbow as if it had been caused by the sun. It was the first that I ever saw by moon light. Near four o'clock I had an attack of colic. I got some medicine from Basset and soon got relief. I have been troubled some little all the morning at times.

This forenoon we have driven near ten miles, part of the time in the valley and part of the time on the bluff. Part of the road has been sandy and was hard pulling. About twelve o'clock we came into a small grove of timber, mostly ash and some shrubbery, such as rose and currant bushes etc. After passing it a few rods we turned out for dinner. It is thundering and has the appearance of rain.

In the afternoon we continued to follow the valley. We passed on the bank of the river a small grove of large cedars. The trees were from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter. We also saw cedar in the ravines of the bluff. The bluffs are rocky now on both sides and is the first rock that I have noticed on the opposite side. We made our encampment at a cedar grove where we found a good spring, and on the opposite side of the river stands a lone tree. We are within two or three miles of Ash Hollow. The road is becoming very sandy which has a tendency to break down our teams. Another antelope was killed today, but was rather a drug, all having been previously supplied with buffalo meat, which is much to be preferred. Grass is tolerable good and on the whole it is a good camping place.

7th. This morning we drove but a short distance before the river, coming close to the bluff, forced us to take the bluffs, which were rather steep. We crossed several hills and struck Ash Hollow. It is a narrow, sandy valley with low ash trees scattered along its sides. We had not driven far when we found considerable underbrush, such as currants, rose bushes and several shrubs that I did not know the name of. The morning was clear, the air was pure and the roses nearly in full bloom, and sent forth a flavour which can better be imagined than described. The air appeared perfectly scented with them and I think if they had named the place the Valley of Roses it would have been a more appropriate name, for there were fifty rose bushes to one ash

tree. We also passed a fine spring that boiled up in the middle of the valley and ran quite a distance before it sunk in the sand, if it sunk at all.

As we came near the river the bluffs were an uneven ledge of rocks and at the river we found six lodges of the Sioux Indians and some traders. Their lodges were of dressed buffalo skins stretched over about twenty poles and in the shape of an umbrella, but more point at the top. The fire is made in the center and a hole on the top fixed on two poles that they can move as occasion may require to keep the wind from blowing the smoke down the chimney. They are much to be preferred to our tents, was it not for their weight. These Indians appeared much more comfortably fixed than I expected to see them. They looked clean and were well dressed and had several good horses. I presume they were some of the better class.

We remained at the mouth of the Hollow three hours and then drove two or three miles and turned out for noon. The bluff along here is very uneven. It has the resemblance to a string of mounds with the tops flat. Opposite our wagons the bluff is rocky and one hundred and fifty or more feet high. Some of the men, or rather boys, went up and rolled down rocks while the cattle were eating. In the afternoon the bluff continued rocky for some distance and the road sandy. Soon, however, the rock gave out in the bluff and the road ran through a swamp near a mile in length. We also crossed two or three sloughs. They were dry, sandy and hard pulling. We have come eight or ten miles from the hollow to where we have encamped near the river or slough that forms an island in front of our wagons.

The buffalo gnats are and have been very troublesome for several days. They appear to have a particular spite on the eyes and ears. I notice the bluff on the opposite side is not rocky and is a more regular hill. We have no wood nor water and poor grass.

8th. This morning we left our encampment at six o'clock. The bottom is gradually becoming narrow. The bluffs continue to have the same appearance of yesterday. The roads in places are sandy, and not a tree have we seen today. Yesterday, seven miles from Ash Hollow we passed Castle Bluff; not knowing that to be the place, I took but little notice of it. Castle Bluff was a little higher than the balance of those flat top mounds that I spoke of yesterday. We drove ten or more miles this morning and turned out

about twelve o'clock in the prairie with good grass, and some water got from a pond-like place and not good.

In the afternoon we drove through a slash and then came into sand again. In about an hour we saw a lone tree something like a mile to the left of the road. In it was an Indian grave. Soon after that we saw at a distance a grove of pine and cedar trees. It is probably some miles to the left of where the road will run. After that we passed the grave of a man by the name of Tindall. He died about four days since. He was from Wisconsin. We drove ten miles and turned out for the night in a smooth prairie; grass short but good; water tolerable; wood it is useless to mention. We have been very much troubled this afternoon by mosquitoes. They certainly have not been well fed for they are as hungry as wolves.

9th. This morning was rather a damp one but we started about six o'clock. The river bottom became very wide, and the timber that I spoke of yesterday I found was on the bluff but two miles from the road. The cedar was scattered along the bluff for some distance. After a drive of about five miles we passed a grave. It was a Mr. Stevens of Boon County, Missouri. He died on the sixth and of consumption. He was traveling for his health.

We have driven ten miles and encamped near a spring of good water in the midst of fine grass. We passed a creek a mile back, the waters of which had a smell similar to the sulphur spring near Manchester. The roads have been good and the weather cool. After spending about an hour and a half at noon we resumed our journey. Soon after we started the mosquitoes made their appearance in swarms. The horse that I was riding appeared half covered with them. They are a large ravenous saucy breed. The wind, however, soon rose and they in a measure disappeared.

The ground this afternoon has been a little rolling. The bluffs on the opposite side of the river have within the last day or two assumed the appearance that this side had and vice versa, for on the opposite side we see a row of mounds with flat tops, while this side presents an even hill.

We are encamped in full view of the rock called Court House or Church; it is distant about six miles and resembles a large castle in a dilapidated state. We can also see the top of great Chimney Rock from our camp. I think I will ride out to the Church Rock in the morning. If I do, I will endeavor to give a full description of it. We have good grass and tolerable water tonight.

10th. SUNDAY. This morning we started at the usual time. We had not driven but a few miles (say two) before we came to a creek. It was very rapid and about one foot deep. I presume it had risen from the rain last night.

After we had crossed the creek I started for the Church or Court House Rock. It is on the south side of the North Fork and about six or seven miles from the road. The road at this place runs through a smooth prairie and is at least three miles wide, and the rock appears to be just at this bluff. When you arrive at the bluff you cannot see that you have shortened the distance, but after traveling over four or five miles of rolling prairie and sand hills I arrived at the rock. It is situated on an elevated piece of ground and composed of a soft whitish sand stone. It can be cut with any kind of edge tool, even a hoe. It is six hundred feet in length and from thirty to one hundred in width. It is widest in the middle. I would suppose it was two hundred feet high, although it is said to be three hundred. I was at the top of it. I ascended partly by the ravines that had washed in it and partly by holes that had been dug in the rock for that purpose. It was not perpendicular on the side that we went up, for we frequently came to benches like, that we could walk some distance on before we came to a place that was perpendicular. In this way we arrived at the top.

The view was fine; in the immediate vicinity I had a view of the prairie and sand bank over which I had traveled and the horses that we rode, but they did not look larger than sheep. On the east a trough sixty feet deep and a rock that I will hereafter describe; on the south a most beautiful plain with several trees scattered about, and a creek that wound its way through the plain and came near the foot of the hill on which the rocks stand. The margins of the creek were covered with thornberry. On the west a deep ravine was near; at a distance a high mound with a round top and high bluffs; also the famous Chimney Rock. At the top the rock is small. Where you ascend it is not more than two or three feet wide; further west it is six or eight. On the south side and end it is nearly perpendicular. To all appearances it is fast washing away and I believe in time it will be mingled with the balance of the earth in the vicinity. I think it has been larger and much higher than it now is. Hundreds have inscribed their names upon it, and places of residence and date. Two hundred yards east stands another monument. It resembles a wall about eighty feet long and thirty or forty wide and one



hundred and fifty high. I could not get on it, but from the appearance the rock was similar but not being so large as the other and more width. It had not been injured so much by rains.

After spending an hour or so at the rock we started for the wagons. On our way back the B—— boys killed a wolf. When we arrived at the road we found our teams had not passed. We took the road back and found they had encamped shortly after we left in the morning in consequence of one of the men being sick.

11th. MONDAY. Last night we had a severe hail storm. After that the rain commenced and continued until near midnight. This morning we got a late start. The road was heavy. We passed this forenoon a large slash. We did not go through it but went round the edge of it and found good road. We drove about eight miles and turned out for noon on the side of a hill in fair view of the Chimney and near a good spring. It is to the right of the road and just over the point of the hill.

After dinner we yoked up and started. The road being bad I remained with the team about one mile. I then started for the Chimney Rock. While viewing the noble monument at the distance of a mile or two I could not help imagining that it might be the work of some generation long extinct and that it was erected in commemoration of some glorious battle or in memory of some noble chieftain. But on arriving at the spot I could discover no marks of hammer, axe or chisel, no cemented joints by which it should be cemented in one solid mass. It is not then the work of human hands. It must have been a freak of nature to display her art, astonish man with the variety and grandeur of her works and show the power of Deity. It is situated on the south side of the North Fork of the Platte River and two miles from the main road. It has a high bluff on the south, the balance of the boundary is low prairie. It is a soft sand stone with a mixture of small hard stones of different sizes. It resembles an inverted funnel and is two hundred and fifty feet in height. The diameter at its base I would say was five hundred feet. It runs up say one hundred and twenty five feet to a point of forty when the chimney rises one hundred and twenty five feet more holding its size to the top. I was up it as high as the large part. The chimney I presume was never ascended above the large part. I saw many names written on it, some of which were familiar.

Like the Court House Rock it appears to be in a rapid state of decay. The rains are washing deep channels in many parts of it.



Large cracks are seen that extend from the summit near to the large part or basement and many large pieces have already slid or flaked off. Even the names that were written yesterday were nearly obliterated by the storm last night, and if I mistake not the famous Chimney Rock before many years will be among the things that were known in history, for I am very sure it cannot stand many years before large flakes will slide to the ground, if all does not come down in a general crash. I returned to the wagons and found the roads soft and heavy. We came near stalling several times and finally camped about four miles from the Rock on a little high prairie with good grass and water close at hand.

12th. This morning we got an early start. The roads were bad for several miles, the ground being low. The first objects that attracted my attention were five mounds extending from the bluffs towards the river, three large and two small ones. The large were round, the small square. One of them had every appearance of a brick kiln. I also discovered another Chimney Rock, but diminutive, however, in size compared with the rock of that name. But through this section of country we find mounds of every imaginable shape and size.

We at last found a good road and drove from twelve to fifteen miles and turned out for noon nearly opposite Scotts Bluffs, which are a cluster of mounds of unusual height and situated on the banks of the river. The road runs back of the bluffs and we have neither wood or water. The country south of us or rather the hills are covered with pine and cedar. The hills are two or three miles from us. I saw today several pieces of fine bacon thrown out where some one had encamped, also heard of another lot of bacon and some beans.

This has been a fine cool morning for oxen or we could not have driven the distance that we have. In the afternoon we had but just started when a heavy shower caused us to stop for a while; after the rain ceased we started into a valley that lay between two uneven bluffs. We followed the valley about eight miles and encamped near the head. The bluffs are covered with cedar and is a most beautiful place with good grass and water.

13th. At an early hour this morning we made a start for the bluff. We passed out of the valley at a kind of gap. We drove over a rolling prairie for about twelve miles and turned out at a slough or break. We had, however, to dig the banks before we could cross.

This morning we saw some of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains and some who had sharp eyes say they saw snow. The weather feels very much like it and I presume they were correct. Quantities of bacon, beans etc are still found on the way. Should the weather continue this cold, our thin or summer clothing will be a useless article, but we should be thankful for it, for it is fine for our oxen.

After spending an hour and a half for a nooning we drove about a mile to Horse Creek. It is forty or fifty yards wide and about six inches deep, on an average, with low banks. We then drove a few miles and came to a salt marsh on our right and a fine high prairie on the left. It extended a mile or two. There were several ponds or sloughs in the marsh. They were brackish. The road then leads over rolling prairie for several miles where we at last came over more near the Platte River, driving about ten miles this afternoon and more than twenty today.

I saw this evening soon after we came in sight of the river a ledge of fine building rock. I think it was lime stone. We encamped by the side of a fine creek of clear cool water and a good spring within forty feet of camp. The weather has moderated since morning and is now very pleasant and clear, but we have had rain almost every day or night for a week or more. I have passed some most excellent land today for agricultural purposes, if timber was only at a reasonable distance.

14th. This morning, rather reluctantly, we left our camp and good spring water. We drove about two miles and came near the bank of the river. The bottom was narrow but the road fine. We found timber scattered along for several miles. We passed several sand points running toward the river and what drew my attention was a point or so of rocks that came down in the same way. After them came the sand points again.

We also passed an island that had been well timbered but had been cut and taken away. We followed the bottom eight or ten miles when the road took up the hills where we drove two or three miles and stopped for dinner. As we were on the hill or bluff I rode to the edge and saw that the river was full of islands and those generally had small timber on them. I noticed also that the bottom on the other side had many dead trees standing on it. In the afternoon we soon left the hills. On arriving at the bottom I discovered scattering timber near the river.

Finding that our camp at noon was only eight miles from Fort Laramie we stopped after a drive of four miles near the banks of the Platte with good wood and grass.

15th. After a drive of three miles we came to the Laramie River where we raised our wagon beds by means of blocks and crossed the river dry. The river is one hundred and fifty yards wide and where we crossed four feet deep. It had raised from recent rains. The first object of note was Fort John, a short distance from the ford. It is an abandoned fort and from the appearance at the road was nothing but the bare walls which are made of unburnt brick called "dobaes."

One mile up the river and near the bank stands Fort Laramie. It is also made of the same kind of material as Fort John but is in tolerable good condition. It is one hundred and forty or fifty feet square and about two stories high. A row of buildings extends round the fort, the wall of the fort forming the outside or one side of the houses. It is now occupied by the American Fur Company. They have a store, blacksmith shop and some other shops all within the walls of the fort. Many emigrants have left their wagons or sold them here for five dollars but they cannot be bought from the fort men for less than from thirty to seventy-five according to quality. It is said that the government have or are about to purchase the fort to establish a military post here for the protection of emigrants and traders.

We remained at the fort two or three hours and drove out three miles and encamped on the Platte with wood, water and grass of fair quality. The destruction of property is immense. On the road from the fort I saw a good side saddle left, also a nearly new wagon cut to pieces near our camp. I saw a wagon—tolerable good but heavy—bacon, beans, stoves, chairs, iron wedges, crow bar, soap, lead, ovens and many other articles all laying about in the prairie. They could not use them and they could not carry them, and the only alternative was to leave them.

16th. This morning we got a late start owing to some of the steers being out. We followed the river two or three miles and took across the hill. It was an open rolling prairie with cedar or pine hills in plain view, but no appearance of water until we drove ten or twelve miles, where we found a fine spring about a quarter of a mile to the right of the road. It affords us as much water as Houses Spring of Jefferson County, Missouri. The water, however, was warm. We then drove up a valley where pine trees were scattered along hill sides and up a steep hill at the head of the valley. We then came into a rolling prairie until we came to a creek which we followed up about a mile and turned out. Wood and water plenty, grass only tolerable. We drove today over twenty miles.

17th. SUNDAY. It became necessary, Sunday as it is, to take a short drive this morning. We followed up the creek, on which we encamped last night, about four or five miles, where we found good wood, water and grass. The name of the creek is Laramie's Creek; Laramie's Peak is in fair view and I think that we will get to it tomorrow. It is one of the Rocky Mountains and is among the tall peaks.

18th. This day we have driven about twenty miles. In places the road was good. It is in the Black Hills and we expected bad road. We crossed a creek in fifteen miles and have just crossed another. We have passed during the day several springs. The water in this section is clear and cold. Pine is the principal timber but the grass is bad.

19th. Nothing but hills presented itself this morning for about thirteen miles. The country over which we traveled was nearly a barren waste, but the road, generally speaking, hilly as it was, cannot be surpassed by any road in the States; taking the natural ground into consideration, I think the best road that I ever saw. We at last arrived at the Labonte River. There we merely took a check but did not turn out the teams.

In the afternoon we drove five miles to Little Labonte. The first object of note was a ridge of mounds entirely of rock that extended to all appearances across our road, except a narrow gap which we expected the road ran through, but such was not the case. The road went to the right. I had the curiosity to look through the gap. I there saw mountains of various kinds. I also discovered that our road wound round, and that a gully was the cause of it not running through the gap. When we got round the mound the earth was red almost as blood. I soon saw a place that was white. I went to it and found it sounded hollow as I stepped on it. I also discovered that it was a kind of rock. I pulled up a piece of it and found it was white almost as snow and as light as a cork and some parts as open as a honey comb. It had the appearance of a volcanic eruption. I afterwards saw several places similar to it. I noticed also that many of the sides of the mountains were of different colors, mostly red.

We are now past Laramie's Peak and we saw the snow on the top for several days. I must have seen it for two hundred miles. The grass through here is bad. There is plenty of wild sage but that is bad food for cattle.

20th. Our route this morning was through the valley that contained the red earth. After we left it the ground was rolling



but not so bad as yesterday. I noticed some fine grass under a cleft of rocks and as my horse had not fared very sumptuously for the last twenty four hours I concluded to give him a bait. While he was eating I thought I would examine the ledge of rocks. I found it was composed of small pebbles with an occasional rock as large as an egg. They had the appearance of being cemented together and were quite solid but by striking on it with another rock they would crumble to pieces.

We drove about ten miles and turned out for noon. No wood, water and but little grass. We remained about an hour and then drove two or three miles to some springs; one was fresh water, the other tasted strong of sulphur. We crossed the branch again in a mile or so just below where three more springs broke out. We followed the branch a short distance and took to the hills. In traveling a mile or two we came to the river where we took in water for the night.

Soon after we started some buffalo were discovered. Five or six men started in pursuit. They made them run so fast that they run off. I then went onto one of the mountains near by. It was tolerable high but by no means the highest. I had a fine view for miles around. I could see the road that we came and the one that we had to go. There was no timber on it and it was covered with small stones of various colors but mostly black. I then took a near cut and struck the road as the wagons were forming a corral. Water we have with us, also wood, but the grass is rather bad. We can see plenty of timber on the high mountains around us, but none near.

This is a high rolling prairie that is the valley between the mountains. The air is pure and rather cool until late in the morning and it gets cool long before night. But we must recollect that we are now in the Rocky Mountains and that snow can be found on many of the mountains at no great distance from us. The rains that we had while on the plains have now ceased to fall. The ground is dry and the atmosphere is also dry and clear. I would remark that rains only fall at certain seasons of the year and where the grass is eaten or destroyed it does not grow anymore that year.

For the last few days we have traveled through the most barren country that we have seen since we left the States. Our cattle have suffered more for grass and their feet with the gravel in the last four days than they have on the balance of the journey, and it is not done with yet. Some of our men are fearful that one



half or more of the cattle will give out and that we will be forced to leave half the wagons, double team, lighten the loads and pursue our journey in that way.

I noticed several days before we arrived at Fort Laramie that an immense number of prickly pears were seen in almost every direction and of several different kinds. One kind that I noticed and the one I presume from which they took their name resembles a large pear sitting upon the large end with the stem up and on the top a most beautiful reddish flower. These pears are here seldom seen. A handsome scenery is in view of our camp at the foot of the mountain. In the southwest there is a straight level bench and on the edge is a handsome row of pine trees.

Now if Dr. M—— should see this place he surely would build upon it, for the place is already fitted to suit his fancy and indeed it would suit the fancy of almost any one. This is quite a windy evening but it has not commonly blown as hard here as it did in the plains.

21st. In about two or three miles travel we came to a small creek; in two or three more we came to the Lafouche Bois and between nine and ten o'clock came once more to the North Fork of the Platte, having traveled eighty miles through hills and mountains pass. On arriving at the Platte instead of finding an abundance of green grass, we found the grass thin and nearly dry. We drove this forenoon eleven or twelve miles and turned out for dinner. After dinner we heard that a ferry was established near and we went up to see. We learned that eight hundred wagons were in waiting at the upper or Mormon ferry and that the cattle were dying there also. But we could not cross at the new ferry, but concluded to try and ferry it on a raft and with wagon beds. We therefore drove up to the place and commenced preparatory to cross on the morrow.

22nd. The 22nd. was a busy day. We obtained a raft ready-made and situated two of the best wagon beds and corked them, fitted them out with oars for boating. The raft was composed of four cottonwood logs with four binders strongly pinned to them. Thus equipped we commenced operations about nine o'clock in the morning. The river was three hundred yards wide and the boats and raft could make a trip in forty-five minutes, strong as the current was. The raft was towed up by oxen but the boats by manual labor for you may well suppose that a craft of that kind could not go straight across.

When we commenced crossing with the boats a company of

us swum the cattle over except the four yoke we kept for towing purposes. And a little after sunset we landed the last of the goods on the north side of the river. A few men, however, were left that stopped to swim the towing steers. I was among them which made it about dark when we got across. And just as I expected, everything was in confusion.

My goods were in one place, my wagons in another, tent in another; the cattle were scattered; and the horse to take out some distance and picket out—and it was just about dark when we landed, and we very much fatigued, after such a day's labor. But we succeeded in getting things a little together and about eleven o'clock crept into our wagons and soon fell in a sound sleep. But in the evening there was a fire—one just below the wagons on the opposite bank. A tree was on fire and burnt rapidly. In the mountains south we could plainly see a number of signal fires made by the Indians (we are now among the Crows) to call a council or something of the kind and then up and down and across the river were the fires of the emigrants.

23rd. This morning we got a very late start. Our wagons were to load and our loading to gather together, besides having to hunt oxen and do many other things that I have not time to write. However we started about ten o'clock and found the road not as good as we could wish. We have had several hills to pull up and then sand hills, besides finding considerable sand on the level, but I saw one place that drew my attention. It was where the road ran into the river bottom. The road ran next to the bluff, and between the road and river there were two rows of willow trees, one large, the other small. The large were next to the river, but what drew my attention was, they were perfectly straight and the rows were near half a mile in length.

We drove about six miles and then turned out to rest with only tolerable grass. After resting an hour or two we made a start and found the roads very sandy and hilly. We drove five or six miles more and turned out for the night, having wood and tolerable grass. I notice the prickly pears have yellow blossoms, instead of red, through this section.

24th. SUNDAY. This morning we got an early start, and considerable sand although we had some good road and passed some of the finest grass that I have seen since we left the States. We passed the upper ferry, called the Mormon Ferry, about ten o'clock and made our noon about two miles above. We have driven about twelve miles this morning, but have little or no grass,

no wood and river water. In the afternoon we drove but a short distance when the road ran over the hill. It was a long one, tolerable steep and very sandy and may be set down as the hardest hill to pull up between this place and St. Jo. We soon returned to the river and came to the old ferry.

It appears that the Mormons have removed the ferry a few miles lower down that the emigrants may cross and leave the grass unmolested for their Mormon friends. We then left the Platte for the hills and drove three or four miles and encamped. Grass tolerable, wood (wild sage) water—none. We passed a mile or more from the river two alkali lakes which we could not use. The dust has been very bad for several days, the ground extremely dry but it is now cloudy and looks much like rain. We have seen and passed today on both sides of the river two or three hundred wagons, but we have had hard work for Sunday.

25th. Just as the sun was rising we started on our journey. The road ran over a rolling prairie; thin grass and no timber, but not as much sand as yesterday. In about ten miles' travel we came to some red bluffs, and soon after a sulphur spring where we stopped for breakfast. In the afternoon we drove thirteen miles over the most barren country that I have seen lately. We also passed several springs, some of alkali, some of sulphur and one of good water, in about ten miles from our nooning. We encamped about one mile below Willow Spring and near the spring branch. We had no good water, no wood but wild sage and almost no grass at all. Saw quite a number of dead cattle, caused by drinking poisoned water.

26th. Left camp about sunrise; came to Willow Spring and got water there; drove seven or eight miles over a kind of barren and turned off to the left onto a creek to feed. In the afternoon we drove twelve miles, within two miles of Independence Rock. It is a rock about one thousand feet long and one hundred or more high. It is of an oval shape.

27th. This morning we crossed Sweetwater Creek about one mile above the Rock. Saw many names on the Rock. I had not time to go onto it. One of my steers was sick and as soon as I saw the team over Sweetwater went back to see him. He was dead. I then returned and followed the train. In about six miles I came to the Devil's Gate, which is a gap in the mountains where Sweetwater passes through. The rock is said to be four hundred feet high. It is solid rock. The road runs through another gap to the left, but the rock is not perpendicular like the

gate. I saw a great many steers lying dead by the way. We have now lost four in our train. We drove about fifteen miles and encamped on Sweetwater. The whole earth appears filled with alkali.

28th. We have traveled up the Sweetwater most of the morning. We took one cut-off and are now at noon back on the banks of the river again. The roads were sandy this morning for a few miles but are now good. We have seen snow all the morning on the left of the road. It is, of course, on the range of mountains. The mountains are of rock and some are very high. The report of a gun quite astonished me. The first report was normal but the echo resembled loud thunder. In the afternoon we drove six miles and encamped on the river about one mile from the road with good grass and water—wood scarce except sage.

29th. We drove six miles and came to a ford but understanding that the next ford was a foot deeper, we took the left hand road and drove eight or ten miles through heavy sand without water and very little grass. We encamped again on the river about a mile above what they call the Devil's Road. It has the appearance of a wagon road running up the point of the mountain.

We have been in sight of snow during the morning on our left and also have a fair view of the Wind Mountains which appear covered with snow. The alkali still is found on the river bottom in small quantities. We have not seen as many dead cattle today as formerly. Yesterday we passed twenty-five. This has been a very warm day in the valley, hot enough almost to melt a person; and any quantity of snow in sight may appear strange—nevertheless is true. We passed some mountains on the left today that were well timbered. The sight of a forest, although at a distance, reminds one of Missouri. In the afternoon we drove four miles and encamped on the river—grass not very good—sage for wood. Thermometer stood one hundred and two in the wagon.

30th. This forenoon we drove sixteen miles, there being no water as the road left the river. We passed the Ice Springs about midway of the distance where we found clear ice by digging from fifteen to twenty inches. The roads have been good but the country barren. As we came near the river we saw a grave that had been robbed by the wolves. Whose it was I could not learn. The ford we crossed at was called the Fifth Crossing, although it was our third. In the afternoon we drove about four miles and crossed the river twice. We encamped directly of



crossing the last time. Most of the teams are now making a rush for the South Pass, distance thirty-six miles. Two hundred and fifty teams are within eight or ten miles behind and near five hundred between here and Fort Laramie. It is said there are about eight or ten hundred ahead of us.

JULY 1st. SUNDAY. This morning we followed Sweetwater about five miles. The weather was warm and bid fair to be a warm day, but after driving that distance the road led up the mountain, called Sweetwater Mountain. We ascended through long hills and then took up a valley that led towards the mountains that were covered with snow. We drove about sixteen miles and encamped on Strawberry Creek, first rate water and no appearance of alkali. The wind rose soon after we struck the valley above and it now is uncomfortably cold at three o'clock in the afternoon. We expected to drive a few miles further today but the oxen were rather tired and we concluded to remain the balance of the day.

Some of the men, in hunting wood, discovered a lot of snow near our camp. The distance being short, I went to see it. It was about two hundred yards or perhaps more from camp and up the creek. The bank was near two hundred feet long, from thirty to sixty wide and from one to five deep. I then went a little further into a grove of the shaking aspen. It was a very handsome place situated at the foot of a mountain or high cliff of rocks or rather between the creek and mountain. I noticed the appearance of a road once having been cut through the grove, something like twenty feet wide.

JULY 2nd. After driving a few miles this morning, we came to a creek and on the bank was a large bank of snow, supposed to be seven feet deep. We soon came to another creek and once more, and for the last time, crossed the Sweetwater; and immediately after crossing, the road led up a steep hill. We drove a mile or two and turned out for dinner. I have seen a large quantity of snow today, and wind blowing very hard makes it extremely hard. Almost every one have found their overcoats comfortable. We are now within seven or eight miles of the South Pass.

This afternoon we, as we thought, drove about the distance to the South Pass and came to a place that answered the description given in books of the Pass. The wind blew very hard and the dust was terrible; and we took a right hand road and soon came again to Sweetwater where we encamped for the night.



The wind continued to blow so hard that it was attended with much difficulty to cook. The water in the river is nearly as cold as ice water and has no bad taste. As I sit in the wagon and write I can see a mountain in front, well capped with snow. The weather has been so cold that I have worn my overcoat all day.

3rd. This was a cold morning and we did not start until late. In two miles we drove through the South Pass. It is nothing more in appearance than a small ridge. We drove to the Pacific Spring and encamped for the night.

4th. JULY. Yesterday morning was cold, but it did not compare with this morning. The ice this morning was more than half an inch thick. I went to the bucket of water to dip out some. I took hold of the tin cup handle and raised the bucket that was half full of water. We drove this morning fourteen miles to the forks of the road and through a perfect barren country. Nothing can be seen but wild sage. There is neither wood, water or grass at the camp. In the afternoon we drove five or six miles to Little Sandy. We have little grass scattered among the wild sage, but it is very thin.

Since we left the States we used water that ran within seven miles of home, until last night, when we drank and used the water that feeds the broad Pacific. The streams have altered their course and run a western course. This has been a more pleasant day than yesterday. It has been comfortably warm. We have, however, been much troubled with dust.

5th. This morning we drove sixty-two miles in Sublette's or Greenwood's Cut-off to Big Sandy where we encamped until evening to go, or take, the thirty-five mile stretch. Big Sandy is near as large as Maramec. Poor country and no wood, but two miles below the ford tolerable grass.

6th. Last evening at half past five o'clock we started across from Big Sandy to Green River and arrived at Green River between three and four o'clock, and instead of the distance being thirty-five miles as Mr. Ware, in his guide calls it, it is fifty-one and three-quarters miles from one river to the other. The first part of the road is good but the last is bad enough to make it up. The dust was terrible and one hill that we came down was long and very bad. We had to drive down ledges of rocks that were two feet perpendicular. It was the Green River Mountain or bluff of Green River.

On our arrival the first thing to be done was to make arrangements for crossing. We found it too high for fording and the

ferry man only charged us seven dollars for setting my wagon across the celebrated Green River, a stream not as large as the Maramec. Of all the poor countries that I have seen this is certainly the poorest. There is little or no grass, no timber—water scarce, but high wind and dust in abundance.

7th. Between three and five o'clock we crossed the river, and about the same time swum the cattle over. We found on the west side several half-breed Indians—traders. They bought and sold at their own price. Alkali is still abundant and we find more or less stock lying dead every day, some from the effect of the poisoned water, others hard driving. We sent our cattle up a ravine where we found tolerable good grass; wood very scarce.

SUNDAY—8th. This morning we gathered up the stock for another start. We drove but a few miles before we came to a hill or mountain and then again into a valley and then another hill. I saw snow that appeared lower down than we were, but it was at a distance. We drove about eight or ten miles and encamped on a rapid running stream, three rods wide with good grass but no wood, but willow.

Green willow switches make as poor a fire as anything I ever tried. Buffalo chips are bad enough but willow is worse. Wild sage is good. I had as soon have wild sage for a fire as the common wood used in Missouri. Green or dry it burns well and we often find it of good size; as large or larger than my arm. After having encamped for so long a time on the barrens and in the sand, we find it quite a luxury to encamp once more on the green grass and more especially in as handsome a valley and by as fine a creek as this.

9th. This morning we were under way at the usual time and drove up Ham's Fork of Green River or Fontinell's Fork about four miles. We passed a place where they were burying a man by the name of Merrill, of Lexington, Missouri, that was killed by a wagon. We also passed a train of U. S. Troops going to Bear River to build a fort. After that we took to the mountains and traveled through dust ten miles more and encamped by a creek near some pine and poplar trees. Grass and water tolerable good.

About one-fourth of our men are on the sick list, and there is much complaint among the trains generally about sickness. We see considerable snow on the sides of the mountains, and what appears singular is to see cattle and horses feeding within a few feet of a snow bank, and that on good grass. The mountain peaks are not high, but snow at this season of the year goes to

show we are on ground that is very high. We see much of human nature on a trip of this kind; hardly a day passes that a train does not split or a division takes place. In a measure the like has occurred several times in our train. In starting we had more than twenty wagons. It is now reduced to eight.

10th. In consequence of our sick folks we made a late start this morning. The road was hilly at first: it might with propriety be called mountainous, for we went down several hills at which we had to lock both wheels, but after driving five or six miles, it became more level. We crossed several ravines that had some water, but not very good. We at last encamped where the road takes the hill, which we presume is the ridge dividing the waters of the Bear and Green Rivers, and near a branch of first rate cold water. The spring must be near at hand. We have been in sight of snow most of the day. It is not as plentiful, however, as it was near the South Pass. We have driven about sixteen miles and have good grass, wood and water.

11th. This morning we started over the ridge of mountains and crossed what we suppose was the fork of the Bear River. We then came up a long and steep hill where on our left we could see mountains that were high and covered with snow. It also could be seen in every direction. We followed a ridge several miles and came to two graves about three hundred yards apart. We stopped to noon between them. A valley runs off to the right of the road, and round the left hand point we found a spring of fine water. In the afternoon we followed the ridge up by a spring and a grove of shaking aspen trees and during the afternoon went through a most beautiful grove of pine, the first timber that we have driven through for many days or weeks. After that we again struck the prairie and followed the ridge to the edge of a mountain where the road took down. It must have been three or four miles to the foot of it. However, we at last arrived and encamped in a small valley near a creek of fine water, with sage for wood and good grass at the distance of a mile or so from camp. Distance traveled eighteen miles.

12th. This morning we drove up a hill and down a mountain, a long and steep one. We then struck a valley which led us to Bear River, a very handsome valley where we encamped. The grass is fine and alkali abundant. Traveled about ten miles. The water in the wash pan was frozen so hard this morning that it could be turned over without losing its contents.

13th. We left our alkali camp this morning and made our way back to the road again which we found good for five miles. We then crossed three creeks and passed through a gap or between two high mountains; the one on the left was clay; the one on the right was rock and I think was about five hundred feet high. The rock resembled cakes of ice sitting on their edges. We then followed the bottom of Bear River and near the bluffs. Bear River is not as large as the Maramec, that is not as wide, but deeper. We drove this morning about eight miles and stopped for dinner near the river with wood and good grass for our cattle.

The air in this country appears close and is hard to breathe, and the higher we go the more close the air appears to be. It may be good for weak lungs but it certainly is very hard on them if they are very weak. Violent exercise here would almost force an emigrant to faint, the difficulty of breathing would be so great. This afternoon we followed Bear River Valley a few miles and there took up the valley of another creek. We drove up this valley to get a good crossing. We got to the creek and encamped. We passed this afternoon two springs, one fresh water, the other sulphur, both very cold water. The mountains on both sides of this valley are high but the highest are on the right hand side. This is a very level, handsome valley and three or four miles wide. We have driven about twenty miles today. The country through which we are traveling appears to be but little known. I cannot learn the names of the creeks from books or from men.

14th. JULY. We started a little after sunrise and crossed the creek or river, and soon began our trip over the mountain. It was not very steep, but long. We then wound round in the valleys for a few miles, then went through a narrow gap but just wide enough to admit of a wagon passing, and soon after commenced our descent to Bear River again. The descent was both steep and long. We drove until we came to a bend in the river where we encamped for the night, making our day's travel about eight miles. We encamped near some Indians. They have commenced visiting our camp and we have but just encamped.

15th. SUNDAY. For the first time since we left St. Joseph we rested on Sunday, or rather rested our teams. The cause of it was that one of the men that belonged to Tindall's wagon was very sick and he could not stand travel. Soon after breakfast was over Mr. Smith, a mountaineer, came to our camp. Soon after several other persons called in and if I am not mistaken



they had a jolly day of it. As for myself, it was wash day with me. Several gangs of Indians called during the day, the more especially about meal time. These Indians appear to be well off. They are well clad and have large gangs of horses. Some of our men have caught some mountain trout, but they do not bite free. I have not eaten any of them. They are said, however, to be very firm. Bay, our sick man, is not better this evening.

16th. Bay, the sick man, is no better, consequently we are forced to lay by today. Smith, the mountaineer, was down again today and some of our men went home with him to dinner. I had an invitation, but could not conveniently leave. I am told he has a comfortable house, cooking stove, hogs, cattle, cats and also a churn and to complete his equipage, a squaw for a wife. Smith has but one leg and is quite fleshy, a little taller, but very much resembles Esq. White of Bonhomme Township. He is fond of company and treats them on the best he has and in great abundance, almost to wastefulness. He is about fifty-five years of age and has been in the mountains over twenty years and appears as happy as a lord. His squaw is about sixteen, rather bulky than otherwise. She has one child, a boy, and a spoiled child.

17th. The sick man, Bay, is very little better. He is unable to be moved. Titus is sick today and we are still laying by. The cattle are getting in fine order, but our camping ground is nearly eaten out and the water is not very good. Friend Smith and the Indians visit us every day, but there is considerable dissatisfaction in camp on account of our laying by. I think we will start tomorrow. Our trip is a laborious one. We are getting very tired, but when the roads are good and we are not troubled with dust, the variety of scenery and natural curiosities serves in a great measure to blunt the fatigue and hardships of our trip. We were all willing to lay by and take a rest, but are now equally as willing to again start on our journey.

We are fearful that the grass will become scarce on the Humboldt River and many other places, although Mr. Smith says we are ahead of the time that emigrants usually pass. Mr. Smith says the snow remains on the mountains throughout the year, but that it goes off in the valleys in April or May when the grass puts up and soon furnishes an abundance of food for the stock. I am sure I would not like to spend a winter in these mountains. Game is becoming very scarce. The principal kinds are mountain sheep, antelope and some black tail deer. Occasionally they kill a white bear. The buffalo have left.



18th. Our invalid was considered able to travel this morning and we started at a late hour. We drove about four miles down the Bear River Valley and passed considerable timber, cottonwood and willow. The willow in this country grows to be a large tree. We then took up a small valley or rather one not so large as Bear River Valley and followed it to its head. We crossed several fine creek and passed two or three excellent springs of clear, cold water. When we struck the valley the hills were very high and had a good quantity of pine timber on them. The valley was a most beautiful one. It was not so wide but in other respects could compare with the Big Platte Valley, when we came into it. I think the soil was superior to the Platte Valley. We drove to where the valley took to the left, where we found a fine spring of water a little distance from the road. Good grass and plenty of wood where we encamped for the night, after traveling twenty good long miles.

19th. This morning we got an early start and found the road ran over several hills and across several ravines. We crossed some creeks, which were generally bad to cross: the banks were steep and some of them muddy. We came to the river in about four miles and followed it the balance of the day. We came to the Soda or Beer Springs about three o'clock. There are several of them and each appears to have its own temperature and flavor. I did not see them all; those that I saw boiled like a pot. Some were warmer than others and some sour, while others had a sweetish taste. We drove a mile or so beyond the springs and encamped on the river with good grass and some wood, tolerable convenient. For two days we have had no noon spell, which is something that I object to, both on account of men and cattle. Both become fatigued and hungry, and not only that, we do the work in the heat of the day. Drove today about sixteen miles.

20th. In two or three miles from our camp the road left Bear River. After a few miles travel we came to another Beer Springs. It did not boil like the others but was rather sour. It tasted like the bottled soda of St. Louis shops. We had rather a rough road: a great many rocks in it in places. In the afternoon we came to a kind of swamp: both water and grass is said to be poison. We drove two or three miles further and encamped on a creek with good grass, water and wood. Traveled today about twenty miles.

21st. We followed the creek, on which we camped, to its head, which was in the mountain. The road for the most part was good but the creeks were very bad to cross, the banks being bad and

the creeks sometimes muddy. We drove until about two o'clock and stopped to noon but had no water and poor grass. In the afternoon we soon got to the summit and commenced our descent but found no water until we got well down the mountain, where on the left of the road we found one of the best springs I ever saw. The water was abundant, clear, cold and pleasant tasting. There we all took a hearty drink and filled our vessels. We then drove on and crossed the branch several times, the crossings being universally bad. We soon struck a small valley where we encamped for the night with wood, water and grass. Our drive today has been twelve or fourteen miles.

22nd. This morning we started at the usual time. We had rather a rough road for some miles. We crossed a creek that the banks were two feet high and so bad we thought best to dig it down. We followed the creek half the day. Soon after we crossed the creek it had the appearance of going under the hill, but it did not—it ran through a gap. We at last came to the Port Neuf bottom or a large bottom that we suppose to be that, and stopped for dinner near the creek that we had followed. In the afternoon we left the creek and took through the valley that was covered with sage. It was a long dry and sandy road but we got out of the sand and to water before sundown. We encamped by a creek with good grass and wood. Traveled today about seventeen miles, and all hands perfectly willing to stop at any place where water could be got, the fatigue has been so great.

23rd. About ten o'clock we arrived at Fort Hall, which I found was built of mud bricks and was one hundred feet square. It was one story high, except the corners which were higher, the wall forming the outside of the rooms, which extended round. It is still occupied by the N. W. Fur Company. I saw one or two field fenced in with rails. Several Indian lodges stand about the fort. The ground that the fort stands on is very level. We drove about eight miles and crossed the Port Neuf where we encamped. (After resting an hour we started again. Soon finding that the grass was not likely to be good, we encamped for the night, making our drive about fifteen miles today.) . . . The above was a mistake; it should have been seventeen.

24th. Three miles from Port Neuf we came to the Pannack River. It is a clear stream one hundred and twenty yards wide and four or five inches deeper than was convenient for our wagon beds. Soon after we crossed the Pannack, we came to a slough that we had to brush before we could safely cross it. The mud

in the slough was as deep as the river. We then continued down the valley of Snake or Lewis River throughout the day. We traveled on the second bench or bottom and over a country that grew nothing but wild sage, but it produced a quantity of dust. We drove six or seven miles when the road ran near the river and we stopped to noon.

In the afternoon we took our station on the second bench among the sage and dust and soon came to a creek. It, like most of the creeks through here, was deep and muddy and had steep banks. We then took to the dust and sage again and followed it until the sun was about an hour high when the road ran near the river, where we found grass and water but no wood. Distance traveled, fifteen or sixteen miles. Last night the mosquitoes were more numerous than I have ever seen them and as hungry as wolves. They were not as large as they were further east, but they made it up in numbers.

25th. After a drive of about four miles we came to the falls of Lewis River. They are worthy of note. The fall of water is from fifty to sixty feet, not perpendicular but from bench to bench until the last where the fall is nearly perpendicular and forms a rainbow. On the right hand side, the fall appeared greater, but the rocks in the river prevented a fair view of the opposite side. The river is about two hundred yards wide, and at the falls foamed like soap suds. The last fall was about twenty feet. I noticed a riffle about a mile above, also some distance below. After passing the fall a few miles, we came to a small creek, sufficiently large, however, to turn a mill, and I have no recollections of ever seeing a better mill seat, the falls was so great. In crossing the banks were steep but the bottom hard.

One wagon broke a king bolt at this place. We drove a mile or two and stopped for dinner. If it is a blessing, we have plenty of dust, mosquitoes and wild sage. To walk in the road the dust is over shoe deep—to walk in the sage is like walking among rough bushes, and the mosquitoes annoy us both day and night. Snow is not as plentiful as formerly. I can see a small quantity of snow from the wagon at this time, but for the last few days we have often been out of sight of it. In the afternoon the road soon led to, or near the river.

The place where we neared it was worthy of note. It passed through the mountain. It seemed to have opened to let the river pass there, being high cliffs on each side. I went over one of them while the wagons went round on the west side. The rocks were

black and appeared to have been almost melted. It is, no doubt, the effect of some volcanic eruption. The road passed through several ravines. They were very steep, and a great many holes were worn in the road, especially on the hills. The road then led through the mountain like the river. There was a place for it and rocks on each side.

The river on whose bank we have traveled today has been falls or rapids most of the distance that we have traveled. There has been no low bottom, consequently no grass. Grass and wild sage do not grow well together. There is no timber through this country. We pass, occasionally, some cedar bushes, but they are small. We drove until the road came to the river and encamped, being in sight of the gap in the mountain. We have traveled today about fifteen miles and have river water, wild sage and poor grass.

26th. Some few days since, our company came to the conclusion that they would dispense with the cattle guard and it appeared to answer, but this morning five only were in sight of camp. Five more were soon found and by sending men in all directions twenty one more were driven in. We waited for the balance of the men to return but in vain. Five or six more of us started again. We had not got a mile from camp when we met the captain on his return. He said he could find the cattle, that he had tracked them about four miles but was of the opinion that an Indian had driven them off for they appeared to be in a string, and followed one after the other, and that he plainly saw the track of a horse or of a person with shoes; also the tracks were running back from the river into the mountains, and as he had neither gun nor pistols he thought it best to return to camp for help. We immediately returned to camp and all that could be spared and could bear arms started on the expedition, thinking it highly probable that we should have a skirmish. We had not traveled more than a mile when we saw on the mountain before us the lost cattle coming toward us.

The mystery is soon explained: the cattle followed a large brindle steer, as a leader, that was, by the by, a great rambler. That shows why they were in a single file; as regards the moccasin track, one of the men had on a pair of moccasins and found the trail and followed before the captain and left the mark of his feet. The cattle soon came up and we returned to camp well satisfied to get our cattle without traveling thirty or forty miles and perhaps then have to fight for them. We started about ten o'clock and had a rough road through sloughs that were bad and



after a drive of four miles came to Fall River. It was not large but had high and steep banks. We then came three miles further and the road left the river. We then drove seven or eight miles where we came to a muddy creek and encamped for the night, having tolerable grass and sage for wood, by going half a mile for it. The cattle were found six or eight miles from camp.

27th. The creek on which we encamped last night is thought by some to be Raft River. The road ran up the creek and we followed until noon. There appeared to be a road that ran toward Lewis River that we supposed to be the Oregon Road. Passed two graves today, a man and a woman, one buried in '46, the other in '47. I exchanged the fore wheels of the wagon this morning. We have driven about ten miles this morning and have good grass. The grass is good only in places, the wild sage occupied most of the ground. The dust has been very bad, and the weather warm. After resting an hour, we started again but finding that the grass was not likely to be good, we drove a short distance and encamped for the night, making our drive today about fifteen miles.

For the last few days we have had a great deal of wind. The ground is dry as ashes and we are forced to travel in a cloud of dust. Our persons, our wagons and everything about us is covered with dust. Water is not plentiful and is warm and bad tasting. Good grass can only be found at times, so that this part of our journey is anything but pleasant, but the worst is still to come. Grass, when we strike the Humboldt, we are told will be very scarce and the water not so good as this and in many places none at all.

But this is borrowing trouble and I will stop and take a view of the other side. Our cattle are in fair order, our men are mostly in good health and we have a plenty to eat at present and are about two weeks ahead of the time that emigrants generally pass this place, and if no bad luck happens we will, in thirty five or forty days, reach the land that is said to abound in gold now, if, the reports are true and we can reach the place in safety and have common luck, we will be liberally compensated for our toils.

28th. We followed up the Raft River, as we suppose it to be, this forenoon past a small spring on the side of the mountain and came to where Hudspeth's Cut-Off came into this road again. The cut-off took out soon after we left Beer Springs; those who took it have not gained very much on us. The road today has been tolerable and we have not been troubled so much with dust.



We have come ten miles this morning. This afternoon we drove until we came to a place where we suppose the road leaves the river and finding good grass we encamped for the night, making our drive today about fifteen miles. This afternoon the wind has blown very hard and the dust consequently bad in proportion to the wind.

29th. SUNDAY. We took the ridge this morning and left Raft River. The rise was very gradual, the descent equally so. Our road after that was level but had several muddy places to cross, something like small creeks that had spread and made a kind of slash. The road was rather crooked. We drove ten or twelve miles and encamped for noon on a small creek, grass tolerable. Last night, after we encamped, another of my oxen died. He was in fine order this morning.

I saw a plenty of frost in the valley and snow on the mountain; and the night was so cold that I lay under a thick comforter, a counterpane and blanket and was a little cold. If the last of July requires that quantity of clothing, I do not know what one would need in January. In the afternoon we followed the valley about two miles when the road took through a gap in the mountain. It was narrow but wide enough for a road. We went round one peak and found that the new road from the Salt Lake entered ours about this time.

The curiosities began to appear. Our entrance into the mountain reminded me of the walls of a city and the many singular shaped rocks of ancient castles, towns etc. The road wound round them and they continued near four miles. They were in almost every imaginable shape. One large round one I noticed had a large cave that projected over sufficiently for one to take shelter under and had a kind of cupalo or belfry. Another had a portico similar to a house; some were nearly square. I noticed at the edge of the basin (for I knew of no better name to give it) that there stood a number of small steeples, from ten to fifty feet in height. The mountains around were high and points of rocks pointed still higher. After we got through the rocks, we passed a handsome valley and passed out at another gap on the opposite side. This ridge was a ridge of rocks and had several gaps that a wagon might pass through. We then drove on in quest of water. We drove until dark and encamped without water, wood or anything but grass. I understand that the above named rocks are called Steeple Rock, which I think an appropriate name.

30th. When we got back to the road this morning, a distance of near two miles, we found a good spring. We then drove about two miles further and took over the hills to Goose Creek. They were hills indeed, both long and steep. We passed several springs during the day. They were small but the water was good. We nooned at one of these springs, but did not turn out our cattle. In the afternoon we went over another hill and came to Goose Creek. As we came into the valley I noticed a round mound with the top flat but sloping. The top had cedar bushes on it, the sides were bare and a small stream was running near the foot of it. We then drove two miles up the creek and encamped for the night near the creek with small willow for wood and tolerable grass. We had another frost this morning; traveled today fifteen miles.

31st. We followed Goose Creek this forenoon. The creek is about one rod wide and eight or ten inches deep. The valley is narrow but has spots of good grass; a great many good camping places on it. The creek forks eight or ten miles from where we struck it. We took the left and stopped for noon a mile or two above. Several horses were lost last night and I fear they were stolen. I saw ice this morning. There is some fine fish in this creek. In the afternoon we followed up the creek and passed some warm springs. The water, in one, was as warm as I would like to drink coffee. We encamped on the creek with good grass, but no wood. Drove today about sixteen miles.

AUGUST 1st. In about two miles we came to a gap in the mountain, which we followed by the side of the creek on which we lay last night. The gap was narrow at first, but became wider and contained some grass. We followed the creek two or three miles in the mountain and left it, I know not where or when. We drove across the hills fourteen Mormon miles and came to a spring at the right of the road at the point of a hill, where we watered our stock and rested an hour. There was no grass but a plenty sagewood in abundance from the time we left the valley of the creek. In the afternoon we drove about five miles and encamped in the same valley where some one had sunk a hole and found water that was muddy but cool, about four feet deep. The grass was tolerable; no wood, not even sage. Traveled about twenty two miles.

AUGUST 2nd. We were late in starting this morning, in consequence of our cattle being scattered for miles up and down the valley, the name of which is Hot Springs Valley. We at last found all but eleven when we drove on to a spring two miles

distant. Before we arrived at the spring nine were found and brought in, the other two we found on the road eight or ten miles, in the hands of a man who said he thought the owner was ahead.

After watering our cattle at the spring we started on our journey. In eight miles we found some bad water but did not stop long. We then drove near eight miles further and stopped for the night with good grass, no wood, but water for stock, and got water for use by digging. We were indebted to Mr. John Hutson for digging a well, which we gave the name of Hutson's well.

3rd. We left the well at an early hour, the cattle being guarded close at hand. We followed the Hot Springs Valley eight miles and came to the Springs. There was a dozen or more small springs and all of them nearly boiling hot. They smelt very strong of sulphur and the branch was filled with a sediment that resembled rusty iron. About one hundred yards above was a fine cool spring and very deep. The water, however, was a little brackish. We drove about a mile and stopped for noon with fine grass and water, but no wood. In the afternoon we followed the hollow to its head and found tolerable water and grass and sage for wood. Our drive today has been sixteen or seventeen miles. Hardly a day passes that we do not pass more or less dead cattle, horses or mules and sometimes see all of them in one day. We also see some cattle that have been left from lameness or poison and other sickness.

4th. We got an early start this morning and drove over a ridge or so and then struck a valley where the road forked. We took the right and followed it a few miles and encamped near a creek of fine water. It is said to be a tributary of Humboldt River. The grass is fine, but wood is scarce. It had very much the appearance of rain this morning and we heard thunder during the day, but it finally cleared off without any. The ground is extremely dry and the dust almost suffocates one near the road. We have driven about eight miles today and laid by the balance of the day to rest the teams, wash, repair wagons etc.

5th. SUNDAY. Yesterday when we came to the forks of the road, John Sutton was ahead of the train and took the left hand road and did not get to the train last night. In consequence of his absence we did not start this morning, for it often happens that a person lost from his train has trouble in finding it again. This is the second Sunday that we did not travel since we left St. Joseph. Our men have scattered throughout the country;

some are hunting, some are fishing and some have been hunting John and a few of us have been laying about camp.

The hunters have killed some hares and birds; the fishermen have caught some fine mountain trout. They are fine indeed in color. They resemble salmon, being of a yellow cast and the water being cold and clear, they have a fine flavour and are hard. A large number of wagons are passing us, but our cattle are resting as well as our men and all will be in better condition for traveling by laying by on Sunday. We had a small shower today, or rather a sprinkle of rain, something that is uncommon in this country—to have rain at this season of the year.

AUGUST 6th. Sutton returned last evening, after being absent from the train two days, consequently this morning we were enabled to pursue our journey. Our cattle were well rested and traveled fine. The road for two or three miles was good. We then struck the canyon that we had to pass through. We crossed the creek eight or nine times and some of the crossings were bad. A portion of the road through the canyon was very rocky, so taking it altogether it was far from being a good carriage road. The distance through was about three miles. We then drove about three miles further and stopped for noon.

I notice south of us a high mountain, partially covered with snow, which is something that I did not expect to see until we arrived at the Sierra Nevada. We had fine grass, good water and willow wood. As we were coming through the canyon, I saw one wagon turned over and a cart that had been broken down. The cart was abandoned, the wagon was broken but was being repaired.

I hear about this time of a great number of horses being stolen. One was taken but a short distance from our camp. It is laid to the Indians and probably is, but I think some white men may be at the head of it. Horses are very valuable here. A good horse in order would bring one hundred and fifty dollars and a pony that could be bought in the States for twenty five would here bring seventy five or one hundred dollars.

In passing through the above named canyon, I saw a tolerable large warm spring. It was the handsomest that I ever saw, the bottom was gravel and about as warm as a person would like water to bathe their feet, and perfectly clear. It was sufficiently large for a person to bathe all over. In the afternoon, we followed the valley which contained spots of fine grass and some of sage. We also passed a good spring of cold water and encamped for



the night on the creek near a spring with an abundance of good grass, but no wood except such sage as we brought along and some willow that we could pick up about the branch. The fish that are caught are very fine. They are mountain trout, chubs, gilders etc. We have had several fine messes and I think I hear some frying for supper.

We are now coming into the Digger Indian country. They are said to be a bad Indian and that they steal horses and cripple cattle so that they cannot be driven, when they get the meat for beef. We have driven today fourteen or fifteen miles.

7th. After a drive of three miles we came to the fork of the road, or rather where the roads came together. We followed the stream, being the one that led through the canyon during the morning, but about twelve o'clock we came to and crossed another stream that is larger than the one that we have followed. It is said to be the north fork of the Humboldt. It is about one rod wide but shallow. After crossing we stopped for noon, having made a drive of twelve miles this morning. The grass has been good since we came into this valley. It is wild rye and several kinds of coarse grass. Our cattle eat it well, but it is not as good for them as finer grasses. I see a large quantity of wild flax but the cattle do not appear to like it.

Snowcapped mountains are still in view. In the afternoon about starting time news came round that Bassett was sick and that we would lay by until morning. We dislike laying by for several reasons. We are all anxious to get through and prepare for winter; also that grass is daily becoming more scarce as trains pass us and use it up; and another that there is a possibility of our being caught in the snow should we be forced to lay by much more; and another reason is that butter, milk, fruit and vegetables are luxuries that we are deprived of.

Horses and mules continue to be stolen almost daily. Six were taken last night from the ground on which we are encamped. One of the mules was regained. They were taken about three hours before daylight. It is said to be four miles to the Humboldt, St. Mary's or Ogden's River (it being known by all three names) where it is necessary to keep a close watch on everything that we have. I am almost certain that white men commit depredations on the credit of the Indians, for the horse that was taken from our train a week or so ago passed this place last evening driven or led by a white man and bound for California, but it is doubtful whether the owner ever gets him for we have not a



horse in the train that is fit to ride on a trip of the kind and the man that owned him left the train this morning, although he was informed of his horse having passed this place last night.

Wood continues very scarce through this country. I have no recollection of having seen a tree of any size since we left Fort Hall. We see bushes along the creek in places and sometimes small ones on the hills, but no trees. I think a sage bush is the largest bush that we have passed for near two weeks. How Mr. Benton intends propelling his locomotive when he gets his railroad completed is more than I can say, for it will certainly be a tedious business to gather sage, for it is short and hard to cut, but when provided would answer a better purpose than anything else that I have seen for the last two hundred miles. However I presume that when that is completed they will load a car or two with fuel and not attempt to procure it in such places as this.

8th. AUGUST. We have followed the larger creek since morning. It is a very handsome valley about two miles wide, and many places in it appear to be fine soil and very black. Other places are of a whitish cast, neither sand or clay but by stirring it up it makes dust of the lightest kind. We have driven about twelve miles and stopped to noon near the river with fine grass and willow for wood. The river at this place is hardly deserving of the name of river. It is not as large as Big River in Jefferson County, Missouri, but appears to be increasing in size as we follow it down.

Another wagon left our train yesterday. It was Jamison that formerly lived on Mrs. Rennock's Place. We have now but six wagons left in the train. In the afternoon we followed the valley about seven or eight miles and crossed another branch of the river. The two branches soon came together and ran through a canyon but the road went over the hill; the river then ran through a small valley and took through another canyon and the road ran again over the hill. In the next valley we encamped for the night, making our drive twenty two miles today. We drove the cattle over the river and found good grass; sage convenient for wood, and river water. The road today has generally been good but dusty, more so when we came to a lot of sage where there was grass. It has been level with the exception of the two hills or spurs of mountains. The river at this place is as large as Big River if not larger. It is a tolerable clear stream and has a little fall, sufficient, however, to give a good current. The valley in which we are encamped is small. It is neither wide nor long.

9th. In one mile from our camp the river ran through another canyon, and the road over another hill. After that, until noon, the road kept the valley. The mountains on each side of this valley are rather high but not rocky. The road is good but a little dusty. The growth of the valley is sage and grass. The margin of the river has in general a strip of willows that shows us its course.

The sage that I have often spoken of is of two kinds; one kind in shape and appearance resembles our garden sage, with two exceptions, one is it is much larger and the other is that the leaves are not half the size of the garden sage. The other kind is called broom sage. The stalks are small and the limbs or branches resemble the willow used for making baskets but not so large. It answers a good purpose for making brooms. We drove about nine or ten miles this morning and stopped to noon in a bend of the river with tolerable grass and willow for wood. It is often the case that in bunches of willows we find many dead ones. These are very easily pulled out and makes a reasonably good fire for cooking.

We passed an ox last evening that had been killed by the Indians. They had carried off about one half of him, the balance was still laying. It had the appearance of having been killed a day or two but meat will keep in this climate a long time and that without salt. I have eat meat that had been killed from eight to ten days, nor had it been salted and was as good meat as I ever eat in any country. That was on Bear River. This afternoon the road continued in the valley and was good but dusty. We drove today eighteen miles and encamped on the bank of the river with good grass and willow for wood. The willow is some of it large enough for a walking cane. I saw on the bank of the river another ox that had been killed by the Indians. Not much but the bones were remaining.

10th. The road followed the valley this morning about seven miles. It then forked: the right hand led up the mountain, the left followed the river. We took the left. After driving a short distance the river took through a canyon in the mountain. We crossed the river four times and went over several spurs of the mountain and in one place the road ran a short distance in the river. We have driven from six to eight miles in the canyon and have come to an open space where we have stopped for noon; that is, a part of the train, with good grass and willow for wood.

Some parts of the mountain is high and rocky, others of small stones and some of dirt or clay. In coming through the canyon we found the passage very narrow in most places and the mountain generally steep. In the afternoon we kept in the valley and had a good road and made our day's drive about eighteen miles. We encamped by a creek of good cold water with coarse grass and willow wood. The snow seems to have melted on the mountains in this section of country. We are either getting too far south for it or the mountains are not of sufficient height. The latter is probably the cause.

Fish in this river are scarce or hard to catch. Our fishermen do not have any luck in fishing. I think Fremont in his writings speaks of the scarcity of fish in the Humboldt. If the whole of California is like the country through which we have and are now traveling, the government has paid dear for the Whistle, for on whichever side you cast your eyes beyond this small valley you behold nothing but naked barren mountains, and mountains beyond and on the top of mountains, and all void or nearly so of vegetation of any kind.

11th. Just as the sun was rising we left the creek on which we had encamped. We followed the valley about two miles when the road took up the mountain. We went up and down hill, but more up than down, until eleven o'clock when we arrived at the Summit, and there it was reversed. After passing the Summit we drove a mile or two and stopped for noon at a spring on the left of the road. The grass is poor and water not very good. We passed two other springs but they were very small. The hills over which we have passed produce little else than sage so that we have traveled today about ten miles and most of the way over rocks and hills through dust and sage. In the afternoon the road was descending for several miles. In places it was rocky and also led through two or three canyons or gaps in the mountain. We at last came in sight of the river again, but had a spur of the mountain to cross before we could get to it and four or five miles to drive over the ridges. We at last got to the river and corraled with poor grass for our stock and willow wood, having made a drive of about twenty miles.

The nights are very cold at this time. I was on guard last night from midnight until morning and found it extremely cold. It was so cold as to freeze in our camp the thickness of window glass, which in Missouri would be called cold weather for the eleventh of August. The mountains near the river are not as

high as they were where we left this morning, but the back mountains appear to be higher. Our cattle are beginning to fall away. The grass does not possess sufficient nourishment for teams that have so much work to perform or hardships to endure.

12th. SUNDAY. Having had some trouble in gathering our cattle we did not get a very early start. The morning was also rather cool, so much so that an overcoat was no burden, but before ten o'clock the climate changed and it became extremely warm. There was little or no wind and the sun appeared to almost scald. When we first came on to this river the grass was fresh and good but as we followed it down, the grass began to diminish by degrees and has now become very scarce and of an inferior quality. We drove about seven miles, stopped for Sunday with poor grass and willow for wood. We crossed the river this morning in three miles from camp. Mr. Jeffries of Union came to our company today. Cattle are stolen almost every day. Night before last about twenty were taken. Last night the rise of that number was taken.

13th. This morning we got a good start and drove about seven miles and crossed the river. The road also ran across a point of the hill. We drove about ten miles, stopped for noon with poor grass and willow wood. It is reported that the men who lost their oxen tracked them up and found all but one; they in possession of ten or twelve Indians, and the men killed seven Indians and took five horses from them. The company were from Jefferson City, Missouri. I give the above as I heard it, but do not vouch for the truth of it.

In the afternoon we kept the valley and drove about eight miles, making our eighteen miles and encamped on the bank of the river with grass and wood similar to that which we had at noon. In walking in this valley the ground appears hollow or porous, which is caused by the moles and ground mice. We find this the case in any place where the soil is rich. The mountains or bluffs of the river at this place are high and mostly very steep. They generally begin with low small mounds at the foot and grow higher as they go back and at the top or pinnacle are almost perpendicular, but I discover but few rocks in them.

The valley is not as wide as formerly and the grass appears dry and in many places sage and greasewood takes the place of grass. The mountains still continue bare of grass or any but sage. The dust has been very bad today. We are perfectly covered with dust and everything about us is in the same situation. How our



cattle stand it I am unable to say, for it is often the case that we cannot see oxen or wagon for the dust, consequently have to drive at random.

14th. Last night it was my turn to stand guard, and from twelve o'clock until daylight I followed our half-famished cattle around the valley in search of grass. I am astonished that they hold up as well as they do. The grass is so dry that it will break as you step upon it. From appearances there has been no rain for months to wet it and there is no dew of a night to even moisten it, but still what little grass there is looks green and must possess great nourishment or our cattle could not subsist. We left our camp at rather a late hour this morning and drove about five miles with a good road and not a great quantity of dust, when we came to the river. The road then left the river and ran through a patch of sage of about ten miles and the dust was from four to six inches deep, when we again came to the river and found a sprinkle of grass where we stopped for noon, or rather to rest, after a drive of fifteen miles without watering our cattle, there being none for the last ten.

It has much the appearance of rain and in a rainy climate should look for it; but here we do not. I am a little disappointed in not finding swarms of mosquitoes on this river, but as yet we have not been the least troubled with them. I cannot account for it in any other way than, judging from my own feeling, that they cannot stand the dust. When we left the river, two miles back, the valley began to widen and at this place it is full five miles wide, with a strip of grass on the river and sage back to the bluffs.

There is laying a few rods above us a joint stock company from Ohio. They have fell out and divided and fell out again and then agreed to leave it to the Yankees, and I left. Who the Yankees are I do not know, but I have seen enough on this trip to satisfy me that a copartnership or stock company will not do. The reason is: men do not think alike.

In the afternoon we drove four or five miles and put up for the night, making our drive nineteen or twenty miles. The grass is but tolerable, willow is convenient for wood. We are daily getting news from behind and occasionally from ahead, and if one half is true the distress in this great desert, for I can call it nothing else, will be great.

We heard by the Parkers that the teams that were two and three weeks behind us at the Willow Springs and the Black Hills had no grass at all and that men, women and children were seen



sitting by the roadside (sadly) weeping and lamenting the situation of themselves and teams. Also today we heard a report from ahead that the grass was poor for sixty miles and then we would have to go one hundred and sixty miles with little or no grass and forty five without any water and there was six hundred head of dead cattle between here and the Sink of the river, the supposed distance being one hundred and sixty miles.

When we passed those places the grass was very scarce, and we fear the report is true, but we are in hopes that the report from ahead is not so. We heard on Bear River that the grass was burned from Fort Hall the balance of the route, but we know that a portion of that is false for we have come about four hundred miles from that fort and have seen but very few places that have been burned, and those we presume by accident. However the reports, whether true or false, are well calculated to disturb the peace of the emigrant and cause many a sleepless night.

15th. This morning we got under way about six o'clock and had a fair road during the morning and not an extra quantity of dust, although we came through several patches of sage. We drove about ten miles and encamped, the road leaving the valley about this place for fifteen miles. Our grass is not good but the cattle are feeding on willow leaves and some coarse grass.

Five or ten cattle were stolen last night near our camp. I saw a man from a train camped two or three miles below us that told me they did not guard their stock last night, that their company was large and their young men wanted some sport and concluded to let the Indians steal them to give them an opportunity to go after them and shoot the Indians, and I have no doubt that they thought that they could make a raise of horses from the Indians, as several others had done who had lost oxen, but the Indians were too smart. They did not touch them. These Diggers are a small Indian or rather short and have very few guns but are armed with bows and arrows. They are seldom seen on or near the road, but keep themselves concealed during the day, and in the night leave their ambush and sally forth in search of plunder. It has been their custom to cripple stock in such a way that it would become useless to the owner and they would leave it, when the Indians would return and carry off the meat. But this year they pursue another course. They drive off cattle, horses and mules and in large quantities. We have passed several wagons that had lost their stock by the Indians and were unable to pursue their journey in consequence of it.

It is the opinion of many that either some mountaineers or some of the Mormons are at the head of this business and that they will drive them through some pass in the mountains and eventually return with them to the road one or two hundred miles back and sell them to the emigrants, as they are much needed and would bring large prices. This traffic, it is presumed, could not be carried on without the assistance of white men. The bluffs where we are encamped are becoming low and the valley not as wide as formerly, although the bluff retains the same barren appearance that it had, or has had for several days.

16th. We were mistaken in having to cross the mountain this morning. The road took over a small hill and then ran through a flat or kind of plain of sage for a few miles and came again to the river, which we followed until about ten o'clock when we stopped for noon after a drive of about eight miles. The grass is short but tolerable good and willow convenient for wood. The Franklin County Company came into our train today. They camped near us last night. We have now eleven wagons. It has very much the appearance of rain and the air is smoky and the wind from the south. About these days we have an occasional frost.

Messrs. Berry, Hensly, Sutton and Boley join our mess in hunting and fishing, and with the game we have pot pies, soups, stews, fish fries etc. Some of our dishes would be called fine even in the States. In the afternoon we have followed the valley for about eight miles and encamped again on the banks of the river with good coarse grass on the opposite side and willow for wood. The road has been good the most of the day.

Every day I hear of depredations being committed by Indians. They stole a lot of cattle from a company called the Helltown Greasers and I have not heard of them getting them. They stole a lot from one company and they pursued them and found that the cattle had been driven through a narrow pass in the mountain and finally came in sight of them, but in possession of Indians. They had them so fixed in the mountain that they could roll stones down and prevent any person from ascending and there they were, shaking their blankets, halloeing and bidding defiance to the whites, who had lost the cattle, although the cattle were in plain view. I understand that forty or fifty men are now engaged in the matter, but how it will terminate I cannot say, as the Indians are beyond rifle shot and cannot be approached by the white men for fear of the rolling rocks from above, which they are well supplied with. And the mountain is three quarters of a

mile high and can only be ascended in one place, owing to the steepness of it. The termination I will endeavor to note if I hear how it results.

We had a very small sprinkle of rain this afternoon, just enough to say it rained. The water in the river is becoming bad. It is warm and not as clear as it was a few miles back and there is at this place very little current. It is becoming almost like a pond in comparison to what it was near the head. Neither has it increased in size for several days.

17th. The road this morning went around a bend in the river for about three miles and then took up a gradual ascent and through a kind of flat and then through a gap in the mountain, after which it came again to the river where we stopped for noon, with tolerable grass and wood as before, making our drive about eight miles. We discovered on the flat something like a puzzle. It was a number of little fields that were partially fenced in by laying down sage around them with an occasional gap or gateway. The fields contained each about one quarter of an acre. Many were the conjectures of their use. Some thought they were maps of the country made by the Indians, others that they were to give notice of some plan, some one thing and some another, but we finally learned they were for catching rabbits, so the mystery was solved at last.

It is raining a little and I have heard it thunder several times. It is now eleven o'clock in the morning. We continued in the valley this afternoon and drove about eight miles, making a sixteen mile drive today. We encamped on the bank of the river, having as good grass as we could expect to find in this section of country, but no wood. We had another little sprinkle of rain this afternoon, but neither of them were equal to a Missouri dew.

The river at this place is narrow but has more current than where we encamped last night. It is still muddy. The soil is fine at this place, the river having high banks. I took a spade to dig some steps to get water; I found the soil deep, black and as light as a bank of ashes. The valley is wide, but is destitute of wood. I saw a good wagon that had been left today, also where others had been burned. At our noon camp I saw some rushes of a mammoth size. They were very tall and an inch or more in diameter. The mountains here, like most of the mountains on this river, are round and vary in size and height.

18th. AUGUST. I have very little to note, for this morning the road has generally been good and we have kept in the valley

and driven about ten miles and stopped to noon in a flat one quarter of a mile from the river. We have a little grass, but no wood. We might get sage by going to the mountain, a distance of half a mile. It would be a difficult matter to describe our different camps, the similarity is so great on this river that unless a person was previously instructed in the names of the places, if they have any. Some of the works that I have seen have given names to any of the points they speak of, camping places and the distance between them. But a camping place can be found anywhere where there is grass, and the only art in selecting one is to select good grass and water.

In the afternoon we drove seven or eight miles, having tolerable road and encamped on the bank of the river at, or near a place where the road takes over the point of a hill or through the mountain, which, I cannot tell. Where we are traveling we do not know. We suppose, however, on the Humboldt, but the distance to the Sink we have no way of finding out at present. No marks are laid down in any of our guide books and we have no person along that is familiar with the route. We suppose that we are between eighty or one hundred miles from the Sink.

We still find wagons, or parts of wagons and dead cattle by the road side and at old camping places, but we find no provisions thrown away about here. We have a great many that call to stay all night, generally foot men. Some say their teams have given out and some are lost from their trains, others have left their trains; some propose paying, but they are mostly on the begging order and endeavor to pay by telling some great tale respecting the route. We at first entertained these travelers, but we learned that many imposters were on the road and at the present time it takes a very smooth and straight talk to get accommodations in our train. We have driven today about eighteen miles.

Tonight we are to have another feast. We have a sage hen and a duck and with the addition of a little bacon and some crust and other little things to season it, makes us a fine dish. Buffalo, elk and deer or antelope we have not seen for many weeks. It is said that antelope are found in the mountain but they do not show themselves near the road.

19th. SUNDAY. When I got up this morning I took up the wash pan for the purpose of taking a wash and attempted to throw out some water that was in it, but the frost had secured it so that not a drop was spilt. I then took it to the fire and thawed it, when I found that the ice was over one quarter of an inch



thick. We made a late start but found a good road for a mile or two and then came in to sand but not very bad until we came to a watering place on the river, where the road takes up the point of the hill. There the sand was deep and many of the teams had to have help to get up the hill. The road continued deep with sand for more than a mile when we returned to the valley and left the sand. We drove into a bend in the river and encamped for Sunday with some grass and willow wood.

A few miles back we saw a large smoke and on approaching near to we found the grass and willows in the valley were on fire, but we soon discovered that it had not burned to any extent. Grass and willows are the main support of our teams, consequently we were very thankful that the burning was not a general thing, as we heard was the case when near Fort Hall. The valley here has become very narrow. It is not more than three quarters of a mile wide and the hills bare of anything but sage. The hills or mountains are not as high in this place as in many points that we have passed, although some high peaks are in sight of our camp, but at a distance from the river. The snow has entirely disappeared of late, and we have not seen any for several days past. We have driven today about ten miles.

AUGUST 20th. This being Monday morning and having rested half a day yesterday we got an early start. We had a tolerable road for about a mile when we came into sand and soon went over the point of one or two hills. We then drove onto the bluff or second bottom which we followed several miles through sand and sage and finally came to where a road came in from the opposite side of the river. After the roads came together we drove about a mile and stopped for noon, but had very little sand the last mile. We should have taken the road that came down on the left side of the river, but we passed it without knowing where it went, for there are many roads that lead off to camps and then return again, but had we taken it we should have saved a great deal of hard pulling. Where we have stopped for noon there is neither grass nor wood. The cattle are picking on a few small willows and weeds.

The Humboldt is a long river for one of its size. It varies but little in size from Big River. We have been on its waters sixteen days and have no knowledge when we shall leave it, for we cannot learn the distance to the Sink. The water is getting bad and the grass nearly given out. Willows will soon be all that our cattle can get. The low bottom or valley is very narrow at this place,



scarcely one quarter of a mile in width. The second bottom or bluffs are from fifty to one hundred feet high and two or three miles wide and are covered with sage; then comes the round mountains back of them.

We have driven this morning about eight miles. At noon our cattle got badly scattered, owing to the neglect of putting out day guard, consequently we did not get off until near four o'clock. We then started and took the right hand road that led onto the second bottom. It was a good and straight road but dusty. We drove until near twelve o'clock at night and stopped as soon as we arrived at the river. We did not unyoke but chained up our oxen until morning, making our drive twenty four miles, having little or no grass and small willows.

Some few days since, a train lost some cattle and thirty men started in pursuit. They divided into companies, most of seven each. One company, however, had but four men in it. This company came across four Indians and walked up towards them intending to take them prisoners, but when they got within bow shot of the Indians they shot their arrows at them and wounded three of the white men: one in the shoulder, one in the forehead, the other in the wrist. The white men killed three Indians and one ran away. I understand that one Indian wounded all three of the men and had two wounds himself and when he found that the white man would catch him, as he had shot all his arrows, he stopped and told the man to shoot him in the head, which he did. The company found their cattle, but they had all been killed.

21st. AUGUST. About daylight this morning we hitched up and started in search of grass, but did not drive more than half a mile before we found a place that contained some rushes, some grass and some willow, where we stopped to graze our stock and get our breakfast. We remained at the place until nine o'clock when we started again. We had not driven but a mile or two when we came into the road and the second bottom that we left last night.

In two miles from that place we met Mr. Green of Franklin County who had been ahead and told us that the route discovered by Mr. Childs was taken by the emigrants and that if we took it we would leave the river in four miles and that by doing so we would cross at the mountain at a lower gap and would find better water and grass than we would by the Sink Route and furthermore that we could get to the Sacramento in nine days travel. Having had a history of the route before and hearing that Myers and Hudspeth, two old mountaineers, had taken it we concluded

to drive down to the fork of the road there and camp until morning, and then take it. (The route is described in the back part of this book as having been taken from the *New York Herald*.) We drove a mile below where the road takes off and there encamped, I trust for the last time, on the Humboldt with tolerable grass and some willow. The valley here is something over a mile in width and the second bottom is wider than the low one. I am told that the Helltown Greasers have got back a portion of their cattle, but did not learn the particulars. Drove today about eight miles.

22nd. This morning we took the cut-off, if it is one. It takes off at a point where the Humboldt runs south and the cut-off runs a west course to a gap in the mountain. It starts in a valley that extends rather north, and several miles from the road is seen a round mound that appears to be in or near the center of the valley and is eight or ten miles, I should think, from the Humboldt River. By that mound, the bend in the river etc., the cut-off may be known. We drove through sage about eight or nine miles and then took into the gap or pass in the mountain and after driving in the pass about four miles came to or opposite three springs on our left, but there was so many teams ahead of us we could get no chance to water our cattle. We drove four miles further and stopped to rest our teams and take a lunch.

We rested about an hour and started for Rabbit Hole Spring, said by some to be thirteen and by others sixteen miles from the springs in the pass. We arrived at what we supposed to be the spring about ten o'clock at night, but we could not get water there but drove about two miles further where we found some wells that had been dug by the emigrants to get water for stock etc. We arrived at these wells about eleven o'clock and remained until three in the morning when we started and drove about eight miles and stopped again to rest and get our breakfast, but we have no water nor grass for our cattle.

We have passed a great many dead cattle and as many that were not dead but had given out and had been left to die. We have not seen fifty spears of grass since we took this road and had but one chance for water and that in a small quantity and of an indifferent quality.

23rd. Before we had our breakfast ready a man from the Black Rock Springs came up and told us we had better hurry and get through the Salt Plain before the heat of the day for if we did not we would see trouble. We did hurry but it was nine

o'clock before we got a start. Our cattle were then nearly worn down, having traveled between thirty and forty miles without food and but one sup of water. But go ahead we must and as fast as possible. We reached the Salt Plain about eleven o'clock and a very warm morning. We thought of stopping until the cool of the evening before we took the plain but our cattle had been without food for thirty hours and that would not do.

About this time clouds began to appear and shield us from the heat and shocking rays of the sun. The wind began to blow and in a short time it was thick and cloudy and we had a strong wind from the south which took the whole of the dust from drive and oxen. We had a slight sprinkle of rain and we drove on and had just got through the plain as the wind fell and the sun again made its appearance. It was certainly a great blessing sent upon us by the Hand of the Almighty, for if it had continued as warm as it was before the wind raised we could not have come through the plain without losing more or less of our stock, but as it was we came through safe without the loss of a single steer. This plain is from six to eight miles wide. It is covered with a whitish crust and entirely void of vegetation of any kind.

As we came near the edge we came in among a lot of mounds from six to ten or twelve feet high. They were from thirty to one hundred feet apart and extended as far as my eye could see. They covered hundreds of acres. We then came up a small hill and soon were opposite Black Rock. The spring is one quarter of a mile from the rock. It is on high ground and runs into a basin from four to six rods square and then runs down a hill. The water is hot as it comes out of the spring, but that on the opposite side of the basin is sufficiently cool for oxen to drink without doing them any injury.

The spring takes its name from the color of the large rocks near them. They were doubtless blackened by some volcanic eruptions. We encamped in the flat below the spring with poor grass and no wood, but any quantity of hot water. We are now fairly into the cut-off and through what is called the dry stretch and is called forty-five miles in length, that is, from Humboldt to the rock, but if it does not come nearer fifty five than forty five I, for one, am very much mistaken. One man that I conversed with says it is sixty miles but I do not think it is quite sixty. The road is mostly level, some few rock. There are no bad hills, no vegetation on the route, except some small cedars on the mountains. Wild sage and greasewood cover the valleys and plains with the

exception of the Salt Plain. The number of cattle lost in this dry stretch within ten days past will exceed two hundred largely, for the road has only been traveled ten days and one hundred and fifty head are now lying dead in sight of the road and between the Humboldt and Black Rock Springs.

24th. Last night I was on guard from twelve o'clock until morning. The grass being eat out at the Black Rock Springs we drove the cattle about two miles up the valley to some other springs and spent the night with them. They were said to be restless in the fore part of the night but it could easily be accounted for as the grass even then was short and it took them some time to fill themselves but after twelve they lay down and lay until morning.

After breakfast we started for the Hot Springs, five miles further on and passed the Spring in the valley where we herded the cattle last night. I then saw the springs; they were not so large as the Black Rock Springs, but there are several of them. In one I saw an ox that had been scalded to death, his hind part was in the spring and his forepart on the bank, probably the way he died; his mouth was partially open and his tongue was out. It could but excite pity to look at him. Near another was one lying dead that had been scalded but had been hauled out. Others had got in but were taken out alive, but the hair came off as far as the water came up on them. As we came on this morning we struck or came through another plain, then came to the first springs and after passing them we came through the third Salt Plain before we reached our encampment.

In this valley there are other springs that are equally hot as any that I have seen, but none of them are as large as the Black Rock. There is in this valley five, in a kind of huddle, two of them are large and three small. I put my hand in one and could not tell any difference from that and any other boiling water. It is said to be one hundred and eighty six degrees of heat. They all run off in one branch and retain their heat a long distance, while Black Rock and all the others spread and stand in puddles on the low ground. Grass is found only in the immediate vicinity of these hot springs. The balance of this valley, for we have mountains on both sides, is either salt plains or a barren with patches of greasewood scattered over it in bunches varying in size from two to twenty feet square. The mountains are high and generally rocky but the valley as level as a floor, consequently the road is fine. Drove today five miles.



25th. This morning our cattle begin to look a little natural. To deprive oxen of water a great length of time has a singular effect. They become much swollen about their eyes and the eyes appear to diminish in size and sink deep in the head and when in this situation a person could scarcely tell his own team by the head, but after they get rest and a good quantity of water and food the swelling goes down and their eyes again get their natural appearance.

This last drive has been a hard one on both men and cattle. It has been laborious on the men, and the stench arising from the dead cattle, horses and mules on the road and at the camps renders it unpleasant in the extreme; also being deprived of good water is bad on the men as well as the cattle. The spring water is the best that we can get and that when cooled in a bucket or can by standing all night is hardly fit to drink. It has a saltish disagreeable taste and the more you drink of it the more thirsty you become. There are several wells at and near the camps, but the water, although cool, has a bad taste and a dirty reddish look.

Our train has set three o'clock this afternoon to make a start and several of our men are at the springs washing. Yesterday when I was at the springs several persons were cooking, some were making coffee, others boiling meat, rice, fruit etc. Their coffee pots were either set on the branch below or hung into the spring by a pole and string. The meat, rice etc., were put into a bag and hung into the water where it appeared to boil most. The boil of these springs is not a hard boil like a kettle over a hot fire but is bubbles that come from the bottom. One of the springs at or near our camp is about sixteen by thirty feet square, the other not so large, the depths of one twenty feet, the other seven or eight feet. The Black Rock Springs must be very deep. To stand near them, the heat or steam arising is similar to any other boiling water in the same quantity.

A few minutes before three o'clock we started for the Salt Valley. We soon left the grass and came into a barren of greasewood, and occasionally would pass through a flat without any vegetation of any kind. The ground, since we came past the Rabbit Hole Spring, has been covered with a crust and still continues, with the exception of some sandy plains. This crust in places is whitish, in others the natural color of the earth. This valley, which I will call the valley of the hot springs, varies in width from one mile to perhaps ten or twelve; the mountains have



a reddish cast and look as if they had been scorched and are perfectly bare.

We drove eight miles and heard of a spring off to the left, at the foot of the mountain. We sent and got a canteen of water. It was cool and well tasting. It was a great treat. We drove until nine o'clock and stopped to rest. We started a little after and drove until near three and tied up the teams. We had no grass for them and by tying them saved a guard during the night. After the moon went down our men would go ahead of the teams and touch a match to a bunch of greasewood bushes that would burn although as green, as will dry oak leaves, which gave us a tolerable light to drive by. We have driven since three o'clock about twenty miles.

26th. SUNDAY. This morning, a little after daylight we were again under way and after a drive of five miles came to the Salt Valley, where we found good grass and tolerable water, although the grass is mostly dry, but cattle that are hungry eat it very well. We found a large number of wagons encamped, among others a train of the United States Troops. They are on their way from Oregon to meet troops from the States and assist them if necessary on their way to California. If they do not need their assistance they will render such assistance to emigrants as they may need.

Yesterday they sent four men to search for a road from here to Humboldt, thinking that a better and more direct route could be had and more grass and water, but on the route two of the men went up on the mountain to take observations. While there they saw two Indians coming. They professed to be Snakes, but as soon as they came near enough they shot one of the men dead and wounded the other. The man that was wounded killed one of the Indians and the other fled. The other men were at the foot of the mountain with the horses. The wounded man gave the alarm and the three men brought in the corpse which is to be interred today.

This Salt Valley is nearly surrounded with mountains and is of an irregular shape. It is neither round nor square. The air here is very close and dry; everything made of wood shrinks terribly. There is scarcely a wagon wheel in our train that has a tight tire upon it. The pegs in shoes and boots come loose and the hoe nearly falls to pieces. This has been the case for hundreds of miles back, but I think not to such an extent as at this place. The grass has mostly turned yellow in this valley and

would burn like tow if fire was once put to it, but the grass on Humboldt, although dry, still continues its green color.

27th. Ten miles from Salt Valley, we came to High Rock Canyon. The first six miles was an entire up-hill business, for we crossed a mountain that was six miles from the foot to the summit. It was not very steep, but a constant drag. On the opposite side the hill was short but more steep, but the road was rocky, which made the traveling bad. The balance of the road to the canyon went through a flat and was very good. As we entered the canyon the mountain was not very high nor rocky, but we soon found them increasing in height and after driving about two miles in the pass I saw a round hill on our left that reminded me of the Chimney Rock. The large part was higher but the top or nose part was not as high, but much larger. It must have been from \*three to five hundred feet high and the rocks on the right hand were nearly as high, but curved, not perpendicular.

We next came to rocks on the right that were near the same height and were perpendicular. They did not present a level surface but resembled large pillars. I also saw a cave in one of these pillars. It was twenty or thirty feet square and eight or ten feet high. I here saw a small spring, out of which I thought to take a drink, but there were so many ahead of me that I could not wait, but was told there was one up the mountain a short distance so I went up sixty or seventy feet and got a drink of cold spring water. We drove on until the canyon forked where we encamped for the night, having good grass and a fine spring up the left hand fork of the pass. Wood, however, is very scarce; distance traveled about fourteen miles.

28th. This morning we started on in the canyon and followed it more than ten miles before we came to the end of it. It is certainly the longest that I ever saw and the most of a curiosity. We passed several fine spots of grass but of a coarse quality. The road was good where the passage was wide, but where it was narrow it was rocky. I passed one place that reminded me of Pine Street in New York—the rocks were perpendicular on both sides. The canyon seems to have been formed by nature for a road. Its length I would say was fourteen miles, but at the out-

---

\*These rocks, by a writer for the *New York Herald*, are said to be seven hundred feet high. He may have measured them, but I had no time. I thought I would put it low enough.

come the mountains were not as high as at the beginning and center. Many of the mountains resemble the Hill at the Sulphur Spring on the Maramec, where there is a vast quantity of small rocks, except the rocks in the canyon are of a reddish cast.

I noticed the rocks at the foot of these mountains. They appear to have been burnt, even the whole country has the appearance of once having been on fire. The rocks resemble the cinders about a furnace more than rocks. I saw several caves as we passed along the road but I thought it best to keep away from them as they might be the lurking places for the Indians. By what I can learn the Indian that killed Garret was not much to blame. Garret was the first aggressor and I fear it will have the effect of enraging the Indians against the emigrants. They have it in their power to do much mischief. They are expert with the bow and arrow. They could kill our stock or steal them. They could burn the grass and many other things that would annoy us very much. We drove two or three miles after we got through the canyon and camped on a branch with good grass and water and sage at a convenient distance. We traveled today fourteen miles.

This afternoon I took a walk to the top of a hill near our camp. I could see nothing but mountains; some appeared to be covered with sage, while others were perfectly bare and all had the appearance so far as I could judge of having suffered by fire. The one that I was on was covered with blackish rock and I saw several pieces of a something that looked like black glass and resembled the thick part of a black junk or Porter bottle. Many of the rocks were porous and so light that they would but just sink when put into water.

I could see nothing green but the little valley in which our wagons were standing. I could trace the road from the canyon to where it appeared to take into the mountain at another canyon, which I supposed to be the upper High Rock. I notice also different colors in the different mountains in view. The highest were red while some were of a yellow cast, and some low ones were nearly white but the rocky ones were nearly black. While we were at Salt Valley, I walked over a portion of it and noticed that in certain places there was no grass and thought that I would examine them. The earth was perfectly soft and loose as you could possibly imagine. It was in flakes and looked and felt very much like light wheat bran, and to step on these spots you would go several inches over shoe-mouth.

I find that the long dry stretch has injured our teams very much. They all appear weak, dull and sluggish and I am fearful that we may lose some of them yet. Some have the hollow horn; for that we bore the horn and put in salt, pepper and water until it runs out of their noses. They have another disease called the hollow tail; for that they split the tail where it is hollow. Two teams left the train this morning in consequence of the steers being weak and sick, and about ten o'clock another team stopped for the same cause. The last team, however, has come up, having given their team a little rest, and also let them feed awhile.

We hear sad accounts from the Sink Route. It is said to be very sickly and the sickness proves fatal in most cases. It is said that the stench arising from the dead cattle is insufferable and that men die nearly as fast as the cattle. What will be the effect on this route (near the Black Rock where cattle lie almost touching) in two weeks from this, can better be imagined than described. It was bad enough when we passed there and numbers were daily added, which would soon add to the stench and help to increase it. But here the air is pure and but very few cattle are in this section found dead. The grass, too, is getting better than it has been for many miles back.

29th. In two miles' travel we came to the upper High Rock Canyon. As we came near the canyon we passed a spring of fine water. It came out half up the mountain and ran across the road. The rocks in this passage are not as high as those in first or High Rock. The roads through it were very bad and rocky. Some of the rocks that we drove over were half as high as the wagon wheels. We also had to drive in a creek for some distance and cross it several times. The crossings were also bad. In this canyon I saw the first trees that I have seen since we left Fort Hall. It was quaking aspen or poplar and some of the trees were from four to six inches in diameter. After we left the canyon we crossed over one or two hills and passed some water and grass and then took round a hill and encamped in a valley a short distance after passing some large rocks on our left.

I saw while on one of the hills a few miles back three bunches or parcels of snow on a high mountain which we suppose to be the Sierra Nevada. From its appearance I think it to be thirty or forty miles distant. I also notice on our right some flats that appear to be covered with salt of something that is white and on the mountain beyond that there is small timber. It is either pine or cedar. We have driven this morning about eleven miles, two to



the canyon, three through it and six to camp. In the afternoon we drove about two miles and stopped for the night in a valley to the right of the road with tolerable grass, sage convenient for wood, but no water.

I saw today a quantity of hard black substance that resembles glass and am now satisfied that it is nothing more or less than glass and presume it is melted sand and the like that was perhaps melted hundreds of feet below the surface and thrown up by volcanic action. It is very pure and solid. There are no impurities in it but a perfectly solid jet black glass. This morning I saw ice near half an inch thick and today has been more like a day in October than the last of August.

30th. The road this morning has generally run through valleys and flats which have been mostly covered with sage. We have driven about twelve miles and stopped to rest and let the cattle eat, but have no water for them. We are now within a mile or so of the little mountain pass. It is in sight. About two miles back we came to a lake. It is near a mile in length and half as wide as it is long. The lake appears to be very shallow and muddy. The water, so far as I could examine, was not more than six inches deep. Snow is beginning to make its appearance again in quantities, which accounts for the cold weather. The nights are very cold and when we get up in the morning we put on our overcoats and wear them until nine or ten o'clock. If we have water standing out at night we have a plenty of ice in the morning. In the afternoon we drove through the little pass. It is nothing more than a gap or passage through a small mountain with a gradual slope to the hills and has several springs coming out some rods of the sides. We drove three or four miles after we got through and encamped in a valley surrounded by mountains. We had good grass and some water. Wood was not convenient. I noticed as we drove along several mounds. They have the appearance of whitish hard clay. Some of them resemble stacks of hemp as it is put up after being cut or pulled. I also noticed a number of small trees on the mountain sides. Drove today about seventeen miles.

AUGUST 31st. This morning I went out to see if all the cattle were in the gang but found two missing. It therefore became necessary to take a hunt for them. I went onto the pinnacle of a mountain and took a view of the scenery and was not a little astonished to see the change in appearance.



I could see mountains beyond mountains and them mostly covered with vegetation. I saw also trees that were large enough for house logs and near the tops of some of the mountains the grass appeared as green as it was in the spring of the year. There was also a change in the color of the soil. It is now a whitish clay, and a light colored rock has taken the place of those black and cindery looking ones that I have heretofore described. In my hunt for cattle I saw several fine springs of good, cool pure water, breaking out at the foot of the mountains and the water forming a serpentine channel through the valley of green grass below. In one of these valleys I found my steers and then returned to camp, much pleased with my trip, although considerably fatigued by climbing mountains and walking so long a distance.

We have not traveled today; our cattle have not recovered from the fatigue of the long dry stretch, although we have made small drives since we got through. The men too are becoming tired of traveling and want rest. Some are complaining of not feeling well and taking medicine and the sick appear to mend very slowly. But the air is very pure here; the morning was a little cool for comfort without an overcoat but after the sun got over the mountain it became pleasantly warm, that is, it is about such weather as we have in Missouri the first of November. We expect, however, after two days to begin to go south. We are now twenty six miles from the summit of the Sierra Nevada and after we pass that we look for the weather to become warm as we go south or near the Pacific.

SEPTEMBER 1st. This morning the road ran through a valley for several miles and we passed grass and water and several good camps. After that we crossed several hills and flats of sage and after a drive of about ten miles came to the Warm Springs where we found good grass and warm water, but wood is scarce. This has been a smoky day. It is like the weather of Indian summer in Missouri. Finding that it was eight or ten miles to water we concluded to remain all night here. The water is salty and spreads as it runs down upon the flats and forms a marsh and a large one. This afternoon I wrote home to send by Dickhorn.

2nd. SEPTEMBER. SUNDAY. We made a late start this morning; there being so great a number of cattle in the marsh, it took considerable time to select ours. We drove about two miles and crossed a handsome little stream of pure looking water. On putting my hand in it, I found it was as warm as dishwater. It

was a rapid stream and ran through a field of sage. We drove on through sage for a few miles and then came to a barren plain. For two miles after that we came through a plain of fine grass and soon came in sight of a mountain that was partially covered with tall pine trees. We were near the mountain when we discovered it, for the air today is full of smoke. We drove a short distance further and near to the foot of the mountain, which is the Sierra Nevada and encamped for noon.

Near our camp there came rolling down from the mountain a clear, pure stream of good, cold water and ran briskly past us on its bed of clean washed gravel. The men, the cattle, all started to quench their thirst at the mountain stream. It was indeed reviving and all took a long and hearty drink, after which the men returned to the wagons to get their dinners, while the cattle strolled along the banks enjoying the green grass that could be found in abundance. This mountain is high, or rather, has high peaks and on some of the highest sends forth the tall spired pine.

There is more timber in sight of camp than we have seen for months past. The mountain is handsome and the valley is a most beautiful one. The road has been good all day, but since we came into the grass it has been excellent. It is as level as a floor, dry and hard and not dusty. We have come ten miles. In the afternoon we took a north course by the side of the mountain, having on our right a fine flat of grass for near two miles in width and after that came a barren plain that was perfectly bare. I fancied that I saw a barren mountain in the distance but could not discover it distinctly in consequence of the smoke. We passed one or two creeks, flowing from the mountain. The soil since we came into the grass has been fine, equal to any that is found in Missouri. We have come to the side of the mountain about one mile from the foot, where we have encamped with wood, grass and water. Came today sixteen miles.

SEPTEMBER 3rd. Last night I stood guard and about daylight in the morning we drove up the cattle to start up the mountain. We drove about one mile and then doubled our teams. We got up without difficulty, although the last mile on the mountain was very steep. On arriving at the Summit, I saw a rocky peak on the right hand of the road which I ascended to take a view of the surrounding country, but the smoke prevented my having as fair a view as I could wish. I could see a mountain on the opposite side of the plain, through which we had traveled, near as high as the one that I was then on. I could also see some snow

on a distant mountain, also another mountain on the other or west side of where I stood; the two last were partially covered with timber.

We then commenced our descent for the valley below, which might be called handsome. The soil was rich and black and was about two by eight miles and nearly enclosed by mountains that were covered with straight young pine trees. They stood rather thick on the ground, which no doubt prevented undergrowth, which gave it a very clean, cool and pleasant appearance. The grass was green in the forest, but dry on the plain, although our cattle appeared fond of it.

This valley, as well as the flat on the east side of the Sierra Nevada, will in time be cultivated. The quality of the soil, situation of the land, convenience of water and timber all combined, must cause settlements soon to be made. We are encamped in this valley about three miles from the Summit, making our drive five miles today.

While I was standing up on the rocky summit or point, I had a fine view of the road and had counted, I think, twenty eight teams and as my eye reached the Summit I saw a heavy laden wagon driven by ten yoke of oxen start rapidly down the mountain. The chain attached to the tongue had broken just as they had reached the Summit. It ran two or three hundred feet, taking the wheel steers with it and luckily turned bottom upwards. Many saw it and as many rejoiced to see it turn over, for had it continued to follow the road it must have destroyed considerable property, if not some lives. As it was, the chain and an ox yoke was about the amount. The wagon was not broken and the loading was provisions. The wagon was soon turned back, the loading was partly packed to the Summit and the balance replaced in the wagon, the team again hitched and all safely arrived at the Summit. The dust was so great that I did not discover oxen being fast to the wagon until it turned over. One had broke his bow and got loose, the other remained fast to the wagon, and you can judge of my surprise on his being let loose to see him jump up and run away; and how it was possible for a yoke of oxen to be drawn backwards that distance and with so great velocity and for neither to be killed or crippled is something for which I cannot account.

SEPTEMBER 4th. We left the valley this morning, after driving about two miles, when the road took through the timber. The road, after we struck the timber, was a little rocky, but the

novelty of traveling in timber made up for the rocks. The timber of this country is pine with some few fir trees scattered amongst them. It is the fir from which the balsaam of fir is obtained. We had a steep hill to come up and after an hour or so a similar one to go down, when we came to Goose Lake.

The lake is about twenty miles long and six or eight wide and surrounded by mountains which are principally covered with timber. There is also a strip of grass around the pond, that is from one to four miles wide. The appearance of the lake would denote the prescence of alkali. I noticed a white strip near the water's edge. The road took to the left as we came into the valley near the pond and is a fine road to travel. We drove today about fourteen or fifteen miles and encamped on a creek with all the necessities of fair quality. In the afternoon we drove five miles to another creek where we encamped for the night. The water is good, also the grass, but the wood is inconvenient. We have it to pack near half a mile. The soil in this valley is good in places, a portion of it is gravelly and we have passed some rocky places this afternoon.

The mountains around this lake are not high but generally round and many of them have very handsome groves of timber on them. The general appearance of the country since we crossed the Sierra Nevada is better for agricultural purposes than it was on the other side and the water, with one or two exceptions is decidedly better on the Pacific side; also there is an alteration in the weather since we crossed the mountain. It is now warm and pleasant, even of a night. We have driven today about twenty miles.

5th. Soon after we started this morning, we crossed the creek on which we encamped and in a short distance, a larger one. After that we crossed two or three more small ones, but as fine water as can be found in any country. After we left the flat of Goose Lake the road ran up a kind of valley. The road was very rocky in places, which made it bad traveling. We drove about ten miles and encamped on a creek nearly opposite a canyon on our right. In the afternoon we drove over two hills and struck a creek, which may be the one on which we nooned, and came through the canyon. I think it is called Canyon Creek. We followed the creek a few miles and encamped for the night, making our drive about eighteen miles.

As we came down the valley of the creek, I noticed a high, steep mountain on the right and some low, round ones on the left



and between low ones I saw several steeple or sugar loaf rocks; some were single, while others were in clusters of five or six but varying in size. They had a singular appearance as there were no other rocks near them. We had good grass tonight, warm creek water and willow wood.

6th. We followed the creek a few miles this morning and then took over the point of a hill and there came to the same or another valley, which we followed until noon, making a drive of ten miles. A mile below where we encamped, the Indians made an attack on the stock of a small train from Ohio. They killed one, wounded six and drove off two of their oxen.

The mountains have some timber on them, but not as large as those near the Sierra Nevada. We have stopped near a creek with good grass and creek water and willow wood. In the afternoon we drove over a hill or point of it and returned again to the creek, which we followed awhile and took over another hill. While on this hill we had a fair view of a round mountain in the valley below. Went near the mountain and encamped for the night with good grass and willow wood and creek water. Traveled today eighteen or twenty miles.

7th. The road ran to the left of the mountain near our camp. We followed the creek, or river, as it is called Pitt River, until noon, occasionally acrossing the point of hills. We also crossed two creeks of good water and encamped near the third one with good grass and water. Wood scarce. We left the route given in the *Herald* when we left Goose Lake, consequently we have no knowledge of what is ahead, so all we have to do is to follow the road and take what comes.

While we were nooning eleven Indians came down the mountain on horse back and approached near to the stock of Captain Campbell's Company of Missouri, who were encamped on the opposite side of the creek from us. The day guard, or some one else, saw them and gave the alarm of Indians. The Indians retreated to the mountains and both our trains started on our journey. Ten or twelve men, however, of Campbell's train started on horse back in pursuit of the Indians and in a few hours one man returned and reported that they had the Indians hemmed in the mountains and wanted more men to go and attack them. Several went from Campbell's train and a few from ours. The result is not known. We followed the river this afternoon, except when crossing points and then started into a canyon about two miles and encamped for the night with tolerable grass and water, but wood



one quarter of a mile from camp. Traveled today about eighteen miles.

10th. We followed the valley this morning and about noon came to a mountain. The river runs through a canyon, but we took the mountain after a short nooning. In the afternoon we drove until night over mountains. The road was rocky and bad and we encamped in the mountain without water for ourselves or teams. The distance come today was eighteen miles.

11th. We started this morning and drove four miles to water. The road was very bad, hilly and rocky. We have, however, a good camp and will lay all day. We are in a small valley surrounded by mountains and them covered with pine. The Indians are bad. They shot one ox last night eleven times and I am told that four or five more were shot in another company. What companies lost cattle I am not informed.

12th. It appears that we are to lay by another day. Robert Harper is sick and several others in the train and a black boy died last night in Campbell's train; also they have some sick and our cattle need rest very much. I noticed, some days since, that this was an unknown route to any person on it, and the reports that we hear annoy us greatly. At one time we hear the distance to the mines is not more than twenty miles and perhaps in an hour we will hear it is between two and three hundred. The one will encourage, while the latter will greatly discourage and not a day passes but what we hear similar reports to the above. Myers, the pilot of Hudspeth's train, is the only man that has been in this part of the country before. But this road was not made at that time, consequently he knows nothing of the route of the road, but he says he once encamped across the hill from our camp and in one day and a half rode to the settlement and says unless the road runs very crooked we can reach the settlement in from three to five days.

This road was made by Lawson, whose settlement we will probably strike first. It is also the main road leading from Oregon to California and from the appearance of the road has been traveled early in the season or when the ground was very wet as it has the appearance of the wheels going to hub in mud. I would think this road impassable very early in the spring for those deserts I have spoken of are undoubtedly lakes of water, also many of the valleys through which we have passed have every appearance of a yearly inundation. In passing through them we see the ground all cracked open for miles and some of the cracks are wide and deep.

Provisions are becoming a little scarce at this time. Flour and bacon will bring twenty five cents per pound each, beef twelve and one half, sugar and coffee from fifty to seventy five cents, but those that have it will not part with it unless to a friend and then it is mostly loaned to be returned in California. In consequence of living on salt meat without vegetables so great a length of time, many of the emigrants are troubled with the scurvy. Bowel complaint and fevers are also very common, neither does the sickness appear to decrease, but rather increase.

13th. Last evening the United States Engineer arrived from the settlements with his attendants and gave us a way bill. The distance is one hundred and forty miles and a large portion of the road is bad, it being over mountains. They had among them several invalids and I sold them one ounce of quinine for twenty dollars. We lay by another day for the benefit of the sick and the teams. The engineer employed several men from Campbell's train to go with him. He pays, for man and horse, three hundred dollars per month. The object is to find out whether it is practicable to build a railroad to the states. These men speak of money being very plentiful, but say that the health of the country is bad.

14th. This morning we made another start and had another invalid to take along, which was Bassett. He was taken last night with something like the flux. We drove six miles and stopped to rest at a creek, then six more and encamped for the night with poor grass but good water and pine wood. It is said we are now within one hundred and twenty five miles of Lawson's, the first settlement.

On the morning of the fifteenth, the train started on, with the exception of Bassett's and Hemstead's wagons, Hemstead also having the flux. I remained with them. Six days passed before Bassett was able to travel. Our drives, from this time to the city of Sacramento, were from five to twenty miles per day. The road in places was good and other places bad. We had fine water at convenient distances for camping and found a tolerable supply of grass. We descended some very steep hills, but those that we ascended were not so bad. We also passed some of the largest pine forests that I have ever seen. The road for the most of the way was through pine except the valleys, which are prairies and have generally a fine stream of clear, cold water running through them. We also saw many fine springs of most excellent water, until we came to the desert, a distance of fifty miles from the

settlement. Here the road ran through the mountains where we had no grass or water.

We found water in two places by going two or three miles off the road, but no grass at all and the road was both hilly and rocky. Many teams gave out and many wagons were left, but we at last reached the settlement in the Sacramento Valley. We then had one hundred and fifteen miles to travel before we reached the city. We arrived on the fifteenth of October, but we were forced to lay by with the sick; that made us so late getting in.

The city is below the mouth of the American Fork on the Sacramento River. It has been lately built and is quite large, but most of the buildings are covered with cloth. A large business is doing, but the largest dealers are those that keep provisions. There is lying at the landing about twenty vessels of all classes, from a good sized ship to the smallest class of sloop. The valley in which this city stands has perhaps no equal. The width is said to be from forty to one hundred miles. It contains much fine land but a portion is at time inundated. It is said that a portion of the city will be covered with water at a certain season.

Timber is found on the banks of the river in abundance. It is the live oak. Back from the river we find nothing but prairies. Another city is now laid off above the American Fork. It is called New Boston. I am now encamped six miles above the city on the banks of the Sacramento for the purpose of resting ourselves and cattle before starting for the mines and have been since the fifteenth, it now being the twenty-second of the month.

The cause of my not keeping a daily journal was bad health. I was afflicted with the scurvy and had a fever for several days and was unable to write, but have given a general history of the road, timber, water, grass etc. I may hereafter make some additions to these remarks, should anything occur to my mind that I have omitted to record that I think would be interesting to my family, for whose benefit I have penned the notes. It has been done in haste and without any convenience for writing. I therefore trust that they look over the errors when they consider the circumstances under which it has been written and accept of it as a present from one who feels a greater interest in their welfare than any other person living.











Vol. II

No. 3

# QUARTERLY

QUARTERLY

OF

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

Vol. II

No. 3

## *Errata*

*Note*—On Page 144, the year 1856 erroneously reads October, 1855. No month should be given.

---

*Note*—On Page 144, the name Thomas S. King erroneously reads Thomas Starr King.

---

*Note*—On Page 137, the date April 1, 1849 erroneously reads March 31, 1849.

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

DOLORES WALDORF BRYANT

*Assistant Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

SEPTEMBER 30, 1925



OFFICERS  
OF THE  
SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

From July, 1925 to July, 1926

---

PRESIDENT  
CHARLES S. CUSHING

VICE-PRESIDENTS  
DR. JOSEPH A. OLIVER.....San Francisco  
JAMES K. MOFFITT.....San Francisco  
ROBERT R. RUSS.....San Francisco  
WILLIAM T. HALE.....San Francisco  
JULES AURADOU.....Healdsburg

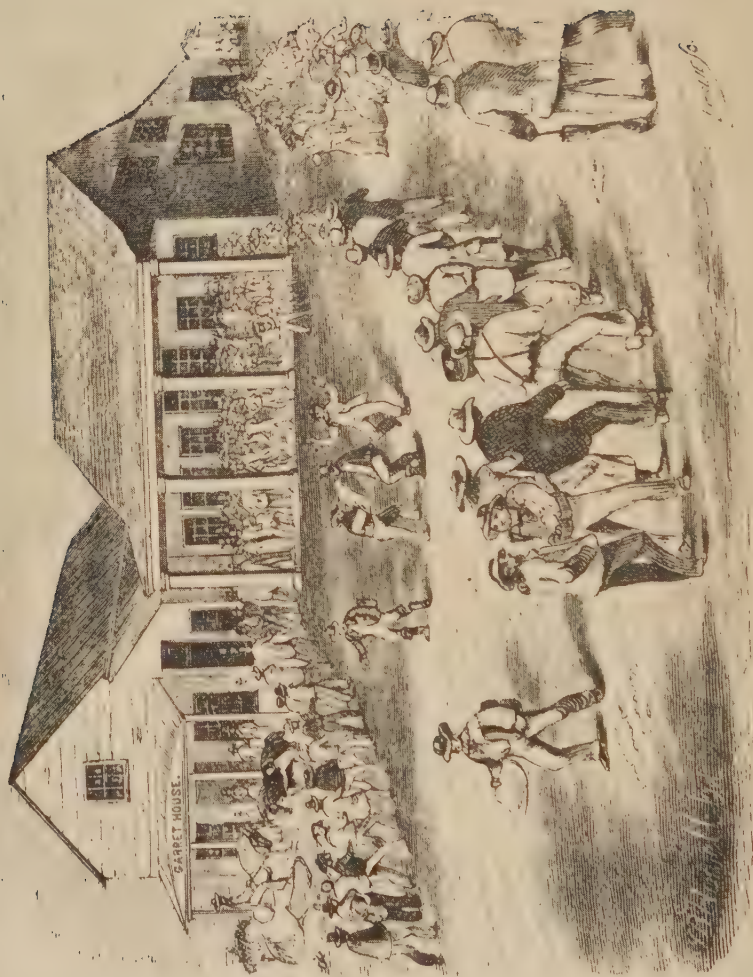
TREASURER  
CHARLES J. DEERING

SECRETARY AND HISTORIAN  
HENRY L. BYRNE

MARSHAL  
J. H. P. GEDGE

DIRECTORS  
JAMES P. TAYLOR      W. I. STERETT  
JOHN J. LERMEN      H. L. VAN WINKLE  
OLIVER P. STIDGER      ERNEST G. GEARY  
J. H. SKINNER      Dr. G. N. VAN ORDEN  
F. D. P. TELLER





The Post Office, corner of Pike and Clay streets.

## POSTMEN OF A CENTURY

---

First they were correos on horseback, galloping from Presidio to Presidio. Now they are pilots on the wing, begoggled and hooded, thrumming through the heavens from coast to coast.

They have come up the trail from the wilderness days of the correo and his red-sealed dispatches in little more than a century. The postman of the next century is as completely veiled to our eyes by the mists of the future as our postal pilots of today were hidden to the eyes and minds of padre and commandant.

Mail service in the early nineteenth century was a matter of whimsy and chance. Occasionally a rider would hurtle over the dusty miles from Mexico, not because the letters demanded haste, rather that custom and convention had timed the correct gait to nothing less than a gallop. Hard on the horses, of course, but California was rich in horses and pasture land.

Sometimes six months would dawn and fade before letters came from Mexico. This happened during the winter of 1812-1813, but nothing was done about it. We suppose that the commandants grumbled and the padres shook their heads, but life went on in much the same placid channel.

In 1834 postal service kept up a fair monthly schedule. A definite emergency could create an extra mail journey, but evidently points of view on the nature of emergencies differed, for in 1836, Fr. Garcia Diego demanded better and speedier mail service between California and Mexico. His protest was addressed to the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs but that gentleman's answer remains one of the many broken links in our chain of knowledge concerning the mission days.

As the years drew near to the time of the Mexican War, the garrisons had a sort of postal service, maintained by the soldiers, who sandwiched post rides between garrisoning the forts, tending the horses and herding the cattle. Los Angeles and Monterey kept up a mail service, varying from weekly to bi-weekly, carrying in this way communications and dispatches for the commandants and mission fathers.

The citizenry must have managed to slip in a letter now and then, for no other service was maintained. Unless one includes the so-called "Wash Tub Mail" which traveled up and down the mountain streams from one washerwoman to another. Mexican and Indian women they were, who scrubbed and beat the cold

clothes while they babbled the gossip gleaned from Indian runners and Mexican riders. It is said that news of the insurrection in Los Angeles and the defeat of the Americans at San Pedro reached the townsfolk of Monterey long before word came by any of the regular channels.

When the Americans took over the forts of California, a courier service was established. Two soldiers on horseback set out from San Francisco and San Diego, meeting halfway, exchanging sacks and riding back again. This was a bi-monthly service established in the summer of 1847.

One can imagine the rider loping down the peninsula through brown plains, tufted and shadowed with sprawling oaks, frightening the black-tail deer until they rocketed over the tall mustard and crackling grass.

Of course, many letters came by sea and were dropped off at waterfront stores, where they lay waiting a claimant or word of his abode.

Letters did not travel in envelopes. There were no amazing creations of rainbow hues with equally amazing contrasts for lining. Instead, one arranged the writing so that when the sheets were folded, they formed a shape suitable for carrying the address, and the ends were held with sealing wax. There remains today a paragraph, said to have been taken from a letter written by Walter Colton on September 18, 1848:

"A bearer of dispatches from Commodore Stockton is to leave tomorrow morning in the 'Erie,' and we are all writing letters home. The 'Erie' is to take the dispatch bearer to Panama and then proceed to the Sandwich Islands. We have not received any letters since we sailed from Callao. The year has rolled from the buds of spring to the sere leaf of autumn since any intelligence from those we love has reached us. Death may have stricken them into the grave, but the sad tidings are yet a melancholy secret. We ought to have a regular mail between the United States and California."

That same year a company calling itself the California Star Express tried to establish an overland mail service along the emigrant route. During April it began and the newspapers dispatched an express for the East, but the gold rush shattered the schedule and the great scheme died before it had fairly started.

The agitation, begun years before, for a steamer mail service, resulted in the creation of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which was an outcome of a Congressional Act passed March 3,

1847. The Pacific Mail got the contract and the "California," first steamer, operating on a monthly schedule, arrived in San Francisco on February 28, 1849, bringing William Van Voorhies, newly appointed postal agent for California, who clambered on the wharf above the mud flats of San Francisco and declared C. L. Ross, owner of the New York Store, temporary postmaster for the town until John W. Geary, official postmaster, should arrive on the next steamer, the "Oregon."

When Geary landed, March 31, 1849, Ross took him into the store at the corner of Montgomery and Washington Streets, pointed out floor space measuring eight feet by ten and declared it the post office. Much the same as children mark off play houses, Geary chalked off squares for the letters of the alphabet, distributed the mail on the floor, knocked a pane of glass from a window and waited for customers.

About this time the courier service extended to Sutter's Fort, Stockton and Sonoma, costing the patrons fifty cents a letter and twelve and a half cents a newspaper. It took money to write letters in those days. A billet doux to one's beloved in California cost mother or maiden forty cents when it traveled over Panama to the Pacific Mail steamers and thus to San Francisco. In 1850, 112,000 letters were carried to and fro during the month of September, but the line lost from \$700,000 to \$800,000 a year on its mail service.

Bayard Taylor was absorbing color and adventure in California in 1849 and saw the steamer "Unicorn" arrive in San Francisco Bay without so much as one letter or newspaper. Everyone felt free to shout down the Pacific Mail at once and governmental red tape was berated in fine style. Whether one expected a letter or not, one could at least talk of blasted hopes and such woes were enough to start an indignation meeting at any time. So all the shattered hopes congregated on Portsmouth Square and prepared to protest, when the first rain of the season showered down on them and drenched their rage. The near riot subsided and settled to an occasional grumbling which ceased entirely when the "Panama" nosed around Clark's Point on October 31st, bringing the mail of July, August and September.

"Thirty-seven bags were hauled up to the little postoffice that night," wrote Bayard Taylor, "and the eight clerks were astounded by the receipt of 45,000 letters, besides uncounted bushels of newspapers. I was at the time domiciled in Mr. Moore's garret, and enjoying the hospitalities of his plank table;



I therefore offered my services as clerk-extraordinary, and was at once vested with full powers and initiated into all the mysteries of counting, classifying and distributing letters."

The Mr. Moore Taylor referred to was J. B. Moore, who succeeded J. W. Geary as postmaster. At this time the postoffice stood on the southwest corner of Clay and Pike Streets, having previously occupied the northeast corner of Washington and Stockton and before that, Ross's New York Store at Montgomery and Washington.

Pike Street extended from 212 Sacramento Street, between Dupont (now Grant Avenue) and Stockton, north to Washington. The postoffice was a small frame building, just one story high and forty feet long. A narrow portico ran along the front, shadowing delivery windows. The building itself was divided into a newspaper room, a private office and kitchen. There were two windows for general delivery, one for French and one for Spanish letters. Taylor also described the narrow entry at one end, with 500 private boxes along the side, leased at \$1.50 a month.

It was a great experience for Taylor, that sorting of three months' mail while a surging crowd of pioneers and bearded miners growled beyond the locked windows and doors. Nine o'clock at night the clerks began sorting letters. All that night and all the next day they worked. The crowd, which dispersed for sleep late the night before, gathered shortly after dawn and tried to bribe Moore's servant when he went out for a bucket of water.

All day the clerks and the clerk-extraordinary sorted letters while the mob waited outside. During the afternoon a clerk managed to make things ready for a partial delivery of mail from the boxes, but when he unlocked the door into the entry, the greater part of the five hundred box owners tried coming in at once. The glass fronts of the little compartments shattered to the floor and were ground to white powder under the clattering boots. Within an hour the clerk had received \$600 in paid postage from the private boxes alone.

Bayard Taylor's account of this dramatic mail delivery goes on to tell of the forty-four hours of sorting letters, of the final distribution about noon of the second day and of how the men lined up outside at midnight. It was cold, foggy and damp. In the gray light of early morning they fell to stamping; marching up



and down the narrow portico until the little building shivered with the thunder of that measured tread.

"One morning about a week after this a single individual came about midnight, bringing a chair with him, and some refreshments," wrote Taylor. "He planted himself directly opposite the door, and sat there quietly all night. It was the day for dispatching the Monterey mail, and one of the clerks got up about four o'clock to have it in readiness for the carrier. On opening the door in the darkness, he was confronted by this man, who, seated solemnly in his chair, immediately gave his name in a loud voice: 'John Jenkins!'"

In those days a mail clerk, opening the general delivery window, invariably faced a line that serpentineed down into Portsmouth Square, across Sacramento and lost itself among the tents and chaparral beyond. It was estimated that it took the man at the end of an average line about six hours to reach the window. Some thrifty townsmen would abandon places near the window for a consideration of from \$10 to \$25, depending on laws of demand and the lateness of the mail. Others with eyes as well focused to the golden opportunities used to travel up and down the mumbling line selling pies, cakes, hot coffee and newspapers.

During the summer of 1849 similar lines began waiting for the opening of the mail windows in Benicia, Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, Vernon, Coloma and Sonoma. The post arrived in the latter two towns astride a galloping horse. Once a week citizens of the other five towns watched for the smoke of the river steamer or the white sails of a schooner, bringing letters from San Francisco and "back East."

The Pacific Coast of that day was not unlike the shores of another planet. Wars, floods, typhoons, hurricanes, tornadoes and fire might have swept land and sea of the distant East, and no word or rumor reached the West for a long silent month. Fads, public opinion, sentiments and politics progressed around the world of English-speaking peoples in a series of leaps. To-day California might be serene in peace and plenty. Tomorrow dawns, a steamer day, and that sea-buffed side-wheeler, churning to turn by Clark's Point may bring war and poverty.

No one thought to watch for the torn and mud-smeared tops of the covered wagons as they quivered and rocked to the summit of the Sierras, for the news they brought was old and distorted with rumors. It was the steamers, creeping through the fogs beyond the Gate, that eyes turned to hopefully each "steamer

day," for they brought word of home, sometimes as fresh as "three weeks later."

Telegraph Hill was a favorite lookout. Merchants, notified of the oncoming steamer, could make ready and be at the wharf before the vessel docked. It wasn't long before a sort of semaphore jutted up from the hill crest. Printed notices were distributed giving a diagram of the semaphore and what each particular posture and signal meant. There were attitudes denoting ships, brigs, schooners, side-wheelers and screw steamers. So as steamer time drew near, the eyes of San Francisco looked up frequently to the semaphore on the hilltop, for it meant letters from home, more business and the New York papers.

There is an old story of a newsboy and the semaphore. It seems that "Hamlet" was being given by a barnstorming company and the little theater was packed. One night "the lead" waved his arms in the approved manner of Hamlets of that time and cried: "What means this, my lord?" Before he could break pose or "my lord" could answer, a newsboy up in the third tier piped: "Side-wheel steamer!" The house rose with a howl and "Hamlet" turned into five minutes of comedy.

The United States postal service of the early fifties was neither a financial success nor a triumph of efficiency. While the first express, organized July 24, 1847, by C. L. Cady, failed in its intention to maintain a weekly service between San Francisco and Sutter's Fort, others followed in the succeeding years and soon put the Government in second place. Business houses demanded a speedy transportation of official letters and money. Agents and messengers who carried on this work eventually put private letters with the business house matter and the era of the express was well started.

It also grew out of the miner's hunger for news of "the folks." In reading the reminiscences of those forty-niners one frequently learns of a venturesome man who for a certain consideration lumbered through deep snows and over faint mountain trails in order to gather up letters waiting in Stockton, Sacramento or San Francisco and carry them back to the camp. Alexander H. Todd formed his express business in that way.

In July, 1849, he registered miners' names at \$1.00 each, and making the journey to San Francisco received mail for the men on his list, charging sometimes as high as \$4.00 for one letter, but the miners were glad enough to pay any price. Later Todd

carried gold dust and packages from Stockton to San Francisco, charging 5% on gold dust.

There was also a miner named Brown who went down to Stockton and San Francisco, carrying a list of miners' names from Jamestown and nearby claims. It was during the winter of forty-nine and the snow-bound men had not heard a word from home in months. Brown was gone two weeks, but when he returned he carried a great bundle of letters which he delivered on receipt of \$5.00 per letter.

It wasn't long before express companies were both numerous and wealthy. Express agents, it is said, paid postmasters 25c a letter for the privilege of getting the mails ahead of the regular office delivery. Adams Express Company, formed in 1849, could carry a letter from New York at half the government price.

Postal clerks and master, under-paid and working with meager appropriations, could not compete with the well-paid agents of the express companies, who would dare any danger in order to keep up the schedule—and receive a bonus.

Express riders could have been no more proud of the company record if each man had had stock in the company. It was a personal matter with them. Storms, washouts, bandits, grizzlies, snow or accident could not hinder the riders.

Which brings to our minds the air mail pilots of today, who would rather risk life among the storm clouds than "take-off" from the field one minute behind schedule. Many a blue and murky morning, drenched in rain, has let faint light on a leather-coated figure pacing the air mail field and watching the eastern sky for the first break of clear blue. Nor would he have waited for the faint hope of breaking clouds had it not been for the air mail agent, who, thinking of planes and costs and human life, refused to give the signal for the start.

So that seventy-five years have made little difference in the lone rider's respect for schedule, whether he mount a shaggy cayuse or the man-made dragonfly of the skies.

But to return to our story. During the winter of 1849-1850 there were six express companies whose businesses were conducted over the ocean route to the Atlantic, and many others working within the State. Gradually stages lines were added to the express business in the State and a dozen had fingered up into the mining country by 1853.

Speed, the insistent cry today, was almost as great a factor in that time. But what a difference! Now we have the radio, the

aeroplane, the telepix and the telephoto. No one knows what is to come next. Yet in 1853 it was no less of a marvel when express riders carried the President's message over the 330 miles between San Francisco and Weaverville in thirty hours.

What chance did the government mail clerks have against a system like that? In 1851 there were thirty-four postoffices in the State, but the mails were slow and made not even a pretense at keeping up a schedule, especially in the South. In fact, there were some in that day who said the postmasters were well paid by the express companies just to keep the deliveries down.

The South's difficulties with the mail service are told in the following paragraph quoted from the *Daily Alta California*, August 15, 1851, which took the clipping from the *Los Angeles Star*:

#### "A WEEKLY MAIL TO SAN DIEGO"

"We believe that if our citizens would make a proper representation of the matter, a weekly mail between this city and San Diego could be obtained. The proposals were published for a mail to San Diego once a week, and our citizens were much surprised when they learned that the contract had been given out for a mail only semi-monthly."

The attitude of the newspapers toward the express companies may be gleaned from this paragraph, found in the *San Francisco Herald*, Steamer Edition, July 1, 1851:

"Correction—In our article headed 'Adams and Co.'s Banking House' on the fifth page, we accidentally erred in stating that the iron of the shutters is an eighth of an inch thick—it should have read *one-fourth*."

It is to be taken for granted that one understands that the express companies, besides carrying mail, money and newspapers, conducted a sort of banking business where they cashed drafts and officiated in lieu of the yet-unorganized banks.

Express agents never forgot the editors when papers arrived from the inland country or from New York. Hardly an issue of the early papers but carries a paragraph of thanks to this and that company for out-of-town papers, clippings from which are scattered thickly through the editions.

It was during the years 1852 and 1853 that the telegraph wires began spitting and whining their warning to the express riders of the West, but it was not until nearly ten years later that the warning became a dirge.



The first indication appears in the *Daily Alta California*, September 21, 1852:

“TELEGRAPH COMPANY”

“The Alta California Telegraph Company have presented a petition to the Common Council to be allowed the right of way through our streets to plant the necessary posts. Of course, they will have no trouble in having their demands satisfied.”

On the twenty-second of October the ordinance was passed granting the right-of-way to the company. On October 15, 1853, the San Jose station received messages from San Francisco. Within a comparatively short time Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville were in telegraphic communication with San Francisco.

The first telegraph line to actually operate in California was one running from Point Lobos to the business district. It was formally opened September 22, 1853, and was operated by Sweeny and Baugh, the same two who had established a Merchant's Exchange in Sacramento Street, near Montgomery. This line, of course, dealt entirely with shipping news and supplanted the famous old semaphore.

The bright wires crept over the State, penetrating into mountain towns and mining camps, but the express rider and the rumbling stages sped onward in the race. It was an urgent message indeed when one paid two dollars for ten words to Marysville, instead of posting a letter on tissue by express or stage. The letter would arrive but a few hours later than the telegram. And there *is* a story that the express riders beat the telegraph on one occasion.

By 1853 the Alta Telegraph Company had a line into Nevada by way of Auburn and Placerville. In 1855 cables were laid under the bay, cutting off the round-about telegraph journey through the San Jose office. In 1856 all the important towns of the State had telegraph offices. Two years later the wires entered Yreka and by 1860 Los Angeles was on the telegraph map.

The advertisements of the California State Telegraph Company and the Alta Telegraph Company of 1854 are unique. It is obvious to us today that “operators are bound to secrecy” and that “all messages except police reports transmitted in regular order,” yet such statements appear in the advertisements along with the declaration of \$300,000 capital. A message to San Jose went on the rate of one dollar for the first ten words and forty



cents for every additional five words. The charges for messages to the other stations were two dollars and a half for the first ten words and seventy-five cents for every additional five words.

If one is patient enough to travel through the fine print and yellowing pages of the old San Francisco directories, one will learn that in 1854 there were five express companies in the city alone. Adams and Company had offices in Parrott's Granite Building on Montgomery near California Street. Berford and Company, at Merchant and Montgomery, did a pretty good business. There was the Crescent City Express in the Post Office Arcade, Wells, Fargo and Company in the Express Building on the northeast corner of Montgomery and California. Reed's City Dispatch shared a place in the Post Office Arcade with Adams and Company.

We may be a noisier race and a faster, but our zest for speed cannot be greater than that of the fifties when daily expresses left San Francisco for Sacramento and Stockton, and when the night before a steamer sailed the banking houses remained open that drafts might be deposited and last-minute letters received. One visions the business district with its hurrying express agents, messengers and wagons. Not a river boat left but what carried the packed sacks of rider or agent; not a rider or agent but what eyed his competitor and thought of short cuts on the roads to mining camp and town.

The papers boasted of their carrier systems. In October, 1855, the *Daily Evening Bulletin*, Thos. Starr King, editor, declared:

"Daily, weekly and steamer editions. Published every afternoon at three o'clock and distributed in the city by 21 carriers. Boats leaving the city 4:00 o'clock, take the country editions to 93 country agents who distribute the *Bulletin* to every mining camp, gulch and canyon."

The *Daily Alta California*, a morning paper, recommended itself with equal pride. The morning edition was for city subscribers and those in districts reached by steamboat and stage. The evening edition, published at 2:30 each day with "news twelve hours later" left on the afternoon boats for delivery by express and stage through the interior towns and mining camps.

The newspapers broadcast news a month or more later from the Atlantic States and Europe. A good portion of it appeared in the form of letters from Eastern and foreign correspondents. One finds the climax of a situation at the bottom of a long dis-

patch, written day by day, from Washington, New York or London.

So that before turning to watch the express rider and the bright wires steal across a continent, we might pause to consider the situation of our early Californians in 1856. From the Golden Gate to Carson City and from Los Angeles to Yreka, the State was a little world in itself. A disturbance among the city fathers of any city would be discussed in most of the other towns by evening of the following day, providing the telegraph system was in good order. "By Magnetic Telegraph," they used to head such dispatches.

While the Government postal service was poor, one did not have to depend on it, for there were daily express riders going out of all the larger towns and as many coming in. But once a ship dipped over the horizon or an eastbound wagon became lost in the dust out of Carson City, the great silence came down all around and weeks passed before the travelers could receive or dispatch a word to California.

Think of your air-mail letters of today, and your newspapers, running three and four and even five editions a day; think of the radio, broadcasting late dispatches when a man-hunt is on or a world's series at bat—think of the day the inaugural ceremonies were first broadcast over a continent and listeners in California heard the President's whispered oath—think of all these and then glance back at the *Daily Alta California* for June 30, 1856:

#### "THE MAIL STEAMER"

"The mail by the 'John L. Stevens' will be out twenty-five days today, and may therefore be considered fully due. She will bring dates from New York to the 5th of June, and probably two days later from New Orleans, and from Europe to the 17th of May. It is probable that the steamer on the other side may be delayed a day for the purpose of bringing news up to the adjournment of the Democratic Presidential Convention, which was to meet on the 2nd of June."

If the President gives a breakfast to three Senators from the Middle West, all the States know about it by the noon editions, but the *San Francisco Call* of March 6, 1857, headed a story on the "President's Levee," "Two Weeks Later from the East." A paragraph is worth reading:

"Obesity and crinoline encroached awfully upon space. The Falstaffs puffed like porpoises. Rivers ran down their cheeks. My own rubicund visage was like a parboiled

oyster. One surge of the ocean crowd, and away went coats and hats and umbrellas and shawls, out to sea, floating over the waves of the multitude, to be washed back to shore again by the returning tide. At ten o'clock the President retired, after having shaken over five thousand hands, and not appearing much fatigued."

As early as 1855 the mail steamers made a practice of running close to Meiggs Wharf at North Beach as they came towards town, so that the express parcels of news could be thrown ashore and delivered at once. But after all, half an hour didn't matter so very much when news was two weeks later at best. And dissatisfaction grew.

Although few men dreamed of the strange post carriers the years would send across the continent, many Californians looked to the land for developments in mail service. Congress had harangued on the matter for many years. Once they settled the ocean service, debate arose spasmodically on the overland highway, the emigrant's road—even the Pacific Railroad. But it was late in the fifties before anything serious was accomplished.

Of course, there was some attempt made at establishing communication between the emigrant trains during the great westward surge in 1849. In fact, emigrants for numerous years previous had made a practice of leaving letters in crude post boxes along the way in hope that some eastbound scout or wagon might carry them to the Mississippi. But from most accounts these letters never arrived.

Edwin Bryant, in his book "What I Saw In California And On the Way" tells of leaving letters for a party of emigrants in 1846. A man named Donner was at the head and Bryant wanted to warn him against taking the new short-cut, called the Hastings Cut-off. Bryant's party were on horseback and he considered the trail a bad one for slow-moving ox teams at that season of the year. So the future alcalde, some days ahead of Donner's party, left the letter which was never found, and Donner's wagon train lumbered up to its rendezvous with famine and death in the high Sierras.

In 1850 there were three established trails to the Pacific. They were the Santa Fe, the Salt Lake and the Oregon. The Salt Lake Trail has been that of the letter carrier—first the chance messenger, then the pony, later the telegraph, the train and now the aeroplane.

During 1851 Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, conceived a great plan: that of using camels for the carrying of fast express

across the continent from the Mississippi to the Pacific. He set the number at thirty camels and twenty dromedaries and he was confident that they could make the journey in fifteen days. One can imagine what Congress thought of the matter. Seven years of occasional debating it took.

In the meantime Absalom Woodward and George Chorpenning established a monthly mail in 1851 between Sacramento and Salt Lake City, where their line connected with that of Samuel H. Woodson, which ran between Independence, Missouri, and Salt Lake. The Woodward-Chorpenning route varied according to the season of the year, going north in summer and swinging south in winter over the Mormon Trail from southern California to Salt Lake. But Woodson and the Westerners were both worried by the Indians and times were hard. During the ten years of Chorpenning and Woodward's contract with the Government, they were said to have lost in Indian attacks, 16 men, 300 horses and mules and innumerable coaches, wagons and station buildings. Woodward was killed by Indians on an eastbound journey during the first year of the service.

Another company subsidized by the Government was the first overland stage line running between Santa Fe and Independence, starting in May, 1849. Other lines in the south began in 1854 and 1855, all aided by the Government. In spite of this and the high rates, they could not make the lines pay, for the lack of military protection made them easy game for marauding Indians.

In 1854 Adams Express Company inaugurated a monthly express service between San Francisco and Salt Lake, by way of Los Angeles. It did very well, and when Salt Lake City was cut off from St. Louis during the winter season, turned business to Los Angeles.

San Franciscans were not particularly pleased with the amount of mail service thrown to the southern routes. Newspapers complained and local orators denounced it as flagrant partiality, but the bulk of the mails traveled over subsidized lines along southern routes until the first gunfire of the Civil War. It is said that all this manipulating of stage lines over the barren plains and unpopulated South was done in an effort to swing the Pacific Railroad to that region.

The subject of a proper mail route was a warm one by 1855 and four separate bills were introduced during the spring session of Congress. John B. Weller, Senator from California, arose in the United States Senate and said:



"I confess that I not only desire to have this mail route, but what I regard as equally important, I desire to have a good immigration route. One cannot advise a family to go overland at the present time, because of hostile tribes of Indians in the way, and the unprotected condition of that road. But give us the mail route, let us establish little posts at every ten miles and the immigration will be safe."

They harangued and argued the matter in a great barrage of eloquence and debate, proving that Capitol Hill supports much the same type of windy session today that it held in '56.

But in March, 1857, the Overland Mail Bill was passed by both houses and signed by the President. Bids opened the first of July and nine were submitted. The following day the Postmaster General accepted a bid offering a forked route out of St. Louis and Memphis, meeting at Little Rock, from which it set out for Preston, Texas, across to the Rio Grande above El Paso, over the river to Fort Yuma and north to San Francisco. On September sixth of the same year a six-year contract was let and the route became known as the Butterfield Overland Mail, covering 2,729 miles in 23 days, 4 hours.

One observes that the mail out of Fort Yuma struck Los Angeles some little time before San Francisco opened the mail bags. It is not surprising that the *Daily San Francisco Times and Town Talk* of October 20, 1857, broke out in this wise:

"The Government has made a contract with Mr. Miles to carry the mail from Salt Lake City to Independence, in Missouri, monthly at \$32,000 per annum, or about \$2,500 the round trip. A contract has likewise been made with Mr. Birch to carry the mail between San Diego and San Antonio for \$150,000. In the latter case a way-mail between two villages is made a matter of such importance that \$150,000 is given to carry it, while another, which is upon the direct route, not from an insignificant village, but from the seat of government and connecting with a point of most serious interest just now, is made so much of secondary moment, as to require a compensation of only one-fifth in amount, and on communication of only monthly recurrence, instead of weekly. On the one, the whole stream of emigration from the States to California and Oregon is passing; while on the other, there is not an emigrant to be seen, nor a letter to carry, except between the extremes. It would give us great pleasure to see the way-bill through on this latter route. We should like to see how many letters and newspapers pass each way, and their places of destination.

"The only answer that can be made is that the Government has been humbugged or trepanned into a contract for



a pet route, to oblige some political friends or to further some political object. For ourselves, we have no doubt what the object was. Senator Rusk is in his grave. Peace to his ashes! But there is not, there cannot be a doubt that through his instrumentality, together with that of other interested parties, this thing was brought about. It being intended, in spite of nature and good-sense, to make the Southern Railroad route 'go,' in spite of the Central, even through a wholly unsettled country, where there is no population to demand or need it.

"We declare our conviction to be clear, that if the Administration could only know our wants, as they only can be known by men upon the spot; and if they would only listen to men who if right ought to know, and who have no private interest to subserve, we should have had a contract for a Central Route, through Salt Lake to Missouri long since. And, instead of the paltry sum of thirty thousand dollars, we should have had a regular weekly mail to and from California, through Salt Lake, to Missouri. But, to aid a band of land speculators, everything is ruthlessly bent out of shape in order to make a job for some one.

"We only wish we could persuade the Government, that the establishment of a military post at Vegas de Santa Clara would afford the requisite support to emigrants, and that from there if they would keep north of Walker's Lake, they would scarcely know that they have crossed the Sierra before they are safe within the State of California, without suffering for food or water. Besides, to enter California by this route, would reduce the distance to be traveled, perhaps, not less than three weeks, with an infinite saving of fatigue and suffering beside avoiding all the Indians almost between Salt Lake and Walker's Pass."

It was in 1857 that Jefferson Davis succeeded in establishing a camel line across the desert. Seventy-five camels arrived and began work, but temperament was strong in all seventy-five and the mail sacks frequently went rocking across the plains on top of a hysterical camel's hump. They could not be depended upon and very soon ceased to officiate as mail carriers. Some were later used in the Nevada silver mines, and up to comparatively recent years their descendants were occasionally seen on the desert.

But to get back to the Butterfield Route. The first trip was made in 1858, the mail traveling in coaches that carried not more than six passengers, three sacks of mail, one of newspapers, and were drawn by from four to six horses, or mules. At the height of traffic for this line they had 800 men, 100 Concord coaches, 1,000 horses, 500 mules and innumerable adobe stations set ten miles apart.

The San Francisco Directory for 1859 lists the following in its summary of the year :

"Oct. 15, 1858. 'The first Overland Stage from St. Louis arrived, making the trip from city to city in 23 days, 18 hours, 40 minutes.'"

Which was something else again when one thinks of 32 hours and 10 minutes for the first air mail flight, eastbound across the continent with San Francisco's letters for the Atlantic States.

Still the steamers had the best of the overland mail sacks, for they brought news two weeks later, even when it was bad news and might just as well have been sunk off the Farallones. One strange freak of belated news occurred on November 2, 1857, when the steamer "John L. Stephens" brought word of a financial panic in the East. Now San Francisco had been basking in placid satisfaction, content with her supply of dust, when the "John L." was sighted off the Gate and the magnetic telegraph flashed the news from Point Lobos to the Merchant's Exchange.

But no sooner had the water fell to dripping brightly from the motionless wheels, than the word "panic" swept breathlessly over town, and eyes took on a hard and apprehensive look. Two banking houses failed and closed their doors before the steamer left and others were worried. Then the "John L. Stephens," having made trouble enough for one trip, spun the paddle wheels and switched smugly out of the harbor. Confidence immediately returned, the other banks stopped worrying, and the panic was over.

Another difficulty, incident with belated news, occurred a year later, March 3, 1858, when the *Daily Evening Bulletin* published this outburst :

#### "COLLECTOR WASHINGTON AND THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE"

"It will be recollected by our readers, that when copies arrived here of President Buchanan's Inaugural Message, for distribution among the city papers for publication, Collector Washington, to whose care the copies were sent, shamefully abused his position, and showed his petty malice against *The Bulletin* by withholding from it a copy, while its contemporaries were duly supplied by him. Our Washington correspondent wrote us at the time that one of the copies was specially intended for this paper. Notwithstanding the petty conduct of the big Custom House boy, *The Bulletin* was the first paper that circulated the

Message among our citizens, having been able to print some 6,000 copies, and distribute the entire city edition among all its subscribers, a few hours after the mail steamer arrived, in an 'extra' containing the complete document, anticipating thereby our contemporaries by a whole night."

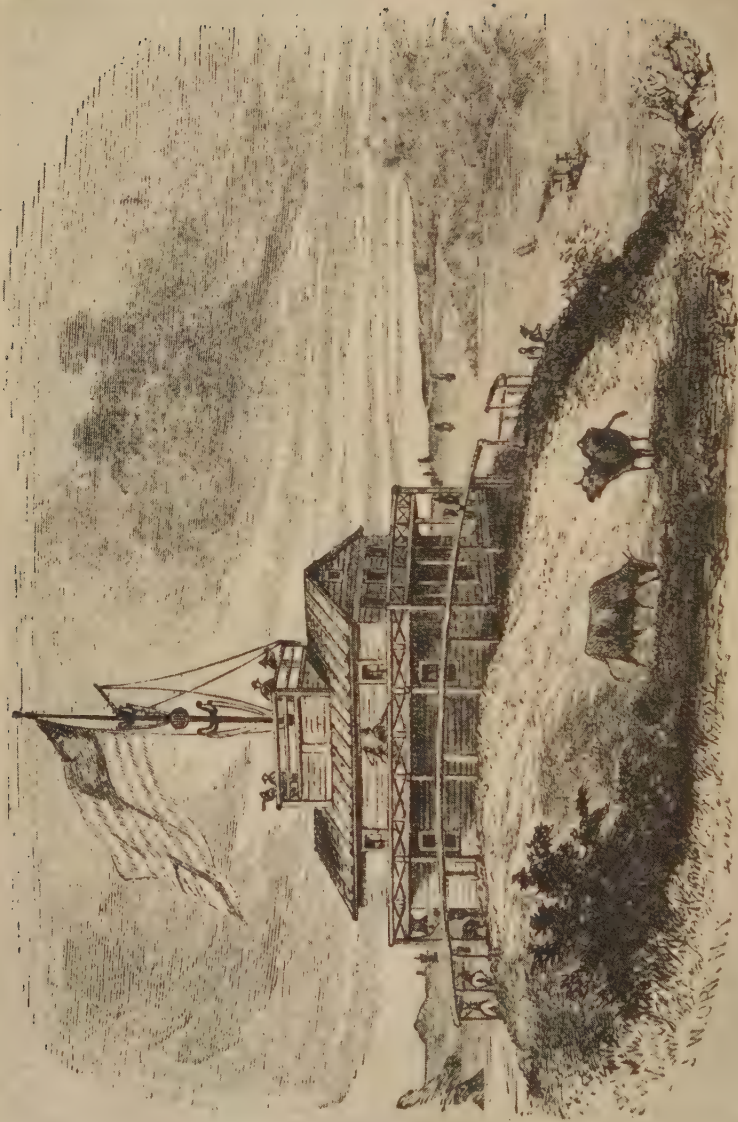
By September 27 of the same year, San Francisco had caught up with the scientific achievements of the East, and a great celebration was held in honor of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. Three thousand school children sang in front of the Oriental Hotel; there were fireworks on the Plaza, and according to the *Hesperian*, a contemporary magazine, "No accident occurred to mar the harmony of the general jubilee; and at a late hour the citizens quietly retired to their rest."

Now let us turn our faces toward the Sierras and watch the swaying white schooners, the laden mule teams and the rocking stages trail their winding way among the canyons. During the interval between 1856 and 1860 toll roads were made over the mountains into Nevada. A considerable freighting business beat down the highways constantly. Taverns, road houses and saloons lined the dry, hard way between Sacramento and Placerville. Travelers passed at all hours, some mounted, some on stages and others on foot. It was this road over which much of the mail for Salt Lake City traveled after 1856.

On January 17, 1860, C. L. Weller, postmaster of San Francisco, notified the people that on and after Monday, January 23, he would dispatch all letters mailed at his office for the Atlantic States, by the Overland Route via Los Angeles, excepting only those directed "Via Panama."

Little more than two months later a lithe pony curveted and minced before an express office in St. Joseph, Missouri, while another pony worried and tossed in front of the Alta Telegraph Office in far-away San Francisco. It was these two beasts, hurtling off into the silence of 1900 miles that lay between the cities, who, aided by the flashing feet of many more ponies, brought news "nine days later" to West and East.

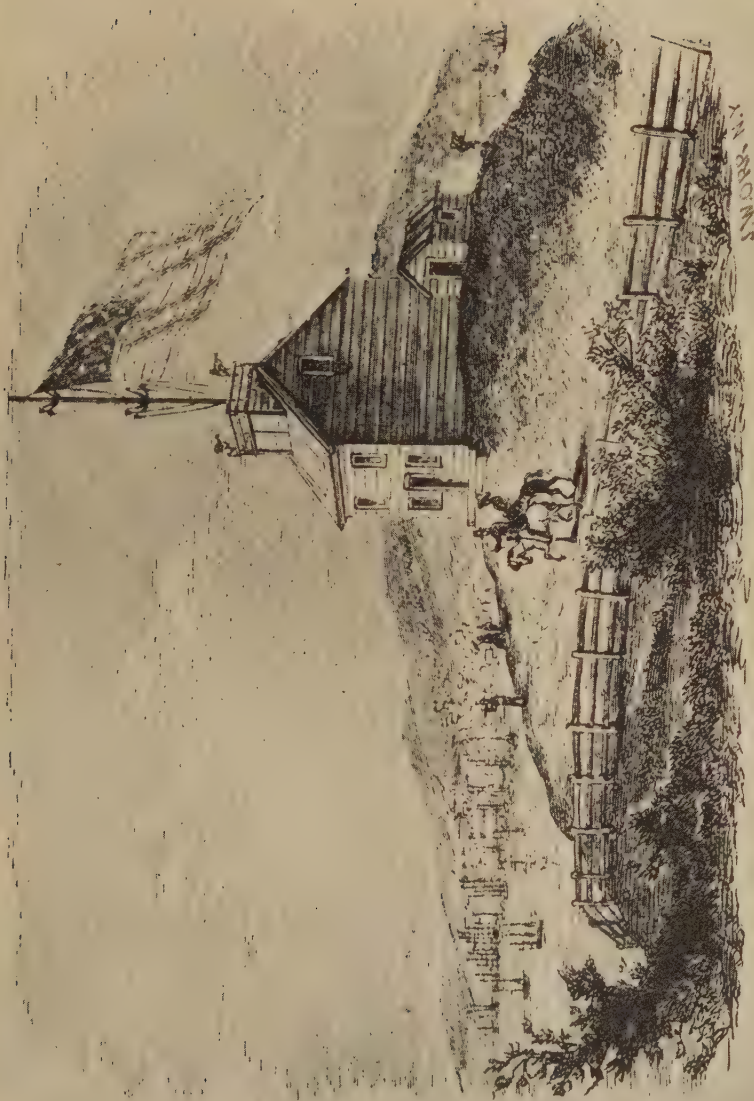
Their brief day of glory, as full of romance as the new era of flying postmen, marks the link in the chain of progress from the rumbling stages to the twinkling wires and the iron horse. Consider what you have read in the march from correo to stage driver. Think of news *nine days later* and marvel, as did all San Francisco, at the speed of the times, the wonders made by man.



Outer Telegraph Station.

FIRST ELECTRICAL TELEGRAPH STATIONS IN CALIFORNIA.





Inner Telegraph Station.



## THE PONY EXPRESS

---

A California Senator, William M. Gwin, had been urging a direct mail route across the continent since 1855, but it was not until he expounded his theory to William H. Russell, Sr., that definite action was taken. Russell, a member of the freighting and stage firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, was spending the winter of 'fifty-nine and 'sixty in Washington City, as it was then called, tending to various freight contracts. Gwin, in his talk with Russell, pointed out the immediate need of a fast and direct communication between the two seaboard as a matter of preparation for war, the great Civil War being by this time inevitable.

Russell took the idea back home to Fort Leavenworth, and out of his ponderings grew the Pony Express. But when he put the plan before Majors and Waddell they gasped at the expense and pushed the thought away with apprehensive hands. But Russell was sure he could make a success of the line. Early in 1860 he won the other two over and a corporation was formed. On the twenty-sixth of the following March, an announcement appeared in the *New York Herald*:

"To San Francisco in 8 days by the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company. The first courier of the Pony Express will leave the Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3rd, at 5 o'clock P. M., and will run regularly weekly hereafter, carrying a letter mail only. The point of departure on the Missouri River will be in telegraphic communication with the East and will be announced in due time.

"Telegraphic messages from all parts of the United States and Canada in connection with the point of departure will be received up to 5 o'clock P. M. of the day of leaving and transmitted over the Placerville and St. Joseph telegraph wire to San Francisco and intermediate points by the connecting express, in 8 days.

"The letter mail will be delivered in San Francisco in ten days from the departure of the Express. The Express passes through Fort Kearney, Laramie, Bridger, Great Salt Lake City, Camp Floyd, Carson City, The Washoe Silver Mines, Placerville and Sacramento.

"Letters from Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, the Pacific Mexican ports, Russian Possessions, Sandwich Islands, China, Japan and India will be mailed in San Francisco.

"Special messengers, bearers of letters to connect with the Express of the 3rd of April, will receive communications for the courier of that day at No. 481 Tenth St., Washington City, up to 2:45 P. M. on Friday, March 30, and in New York at the office of J. B. Simpson, Room No. 8, Continental Bank Building, Nassau Street, up to 6:30 A. M. of March 31.

"Full particulars can be obtained on application at the above places and from the agents of the company."

Figures concerning the equipment of the company do not agree, some putting the number of horses at 500 and others at 400. We know that the animals were small, sturdy horses and ponies, hardy Western stock with a few extremely swift beasts from Iowa. Between 100 and 125 riders were hired besides the 200 station men and helpers. About 190 stations were established at intervals of from 10 to 20 miles apart. The cost of the first equipment was about \$100,000.

Fodder for the horses, chiefly grain, was purchased in Iowa and Missouri, trucked in wagons at a freight rate of from 10 to 20 cents a pound, and discharged at the stations along the line between St. Joe and Salt Lake City. Grain for the stations between Salt Lake and the Sierras was bought in Utah and hauled from 200 to 700 miles.

Wages for station men and assistants ran from \$50 to \$100 a month, with the riders averaging \$150 each. Every courier had a 75-mile run, the horses covering from 10 to 20 miles, but at a killing speed. Station keepers tried to have the animals saddled half an hour before the express was due. Two minutes were allowed for changing mounts.

Letters were wrapped in oil silk and stored in a saddle bag known as a mochila. Practically all of the correspondence was written or printed on tissue paper, thus enabling considerable information to travel under the minimum charge. Each mochila had four pockets, or cantinas, which were locked and opened only at certain stations. Three of the pockets were unlocked at military posts—Forts Kearney, Laramie, Bridger, Churchill and at Salt Lake City. The fourth was for way station letters. Keys were held by station keepers.

All letters were enclosed in a regulation Government envelope, costing ten cents, and the rates were \$5 for each half-ounce, but later on the price was reduced to \$1 on each half-ounce.

Horse, saddle, rider and bag did not weigh more than 1300 pounds, the animal averaging 14 hands in height and 900 pounds in weight. The average weight of the saddle bag was 15 pounds.

The route lay over the famous emigrant trails, over which hardly twelve years previous, ox teams and lumbering prairie schooners had passed in the first great migration to the land of gold. Even now they were creeping westward, for the railroad was still the Californian's dream and the sweetest morsel of Congressional debate.

Strange names are recalled along the way: Kennekuk, Kickapoo Reservation, Granada, Log Chain, the Valley of the Little Blue, Rock Creek in Nebraska, Thirty-two Mile Creek, Midway, Cottonwood Springs, Fremont's Springs, O'Fallon's Bluffs, Alkali, Beauvais Ranch, Diamond Springs, Lodge Pole Creek, Thirty Mile Ridge, Mud Springs, Court House Rock, Chimney Rock, Fort Laramie, South Pass in the Rockies, Fort Bridger, Salt Lake City, Camp Floyd, Ruby Valley, the Humboldt, Carson and our own California. How few of the names are heard today or printed in the daily papers!

Harry Roff rode the first pony out of San Francisco. It was a little nankeen-colored beast with nervous ears and restless feet. Both Roff and his pony have vanished with the years, but their fame still marks the yellowing pages of the special editions on April 3, 1860.

Most of the town was down on Montgomery Street that afternoon, crowding around the front of the Alta Telegraph Office, where the pony stood, mincing in the mud and tossing his yellow head in hopes of shaking loose the two little American flags that fluttered on either side of his bridle.

Roff was due to come out of the telegraph office at 3:45, swing on the pony and head for the Sacramento steamer at the foot of Broadway. By 3:30 Montgomery Street was packed with bearded men in top hats and broadcloth. They marveled at the plan and pondered seriously over the broad saddle, wooden stirrups, the huge leather guards and the mochila, labeled "Overland Pony Express."

The Alta Telegraph Office stood on the southwest corner of Merchant and Montgomery Streets, and the *Daily Evening Bulletin* on the southeast corner. Nothing could have been better to the taste of the reporters from the *Bulletin* office who mingled with the crowds, made notes, smoked long cigars and importantly disappeared into the editorial rooms, where men wrote hurriedly in

various styles of chirography and one did not have to shout to call a copy boy.

Shortly before time for the pony to start, men began coming out of the *Bulletin* office with the great four-page papers. They turned the huge pages with considerable skill and read aloud to those who crowded around:

"Readers who get early copies of *The Bulletin* may see the pony that will figure in Congressional debates, in newspapers and in history, still standing at the Telegraph office door."

Right on time, 3:45, Harry Roff swung onto the pony, and Montgomery Street echoed with the thunder of cannon and gun as the little yellow horse headed for the steamer on the first east-bound trip of the fast mail between San Francisco and St. Joseph, Missouri.

Fire gongs, bells, cannon and cheers sped the pony on his way out of Sacramento, to the tune of 20 miles in 59 minutes. Four hours later the second relay arrived in Placerville, 56 miles away and word came back by wire:

"The pony left Placerville at 48 minutes past 6 o'clock on the way over the mountains—flying."

Seventy-five ponies covered the 1,966 miles between San Francisco and St. Joe in 11 days and 12 hours. How close together the world had come!

Yet within sixty-four years the post traveled not by days but by hours. Harry Roff mounted his pony at 3:45 one breezy afternoon; Claire K. Vance leapt into the cockpit of his throbbing plane at six of a July morning, 1924, and sailing off to the east set out on the first lap of a mail sack journey that ended 32 hours and 10 minutes later in New York City.

Thirty-two hours against eleven days. Yet we marvel today no more than they marveled in 1860. While the East needed the Pony Express in order to hold the West in the Union and to facilitate business, it meant far more to California. The hunger of the pioneers for news from back home was a keen and biting hunger.

At first they could not believe it possible. It was as unreal to them as a radio is to a Sierra mountaineer, who, induced to put on earphones, hears a San Francisco orchestra playing dance music to the accompaniment of shuffling feet and quick laughter.

We who traveled gradually from long-distance telephone messages to crystal sets and all the modern ramifications of radio,



cannot quite realize the shock that many an overland emigrant suffered when he read those words: "*Nine Days From Ocean to Ocean.*"

One could understand the telegraph from Carson to San Francisco, for that was part of things as they were, but to think of letters whisking in nine days over that same bleak and lonely land through which they had crept with their wagons back in '48 and '49—it was a mingling of wry humor and bitter regret, particularly if a grave held someone left on the weary way.

San Francisco burst into extra editions with the largest type in stock and numerous inky exclamation points, when word came by wire from Carson City that the pony had arrived at 2:30 the afternoon of April 12. And the pony kept pounding nearer. He was in Placerville by 2:00 P. M. of April 13. Out again, through Folsom and down to Sacramento, where men and boys on horseback awaited him, shouting, cheering and waving flags, with bare-headed Charles Crocker racing at the head down J Street.

The steamer "Antelope" was ready, her boilers all but bursting with steam for the dash to San Francisco. Over the gang-plank clattered the foaming beast and shrill blew the whistle for the start.

"*Nine Days From Ocean to Ocean*" marveled the headlines of the papers. Not the box-car type of San Francisco papers today, but in letters half an inch high, crammed between the black boundaries of a column on an inside page.

The first dispatch of news left at Carson by the hurtling pony was printed with the following introduction:

"Per telegraphic dispatch to St. Louis; thence by telegraph to St. Joseph, Mo., thence by overland pony express to Carson City, U. T.; thence by telegraph to San Francisco."

Once more the *Bulletin* reporters kept close to the home office, for the finish of the westbound race would be directly across the street at the Alta Telegraph office, from whence had issued the first telegraphic dispatches the day the pony arrived in Carson. As April 14 faded with the sunset, men began to gather in front of the *Bulletin*, gossiping and nosing into the editorial room for news of the pony.

In 1860 the west side of Montgomery Street was given over to the ladies, who minced daintily along the walk, their wide skirts safe from the grime of a miner's boots. There they were free to gossip in chirruping groups or stroll by the shop windows



in search of the latest notion from New York. But there were few ladies on Montgomery Street that evening and the gathering throng of men and boys rumbled up and down both walks. As a reporter put it:

“Even the west side, generally surrendered to ladies, smelled more of cigars than ‘patchouli.’”

The men talked of swindles and conventions. They spat and re-read the papers, shouted at the clerks in the Alta Telegraph office and questioned the reporters who importantly elbowed their way from one side of the street to the other.

By the time word came that the pony was on the “Antelope,” bound full steam for San Francisco, nothing less than gunfire could express their state of mind. Men mourned the fact that they had not been born later, thinking of the time lost in traveling, and talked of prosecuting the parties that spent five months to bring them across in 1849.

Every time a reporter stepped out into the dim-lit street, there arose a great chorus of shouts and questions. Had the fumes of the pony’s heels blackened the rider’s brass buttons? Did the animal smell much of brimstone? And once a voice lifted from far back in the crowd:

“Hi, did he sweat the letters much?”

The steamer from Panama slipped in through the fog, fired her gun unheeded and nosed up to the Folsom Street wharf. She was fast and ready to unload before word reached the noisy horde on Montgomery Street. Then there was a tangled rush for the wharf; carriages, wagons, runners and curious pedestrians mingling in a thundering surge over the rumbling boards.

There had probably never been a day before when a steamer from the “States” had been able to enter the Gate unheralded. People had been used to waiting for hours and then crowding the wharf with anxious cheers.

But this time the captain’s glad announcement that he had news to March 20 took all the enthusiasm from their belated greeting. News of March 20—why, there was a little pony riding down the river with news to April 3 and some of it had already been wired from Carson City! News of March 20, indeed; away with such ancient scribbling!

Back to Montgomery Street flowed the mumbling throng. Hours crept by and order came out of hysteria. A committee was appointed and a parade arranged. The California Band, boasting

eighteen pieces, traveled up and down the streets, tooting with gusto. Men and boys fell in behind them. Bonfires were lit on the Plaza and down on the wharf, their flames fed with old tar barrels and sandlot trash.

Someone swung on the rope of the Monumental Fire House bell and the red-shirts rushed out to find the fire. They decided to make a night of it, too, and torches were lit to bob along the line of march.

By midnight the whole lot of them were down at the foot of Broadway, waiting for the "Antelope" to come gliding out of the night with the pony at her prow. A place was cleared on the planks and within the circle of light, volunteer heel-and-toe artists jiggled madly. The air was filled with the sound of men singing and stamping, until someone shouted:

"Here she comes!"

Through the murky dark came the rattling of chains, the distant ring of bells—a whistle's blast. The blaring of the eight-piece band rose gloriously, drowning the cheers of the self-appointed committee. Then a wary-eared little bay pony minced nervously ashore.

Among all that restless mob there was but one woman, and the fame of history is hers, for she elbowed her way to the front, tore the bonnet from her head, wrenched the ribbons loose and tied them around the pony's neck. Whereupon he became so busy trying to shake them off that he took no further interest in speeches, torchlight or band.

One of the orators referred to him as the modern Hippogriff and the title swept through the crowd. Reporters jotted the name on notebooks and thought of good lines to go with it. Then the band fell in ahead of the pony, the procession formed a line on either side of him, closing in behind in a long cheering trail of humanity.

Turning into Montgomery they marched to the Alta Telegraph office, where some eighty-five letters were distributed and more speeches were made, while the pony dozed at the hitching post, waking at intervals to resume wrestling with the ribbons.

Next day the *Bulletin* burst into rhetorical elegance:

"All praise to the pony who shoved a continent behind his hoofs so easily—who sniffed up sandy plains, sent lake and mountains, prairies and forests whizzing behind him like one great river rushing eastward; who left a wake like a clipper and sent his fame rippling off north and south—who made eagles and all swift-winged birds heartsick, and

sent them into convention to devise measures to keep their reputation; who crossed the railroad track, fifteen miles out of Sacramento, just as the cars had passed, and who got into the City of the Plains just as the same cars arrived."

Another newspaper, thinking of the uncertain Indians, gave warning and said that the company was "simply inviting slaughter upon all the foolhardy young men who have been engaged as riders."

Even the East was struck with the romance of the venture. A St. Louis paper, ignoring Indians, broke into the following pæan of praise:

"Take down your map and trace his footprints from St. Joseph on the Missouri, to San Francisco on the Golden Horn—from the last locomotive to the first steamship—two thousand miles—more than half across our boundless continent. Through Kansas, through Nebraska, past the Buttes, over the Rocky Mountains, through canyons, along the steep defiles—Utah, Fort Bridger, Salt Lake City—he witches Brigham with his swift ponyship. Through valleys, along grassy slopes, into the snow, into the sand, faster than Thor's Thialfi, away they go! rider and horse, did you see them? They are in California, leaping over the golden hills, treading the busy streets. The courser has unrolled the great American panorama, and allowed us to glance at the future home of a hundred millions of people. He has put a girdle 'round the earth in forty minutes. Verily his riding is like the riding of the son of Nimshi, for he rideth furiously. Take out your watch. We are eight days from New York, eighteen from London. The race is to the swift!"

Newspapers throughout the world, particularly in California, leapt at the opportunity offered by the Pony Express, just as the modern news photograph services have filled the air mail sacks with pictures, speeding east and west. It was wideswept gossip in the newspaper world of 1860 that one of the officials of the Pony Express declined an offer of \$25,000 made by the New York Associated Press for the exclusive use of the express in conveying "news of a public character."

One might deviate here to draw a comparison. In 1861 wires creeping across a continent took from the pony his prestige as a swift messenger. Today an air mail service no sooner whisks news photographs across the continent in the course of a day, than a nimble-fingered inventor devises a machine that flashes photographs from ocean to ocean in a matter of minutes. Once

more the wires have it. But the areoplane, unlike the pony, will not vanish in sixteen months. Rather that the areoplane, skimming through the skies, threatens the prestige of the railroad train.

The pony express riders were an adventurous lot, leather-skinned plainsmen with squinting eyes and frontier manners. But the officials were a most dignified set of men. One can imagine them in frock coats and immaculate linen, seated at a long table, as they drew up the following oath, which every pony rider took before he became a member of the messenger force:

"I....., do hereby swear, before the Great and Living God, that during my engagement, and while I am an employee of Russell, Majors and Waddell, I will, under no circumstances use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with any other employee of the firm, and that in every respect I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties and so direct all my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."

There was no specified uniform for the riders, so they kept the frontier costume, a picturesque combination of artillery and leather. Buckskin shirts were always worn. Any sort of trousers would do and were tucked into high boots. A slouch hat, very much on an angle, or a coon cap, did for a head covering. The men were always armed. At first a carbine was strapped to the rider's back, besides the sheath knife at his side and the revolvers in the saddle holster. But the carbine added too much weight and only side arms were carried after a few trips.

The ponies were as high-strung as their riders. Shoeing one of the shaggy beasts was an afternoon's work. Four or five men would throw the animal and sit on it while a quick blacksmith flashed through the job and thought himself lucky if he got no more than a sharp swipe of those hoofs.

They were tough little animals. Sand, snow, storm and slide meant nothing to them. They pounded on, foam flying from their lathered sides, their riders shouting or winding horns as they struck the angling mountain trails. Far up the roads they could be heard, the racket and rumble of the flashing heels growing louder and the faraway warning coming nearer. Stage drivers and emigrants drew their teams to the side, and leaning far out to catch the first glimpse of the demon-driven beast, would greet him with yells as he plunged into sight and sped past.



Sometimes the rider would shout a brief sentence, herald of great news, and the travelers would marvel at the speed of the times.

Emigrants, creeping cumbrously across the open country, used to mistake the sunburned riders for Indians, considering it far safer to shoot first than to bother with any preliminary investigation. Jay G. Kelley, who had a run on the plains, was promiscuously shot at one day and the lead from the emigrants' guns bit little spurts of dust around the heels of the speeding horse. Neither Kelley nor his mount were hurt, but Kelley's feelings were considerably upset. On the return run, he passed the train again, slowing his pony just long enough to shout his opinion of every man present. And it isn't to be supposed that he used meeting-house English.

Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok were the most famous of the pony riders. An incomplete list of the personnel gives the following names:

Jim Moore, Bill James, Theodore Rand, Johnnie Frey, Jim Beatley, William Boulton, Mel Baughn, Jack Keetly, Don C. Rising, Little Yank, — Hogan, Jimmy Clark, James W. Brink, Jay G. Kelley, J. K. Ellis, H. J. Faust, Jim Gentry, Jim Gilson, Sam Hamilton, Robert Hasham (Pony Bob), Let Huntington, Irish Tom, Will D. Jenkins, Boston, John Burnett, Jimmy Bucklin, William Carr, William Carrigan, Bill Gates, Charles Cliff, Major Eagan, Bob Martin, J. G. McCall, Jim McNaughton, Josh Perkins, Johnson Richardson, Bart Riles, Harry Roff, George Spurr, George Thacher, George Towne, Henry Wallace, Dan Westcott and Jose Zowgaltz.

For sixteen months the Pony Express riders sped back and forth between San Francisco and St. Joseph. In summer, except for the Indian raids of 1860, they struck an average of 8 days. Winter time it was 10 days. The average summer speed was 10 miles per hour, in winter 8 miles per hour.

The record of the Pony Express was set when President Lincoln's Inaugural Address, March, 1861, was whisked over 1,966 miles in 7 days, 17 hours, with an average speed of 10.6 miles per hour. The address, stating Lincoln's attitude towards matters of vital importance to the future condition of the Union, traveled faster than any news had ever been carried between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Station men led saddled ponies out two and three miles to meet the racing express. "Pony Bob" Haslam, on the run between Smith Creek and Fort Churchill, made the 120 miles in 8 hours, 10 minutes, or 14.7 miles an hour.



This schedule meant more than life to the riders. Unlike the air mail pilots they could not make up three hours lost on the way. The endurance of the pony had its limits. The air mail is hindered only by unusual storm conditions or mechanical difficulties. But a little band of Indians, a masked road agent, a slide, deep snow, a cave-in on the road—and where was the poor pony's schedule?

On one of the early westbound runs of the express, an accident to the relay between Folsom and Sacramento wound up with the rider struggling to remount his pony in spite of a broken leg. Nearly an hour later, the Wells, Fargo stage found the courier in a panic of hysteria at the delay of the locked contents of the mochila. A special agent of the express company, who was traveling to Sacramento, took pity on the frenzy of the pain-racked man and offered to finish the run for him. By making a mad spurt of it, he managed to reach Sacramento only 90 minutes behind the schedule.

There is no doubt but that all the riders were proud of the record and anxious to shorten the time between St. Joe and San Francisco. But frequent prize moneys offered for record runs gave a certain zest to this pride. A bonus of three hundred dollars was put up for any rider who could bring news from Chicago a day ahead of the schedule. Business men and public officials frequently put up neat sums in the hopes that a few hours could be chopped off the time of the journey.

But the Indians and a considerable number of white men coveted the fast ponies of the express. Early in the career of the service, stations were raided, keepers killed and the stock run off. Remote and unprotected, the stations were easy marks for the marauders. These Indian raids continued through most of the summer of 1860. It was July 19 before matters were really settled by military aid. By that time the service had been pretty well shattered.

One pony rider was surrounded by Indians on the Platte River in Nebraska and died there fighting. The pony escaped in the night and was found several days later, the mochila, unharmed, still hanging from the saddle horn.

There were cases, too, of men running miles to the next station when their ponies had been shot from under them, or been crippled by a fall. Mochilas slung over their shoulders, they would come staggering into the station, lamenting in agonized gasps, and probably cursing, the loss to the schedule.

The Indian raids of 1860 cost the company some \$75,000 and it was fall before the schedule was in shape again. All during that turbulent summer a Presidential campaign was raging in the East. The elections of November were four days past when a famous meeting took place on the plains.

It is the story of the Pony Express that has lived in school readers, histories and memoirs. Its location has slipped from one end of the plains to the other. Sometimes the stage coach is traveling west—sometimes east. But that means little.

The Concord stage was lumbering drearily along through the November night. Passengers dozed in uncomfortable positions, jiggling loosely with the ruts. The faint light of a lantern traveled in a round glow beside the coach. The horses' hoofs clicked on an occasional rock, sending out the flash of a spark. At intervals the driver spoke out of the dark or an animal blew wearily.

Through the sleeping world around the stage there presently rose a distant rolling. It came nearer in a rumble; then the pounding beat of hoofs grew loud. The stage horses lifted their ears, the driver straightened and halloed. A speeding pony shouldered out of the night, hurtling onward as his rider waved a quick hand.

"What's the news?" shouted the stage driver.

"Lincoln's elected! New York gives him 50,000 majority!" The last words, dwindling in the night, came back faintly. A twinkle of sparks from the vanishing heels, a rapid rumble that verged to an occasional whisper—and the pony was gone.

The coach lumbered on its way while the Republicans cheered and the Democrats grumpily demanded proof of the man's words.

The war rose and word thundered west with the pony. News of the firing on Fort Sumter was taken across in 8 days, 14 hours. On November 23, 1860, a lathered pony brought word of the secession of South Carolina and Alabama. The "magnetic telegraph" from Carson City to San Francisco sizzled with the latest as each pony reared before the station. Seven days after the first flash another pony arrived with confirmation of secession.

Pounding across the continent during February of 1861 the pony raced westward with the story of the passage of the Pacific Railroad Bill in the United States Senate. For ten days the tissue dispatch, heavy with stamps, lay locked in the cantina while pony after pony darted onward with the news.

Today the trains heralded by that dispatch cover the same distance in from three to four days, and the aeroplane, beyond all dreams in 1861, spans the same sweep of country in little more than the flight of the sun.

It became the custom for newspapers of '60 and '61 to publish the following announcement:

"The Pony Express will reach here tonight by the steamer from Sacramento, bringing letters to the following parties . . ."

And the "following parties" would be waiting at the Alta office. Such was efficiency in those days.

The war news, condensed to envelope size on sheer paper, was delivered and reprinted in the columns of the San Francisco papers eight days in the rear of the swift parade on the Atlantic Coast. The letters of the New York and Washington correspondents were filled with the color of the times.

The Fire Zouaves, known as Elsworth's Boys, rocked lower New York with their frolics. A troop train speeding over the rails from Missouri to Washington City was wrecked with many casualties. There was the old question: "Is Beauregard dead again?" And on June 15, a pony plunged dustily into Carson City with news of the death of Stephen A. Douglas.

Then on August 2, 1861, came word of a Federal retreat at Bull Run, Virginia. A month or more later came another pony, flaunting his speed with news of the steamer "Northern Light" having left New York on September 11, "carrying the following passengers . . . due here next Saturday."

Considerable space was devoted to the "brilliant speech of Ex-Secretary Holt at New York," given in early September but reaching San Francisco on Thursday, October 3, 1861. The papers told of the "three deafening cheers" given by the audience, followed by "three more for old Kentucky, the entire audience rising simultaneously to its feet, stamping and shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs. . . . It is not often that one sees an audience composed in so large a proportion as this of staid old men, dignified millionaires, shrewd politicians and solemn-faced clergymen, so thoroughly carried away with enthusiasm."

It was such color, such swift detail of the distant East that the pony carried to the far frontier. But dusk was gathering for the little beast. The wires were stealing westward, shimmering from pole to pole as the workmen advanced. The humming of the glistening strands was the dirge of the Pony Express.

News came by a variety of courier service. Stories bore the following head:

"By magnetic telegraph to St. Louis; thence by telegraph to outer station west of Fort Kearney; thence by Pony Express to Ruby Valley Station; thence by telegraph to San Francisco. . . ."

For the wires were stealing east as well as west. One day they would meet and the pony's work would be done. Back to the stage for the long letters, on to the wires for the important messages and news dispatches.

The crowded headlines told of stormy times and recent affairs:

"HOW KENTUCKY HEADS."

"CONFLICTING STATEMENTS ABOUT GENERAL FREMONT."

"JEFF DAVIS TAKES DISTANT VIEW OF WASHINGTON."

"BEAUREGARD MAKES NO SIGN."

"GENERAL ANDERSON'S RETIRING PROCLAMATION."

On October 5, 1861, the Western station at Ruby Valley flashed this word through to San Francisco:

"The Pony Express passed this station at 10:15 this morning with dispatches—Following is yours—"

Soon there rose rumbles of impatience; the Pony Express had fallen from the pedestal of wizardry to be endured as a make-shift. Unblemished, as swift as ever, the famous schedule meant little to the rest of the marching world.

Once more the stage was noticed and talked of. Quoting from the *Bulletin* of October 7, 1861:

"The Overland Mail, consisting of 30 lock letter bags and 10 newspaper bags arrived today at Placerville in 16 days and 18 hours from St. Joe. This is the quickest time yet made between two points by the Overland Mail."

The stage, in which the Overland Mail traveled, carried passengers and all classes of postal matter. The pony took only letters. The following day he was unwittingly slapped again.

"The Overland Mail pours in an avalanche of Eastern papers upon us today. The New York dailies are as late as the 14th of September. In running through our files we find a good deal of matter, which, owing to the late derangement of the Pony Express, is still new——"

Not that the Pony was to blame, rather that progress, the swift times, were sweeping onward like a prairie cyclone, soon to leave the Pony choking in the dust.

The news of the loss of Lexington, traveling by Pony Express, reached Ruby Valley October 12th. The next day a wire went through to San Francisco:

"The Pony Express passed here yesterday. The operator was compelled to go out on the line, which caused some delay in the transmission of news."

And then he beat the pony to San Francisco; told the whole story while the nimble cayuse lunged with all his speed on the westbound trail.

On October 22 appeared his death sentence:

"A great epoch in the progress of California is momentarily anticipated—the completion of the transcontinental telegraph which is to place us in instantaneous communication with all portions of the American Union. Perhaps tomorrow we shall have news from Washington, New York, St. Louis and the armies of the East and West, not an hour old. . . . We may hear that a great battle is already raging and find ourselves waiting in breathless anxiety from moment to moment, for the flashes of magnetic intelligence describing its progress and result. . . ."

The following day, newspapers in San Francisco printed news only four days old. It was worth an editorial:

"For the first time in California, *The Bulletin* publishes news from the Atlantic States only four days old. We had information this a. m. that the short gap in the telegraph line between Ruby Valley and Salt Lake had already been closed up, and then hoped to furnish the public this evening with as late news from Washington and all other points of interest as any other journal in the United States could furnish its readers. But from some unexplained cause, the electric current has not yet passed over this longest stretch of telegraph wire that the world has yet seen. The following dispatch to the telegraph office in this city, gives us all the information yet received as to the completion of the great work.



'Ruby Valley, October 23.

James Gamble, Superintendent.

The section of line between here and Schell Creek is just connected. No current yet from Salt Lake. Cannot tell the reason.

Yontz, operator.' "

Yet the pony galloped on his swift way while the days of glory for him waned towards oblivion. Then the new era dawned!

"Salt Lake, Oct. 24, 5:13 p. m.

"To Gen. H. W. Carpentier:

"Line just completed. Can you come to office?"

"Street."

But there came a lull of several days. No word traveled by wire. San Francisco became impatient, unwilling to wait for the faithful pony with his "eight days later" news. J. Gamble, the local superintendent, dispatched the following wire:

"San Francisco, October 26, 1861.

"E. Creighton, Supt. Pacific Tel. Co.

"What is the reason we get so little business from the East? We will wait all night to get it through if necessary. Can't you keep Eastern lines open until we can get everything through?"

"J. Gamble, Supt."

The reply told of the destruction of the Missouri line. Business had been switched to the private system of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. A new line was being strung through Iowa to connect with Chicago. It would be done in a few days and Creighton would try to arrange for night operators.

Quincy, Illinois, became the rendezvous for newspaper correspondents and the California Associated Press until November 5, 1861, when regular service was resumed. And on November 19, a little pony trotted unnoticed from the foot of Broadway to the Alta Telegraph office, bringing dispatches "eight days later from the East."

Just as the pony had eclipsed the steamer from Panama, so had the telegraph taken from him the pony's glory. There seems

to be no record of a pony express bringing transcontinental news or letters after the nineteenth of November. It was evidently his farewell run. The company was absorbed by the owners of an overland stage line and the pony's work was done.

He had been of great service to a nation and an isolated people, but he cost his backers \$200,000 more than the \$500,000 receipts he earned for them. Eight years after his passing the Pacific Railroad was completed and a new age steamed in with the years.

The last overland mail contract for stage transportation was made between the Government and Wells, Fargo and Co. on October 1, 1868, calling for \$1,750,000 per annum with deduction for carriage by railroad. The mail route via Panama was discontinued after March, 1870. During that month the Central Pacific carried 5,300 pounds of mail daily.

In 1869 California had 469 postoffices, 7,384 miles of routes, 865 miles covered by steamboats, 775 covered by railroad and the rest by stage.

Not one word about the pony. He had vanished and with him his rider. Long ago they passed beyond the summits of an unknown frontier. In their place a giant thrumming dragonfly shuttles back and forth through the heavens above the mountains and plains of their brief day. A lone man, begoggled and helmeted, huddles within polished wood, speeding onward, pushing the airy miles behind him, a hundred an hour.

Perhaps behind the curtain of a high-hung cloud, Wild Bill watches, astride his shaggy cayuse, gazing with envious contempt upon another Hippogriff. And as the throbbing plane soars over Carson Sink, Old Bridger, Chimney Rock and Laramie, unhindered by Indian or road agent, perhaps he shakes his head and lifts the phantom reins:

"Huh," he growls, "that ain't sayin' whut I could do astride his nag or him on top of you. Git along, haws, it's time to travel."

## PILSBURY HODGKINS, PONY RIDER

---

Among the three thousand, one hundred and twelve men who became senior members of The Society of California Pioneers, there was one who brought with him the memories and the romance of the pony rider's days. He was Pilsbury Hodgkins, who rode a white mule along the narrow trails to the mining camps of the 'fifties, his saddlebags laden with letters and papers for the treasure hunters of the Mother Lode.

There were few years of his career devoted to any pursuit but that of perfecting an express schedule. His life story tells the making of an express rider.

He was born in Nobleboro, Maine, February 17, 1825, the youngest of a fairly well-grown family. Three years later his father died and the little boy crept close to the mother, whose sorrow he could not understand. Their companionship grew stronger as the mother's health failed. Most of the children were working out or married, and the boy lived on the homestead with a stern elder brother who had inherited the farm and who seemed to think that his duty ended when he provided a roof and food for the two dependents.

By the time the boy had reached his eighth birthday, he had learned to make his mother comfortable, coax a smile to her pale lips, perform innumerable odd jobs about the farm and somehow wrest an education from the district school.

School was in session but a few weeks of the year, so that the education, such as it was, did not greatly interfere with his brother's ideas of a small boy's training. For seven years Pilsbury lived in this stern environment, finding a strange and almost elderly pleasure in the companionship of his mother, dividing his days between increasingly hard farm work and dwindling school hours. Then one day in 1840 his mother died and his life was empty.

It was not until March of the following year that he realized that the farm had no hold on him, nor his brother any claim. But once the idea struck, his little bundle of clothes was packed and he was on his way. Through the aid of a cousin who lived on a nearby farm, he managed to make a safe escape and struck out for the seashore.

The schooner "Albion" had a captain with a heart. Robinson was his name and when he heard Pilsbury's breathless story, he

hid the boy in the cabin where he sat tense until noon, when the ship cast off and the welcome sound of water hissing along the sides told the runaway that he was free at last.

A friend of his oldest sister harbored him in her house the first night in Boston and the next day he became apprentice boy for a firm of shipwrights and caulkers, Dolbeare and Son. Pilsbury lived with the son, but was evidently allowed to choose his own companions and pursuits of pleasure. It is odd to notice how the boy formed his code, building on the memories of the pale and ailing mother, who preached her creed feebly but well.

"One evening I went to meet some companions by appointment," wrote Hodgkins in his memoirs many years later. "I waited on the corner but they were late. While waiting I began to think it was a mistake to depend on smoking and drinking and the usual accompaniments for pleasure. I went back home and resolved never to use tobacco or intoxicating liquors again, and from that night to the present time (1890) I have never broken my resolution."

Pilsbury remained with his "masters," as he called the firm, until he was twenty-three years old. It was the custom in those days for the masters to provide apprentices with ordinary clothing. When Pilsbury was eighteen, Dolbeare gave him thirty dollars to buy a best suit of clothes and when he was twenty-one gave him forty dollars for the same purpose.

The Dolbeares were progressive people. George, a son, was a machinist and built the machinery for an experimental boat invented by a man named Lehr. It was evidently a sort of steam-boat, for while returning from a trial run one day, the boiler exploded, killing George, mutilating the engineer and completely ruining Pilsbury's new straw hat.

In the fall of 1848 the young man lost all his savings in a swindle conducted by a deacon in his church, which so disgusted him that he caught the California fever and made a bargain to go on the bark "Lanark," agreeing to pay his passage by working as ship's carpenter.

But the captain, a man named Woodbury, taking advantage of the mad haste for the California mines, thought to force Pilsbury to pay him one hundred dollars for the privilege of carpentering and doing seaman's duty besides. Pilsbury, to quote his memoirs, "talked to him very plainly and bid him goodbye, with some remarks more forcible than polite."

He finally made a dicker with the master of the ship "York," bound for San Francisco. The vessel was frozen in at East Boston all winter and did not cast off until April 1, 1849. It was on this voyage that Pilsbury Hodgkins, working as ship's carpenter, took on the nickname "Chips," which he carried through the years. The journey around Cape Horn was no more harrowing than usual and aside from a battle over the water supply, the passengers were at peace with captain and crew. A few days outside of San Francisco the "York" fell in with a number of vessels bound for the same port. Some were out of provisions and some wallowed along with all on board stricken by scurvy. On September 16, 1849, the "York" arrived in San Francisco, landing the most of its cargo near where the Merchants' Exchange now stands.

"Chips" never forgot his first meal in that canvas-tented town. It was served in a tent on the southwest corner of Clay and Montgomery Streets. For one dollar he was regaled on a boiled fish's head, a slice of bread and butter and a cup of coffee.

So far, if you will notice, "Chips" has neither mentioned nor mounted a horse. In fact, he had no more idea of being a pony rider at this time than he had of going home before he had seen the mines.

The "York" left San Francisco in a few days and started for Benicia. Evidently the winds were against them, for they cast anchor off Angel Island, went ashore and shot a deer, whereupon there was subsequent feasting aboard the little ship. Once at Benicia grumbling began. The sixty-three members of the company wanted to do approximately sixty-three different things. So they finally voted to dissolve the company, first appropriating one hundred dollars in cash and six months' provisions for payment of "Chip's" services.

The captain, Cheever by name, made up a party for the mines, consisting of "Chips," Cheever and three others. Cheever's party took a boat from the ship, loaded it with their supplies and set out for Stockton, where swarms of mosquitoes greeted them and made themselves at home.

The only team Cheever's party could find for trucking their goods to the mines was one of oxen at twenty-five cents a pound. Jamestown, Tuolumne County, their objective, was seventy-five miles away. "Chips" and the rest loaded their stuff onto the wagon and the journey began. Each day, what with the mud and the disposition of the animals, they made less progress than the



day before. On the eighth day out "Chips" was taken sick and put to bed on the wagon. The captain nursed him, but "Chips" began to think of the Dolbeares and life looked very bleak to him. After fifteen days the party arrived in Jamestown.

Immediately they found a suitable site for a house and after unloading the goods fell to cutting down trees and preparing logs. These were fastened together with wooden pins, or tree-nails, as he called them.

"We took one-third of one end for a door," wrote "Chips," "and the balance of that end made into a good stone and mud fireplace and chimney, the top of which we made of wood hewn smooth inside and well plastered with mud. We made our logs about five feet high, then had a good canvas covering. We made five bunks; some had canvas for the bottom, but I split out oak shakes, hewed them down straight and smooth, secured each end with a wooden pin, then spread on a thick coat of pine foliage and then my comforter and blankets and had a good bed."

Cooking contracts were soon settled. Each man played cook for one week, being allowed an hour off for preparation of every meal. One member of the party made such poor work of his cooking that "Chips" offered to take his place, rather than take chances of indigestion.

"They were very willing," he observed, "none more so than Smith."

Luck was with "Chips." Sometimes he returned to the cabin with ten and twelve ounces of gold. Every day he added to the purse. Each member of the company turned his day's luck into the common purse, out of which all expenses were paid. Eventually there would be a division of the total profits.

In his memoirs "Chips" gives an interesting statement of prices prevalent in Jamestown that year: "Flour and potatoes, \$1.00 per pound; onions, the size of hen's eggs, \$1.00 each."

Most of the staples they had brought from the ship. When they needed fresh meat someone went out and shot it. On occasion they had deer; on other occasions they had beans and more beans.

Had their mothers or wives been around the dear women would have paled in horror to see the men returning from work in a drenching rain, hanging their dripping clothes on a line in front of the big fireplace and donning them again next morning, wet or dry. But that was luxury, according to what "Chips" wrote of other men.

"I have often seen, while on my way down to the creek, after eating a good warm breakfast, some poor miner roll out of his blankets from alongside of a log, give them a shake, then make a fire, fry his salt pork, then mix flour with water and fry his flapjacks—that would be his breakfast—then go to work and have the same meal, morning, noon and night and perhaps roll himself up in wet blankets and sleep on the ground. The wonder is there were no more deaths, as so many lived in a similar style."

"Chips" comrades discovered miner's lettuce, sometimes called Chinese or California lettuce, in a daring experiment. The party were hungry for greens. It was February of 1850 and all winter they had eaten beans, beans, nothing but beans and bacon. So one morning they started out. Each man was to pluck a different plant, cook it and eat it. When this was done the four sat down to watch and wait for the first spasm. But no one paled or rolled his eyes, and of the four vegetables tested, the little green plant with the stem jutting through the leaf was found to be the most palatable. After that the company had greens at least once a week.

As spring settled luxuriantly on the rough hills of the Jamestown country, several members of the company began to think of San Francisco. So after considerable talk they agreed to sell out everything, and left for Stockton. Once there they took places on a schooner for San Francisco.

Sailing time was delayed by the arrival of two Peruvians with a sick and feeble countryman, whom they carried on board. Thrusting two dollars and a half in his hand and leaving a little food beside him, they hurried ashore.

Two or three hours out of New York on the Pacific, now Pittsburg, the Peruvian "passed in his checks," to quote "Chips." The passengers were saddened in a friendly way, for they had given the lonely man the best of their food and wrapped him in many blankets. His countrymen had neglected to provide sufficient bedding or food for him, despite the fact that it had been specified that the ticket did not include food or bedding, which had to be provided by each traveler.

The captain of the ship was an Englishman, who, not knowing the laws of the country, decided it would be safer to land at New York with the body and report the death. The Alcalde had little to say at first, but discussed the subject with the captains of the several other ships tied up nearby. One of them was the con-

niving old captain of the "Lanark," the man who wanted "Chips" to pay him \$100 for the right to work his way to California.

Woodbury, the captain of the "Lanark," advised the Alcalde to push the case, and "Chips" overheard him tell the court that they must make something handsome out of it. Just how he planned to make something handsome, "Chips" did not learn. But it soon developed that the Alcalde had become convinced that the Peruvian had been murdered for his money on the way down from Stockton.

At any rate the captain of "Chips' " boat and all on board were ordered to appear in court. It must have been a picturesque scene, for every man on the Alcalde's side suddenly bristled with guns and knives. The trial was scheduled for ten o'clock in the morning, when the corpse was brought to the court house and laid on the ground just outside the door. The court house was twelve feet by fourteen and made of zinc. The judge had a box for a seat and a barrel with a board across served as a desk.

The trial began. Some of the passengers were examined. Then the mate was called, but he had gone out. When he was finally found and returned, he moved with the exaggerated drama of too much whisky and walking up to the judge cried:

"I am here!" and sat down heavily on a pile of old zinc. The judge tried to question him but the mate had an alcoholic contempt for alcaides, this one in particular, and his answers were more pointed than polite. The judge soon called another witness.

In the meantime "Chips" sat just outside the door, watching Woodbury with sullen suspicion. A man who called himself "Doctor" came to examine the corpse and search for marks of violence. "Chips'" disgust never dwindled, not even when he wrote his memoirs: "He opened the corner of the blankets, just far enough to see it was a human face and head of hair—that was all."

No sooner had the doctor gone pompously into the zinc-walled courtroom than Woodbury, who had completely forgotten the boy who wanted to work his passage from Boston, approached "Chips" and began questioning him. He asked "Chips" what he knew of the circumstances relative to the Peruvian's death, and the irate young miner told him it was none of his business.

This gave "Chips" no end of satisfaction, but Woodbury stiffened and said: "Be careful what you say and don't talk so impertinently to me. You, perhaps, do not know whom I am."

Then came sweet revenge for "Chips."

"I then looked him straight in the eye and very sharply told him he was mistaken, that I did know him and his name was Woodbury and that I knew him before he came to California, and that I did not know any good of him, and I did not fear him nor his score of 'hunters' that I could see hanging around. He concluded that I was too much for him and walked off."

One can picture the scene, the lean boy of twenty-four defying this hard-faced old sea captain, while men bristling with artillery strolled up and down within hearing of the court house.

After a day of bickering and questioning and glowering looks and scowling faces, the Alcalde rendered the verdict: "Died by the visitation of God," and ordered the captain to bury the Peruvian. So they dug a grave four feet deep, lowered the dead stranger into it and the captain read from the Bible. The grave was soon filled, the head and foot marked with pieces of board and that was the last of the poor Peruvian.

It was dusk by this time so "Chips" party decided to stay at the hotel that night and walk to Martinez next morning, instead of going on with the river boat. It happened that the landlord of the hotel was also the Alcalde who had failed to get anything like a handsome fine out of the English captain. Of him "Chips" wrote:

"After supper Captain Cheever asked for a pack of cards to amuse ourselves before retiring. Oh horrors! The landlord was fearfully indignant; he did not allow card playing in his house. Captain Cheever, with a sarcastic smile, exclaimed: 'Oh Consistency, where art thou?'"

"The next morning we paid our bills, three dollars each for supper, lodging and breakfast (all very coarse) and started for Martinez."

From Martinez "Chips" took passage on a stern-wheeler for San Francisco. She was called the "Sacramento" and "Chips" described her as "an open scow" that "would spring up and down, forward and aft and amidships to conform to the waves, and when I reached San Francisco I was happy."

The young miner was in town but a few days, spending the time in purchasing supplies for another six months at the mines. He had formed a new partnership with two men, J. L. Foster and a Mr. Pike, who had mined near him in Jamestown.

By the middle of May, 1850, they were settled in a cabin on Jackass Gulch. Their claim was a good one and they piled up rich dirt. Water was so scarce that they could not wash it then.

so the mound grew larger each day as they waited for the fall rains. They had a blacksmith shop on the side and Foster, who followed that trade, turned out innumerable crowbars on trust, to be paid for when they got "into the bed of the river, which none of them ever did."

The following February, after they had moved over to Mormon Creek, Hodgkins went to San Francisco and when he returned Foster told him he wanted to sell out and buy a ranch near Suisun. Everything tumbled down at once, for "Pike was away but returned the next day full of whisky and was going to Chinese Camp to start a vegetable garden."

So "Chips" bought them out for \$3,000 each to be paid in ten days, hired a six-ox team to haul some of the rich dirt to the creek, two miles away, and proceeded to wash out the \$6,000. It cost him an ounce a load and he ran three loads a day.

On March first, just one month later, "Chips" found his life work. "Mr. Brown, agent for Reynolds Express, came to me to carry the express through the mining camps. He had been in business about a year."

"Chips" never left the work. Express customs changed but "Chips" changed with them—from horse to stage, from stage to steamer, from steamer to train—until the end of his days. He wrote:

"Left for Sonora, leaving my mining interests with two faithful friends. My duty was to ride the route through the mining camps from the Stanislaus to the Merced River on the arrival of every Eastern mail, taking about a week to each trip. On nearing a mining camp the miners would give a yell: 'Here comes "Chips"!'" By the time I would reach the store of the express agency they would be there, anxiously waiting for news from home.

"I carried letters obtained from San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton and Marysville, charging two dollars and fifty cents each and sometimes more. I sold Eastern and foreign papers, receiving from fifty cents to three dollars each. Sometimes the miners would not have coin and would open a small tin box or buckskin purse and tell me to take out what would be right. In no instance was there any complaint of overcharging, but my cash always overran from ten to thirty dollars each trip. I would take the miners' gold, give receipts specifying what to do with it. The next trip would take them the receipts or duplicate drafts as they ordered. It took from six to eight days to make a trip, taking in Calaveras, Tuolumne, Merced and Mariposa counties, sometimes returning with large amounts of gold and meeting with strange incidents on the trip."



Strange incidents, indeed! Lost in the night on the way from Coulterville to Don Pedros Bar, his mule having taken the wrong trail, "Chips" tied the animal, took off the saddle, unrolled his blankets and slept until daybreak with his mochila full of dust, huddled close to his ear for a pillow.

Another time the mule balked on the way back to Chinese Camp. It was necessary for "Chips" to reach the camp by evening in order to catch the stage bound for Stockton in the morning so that the packages of dust, the money and letters could go out in time to make the mail steamer for the "States." So "Chips" dug his heels into the side of the ornery mule and tore out of Big Oak Flat at six in the evening. The brute made good speed until they reached the top of the hill leading to Moccasin Creek, when the mule balked completely and would not go down. "Chips" coaxed and nudged with his heels; then he got off and pulled but the mule put back its long ears and "Chips" reached for a good stout stick. Mounting, he dug in with his long spurs and whacked away with the stick. The mule started, in fact it bolted, straight down the mountain side over rocks, logs and bushes, pell mell in long bucking leaps. A pack train, winding up the side along the zig-zag trail, halted in amazement and the three Mexicans shouted for "Chips" to watch out or he'd break his neck. But nothing could stop mule or man until the bottom reached up with a thump and the mule lurched, then galloped out across the meadow. For a quick instant "Chips" looked back: "I think my hair raised straight up and nearly forced my hat off," he wrote. "It was like looking up a wall."

But the mule gave him no time to think of that on the wild ride. On to Steven's Bar on the Tuolumne they tore, stopped for a few minutes' mail collection and out towards Jacksonville. By bedtime they were in Chinese Camp, the mule stabled and "Chips" ready to roll up in his blankets. Daybreak found them bound for the stage road, where they caught the rumbling wagon near Shumacher's (Montezuma), fourteen miles from Sonora on the Stockton road. "Chips" put his load of dust, letters and money aboard the "State Express" and made for Sonora, where he rested.

One afternoon on his way back with the collections he stopped at an eating house in Jacksonville. A stage man stood by his horse, guarding the saddle bags until "Chips" should return. When the pony rider came out he was joined by two well-known

ruffians who started conversation as "Chips" inspected the saddle and bags.

"Hello, 'Chips,' where you heading tonight?" asked one man.

"Big Oak Flat."

"You'll have a big hill to climb."

"Guess I can do it," remarked "Chips" as he swung on the animal and set out.

He kept on the road to Big Oak Flat until it made a short turn near the river, putting him out of sight of town. There was no one in sight and he headed the animal up the ravine, tied it in the underbrush and crept down so that he could watch the trail as it wound along the banks of the river towards the ferry at Stevens' Bar. It wasn't long before he heard the pounding of horses' hoofs, then the voices of men.

"Hurry," said one, "or we won't catch him before he crosses the river."

"The odds we'll catch him going up the hill," said the other, and they spurred their horses.

"Chips" scurried back to his horse. (It is evident from his writing that the mule was not always with him on his rides.) Heading the animal towards Jacksonville once more, he hurtled back along the trail, took the regular line out for Sonora and arrived there with his 2000 ounces of gold untouched.

Meantime the two bandits had gone on to Big Oak Flat, learned that "Chips" had beaten them there on his short-cut and given up the job. Some time later they met the pony rider in Sonora, but gave no hint of their disappointment at having missed him on the road to Big Oak Flat. Business methods were being discussed by a group in which "Chips" and the bandits were taking speaking parts.

"When I have work to do I start right in and do it the best I can," said "Chips."

One of the bandits looked across and winked a large wink: "Yes, and you know your business, too," he said.

"Chips" was always on the job, even during vacation time. In the summer of 1851, he was given leave to set out for San Francisco, leaving Sonora Monday afternoon on the way to Stockton. He had to wait some time for the departure of the boat for San Francisco, which was rather unfortunate for his vacation plans. Shortly before the boat was to cast off, the stage arrived from Sacramento with papers from the East for Adams and Company, but none for Reynolds, Todd. This shot a pang through "Chips' "

heart. His beloved company was about to be beaten; made the brunt of jokes through the camps.

Adams and Company had evidently been prepared for the steamer from Panama when it arrived in San Francisco late Saturday afternoon. They had chartered a river steamer, which was ready with steam up when the papers from the mail steamer were put aboard. Quick time was made to Sacramento and the stage had left dust clouds all the way into Stockton. As a result Reynolds, Todd and Company were helpless until the regular steamer arrived.

"Chips" saw the Adams rider whisk out of town with his load of Eastern and foreign papers. He headed out for the mining camps, bound for "Chips'" own district. All thought of vacation vanished.

"Chips" bolted for the Reynolds, Todd office and told Wilkens, the silent partner of the firm, that if he could get papers from Adams, "Chips" would make the distance to the mining camps in less time than the Adams rider or lose a month's salary.

Wilkens couldn't get the papers from Miller, the Adams agent, for he was known, so "Chips" strolled into the office and bargained for spare papers. He said he wanted them cheap as he'd like to sell them. Joe Miller began to count the extra papers. "Chips" leaned casually on the counter and tried not to look too happy. Just then Hamilton, a stage driver for Adams, and, unfortunately, a friend of "Chips," clumped into the office and sang out:

"Hello, Chips, what you doing here?"

Miller stiffened at that word "Chips," snatched back the papers and stuffed them underneath the counter.

"We have no papers to spare," he said, and "Chips" walked out.

He went to M. L. Bird, an old friend, who agreed to buy up the papers. This time Miller finished counting and Bird paid him for the papers. A few minutes later he met "Chips" at the back door of the Reynolds, Todd agency, where Wilkens paid for the papers, which "Chips" folded into the saddle bags. Two hundred papers there were, and they filled both of the big bags.

Then "Chips" swung onto the horse, tied the sleeves of a long-tailed coat around his waist, so that the skirts swung down over the bags—and the race was on.

It was near midnight when he overtook the Adams man and said:

"Good evening, sir, you are traveling late."

The Adams rider explained that he was hurrying to the camps with papers twelve hours ahead of the opposition. "Chips" replied that he preferred traveling at night for the days were so hot. At Knights Ferry on the Stanislaus, "Chips" crossed with the Adams man, then made some sudden excuse and hurried back to identify himself and get a fresh horse. But all the mounts were gone on some emergency expedition, and "Chips" hurried on his way, catching up with the Adams man in about ten miles.

They rode on together until nearly dawn, when "Chips" suggested taking different roads over a certain hill. It is evident that he suggested a race, for the other man saw nothing curious about it. At any rate the Adams man went up over the hill and "Chips" clattered around the rim. He managed to beat him to the meeting of the roads and from there on to the camps scuttled through every short cut known to man or rabbit. At Jamestown he changed horses and made for Sonora, where he distributed papers about the town, sent some on to Columbia and other camps and gave the remaining few to the Adams agent.

Then he went to breakfast, took a look at his weary horse and strolled back to the hotel porch to sit and wait for the Adams rider. Between eight and nine that morning the man arrived, his horse shimmering with sweat and flecked with foam. With a shout the man swung off the heaving animal and waved his bags of papers.

But Sonora looked up most absently from the rims of the newspapers that "Chips" had brought in at six. The race was indeed to the swift.

"And after that he would never speak to me," wrote "Chips" of the Adams rider.

The pony riders of those days were by way of being sleuths, too. One day on the way from Tuttletown to Soldiers' Gulch, "Chips" saw a Mexican hurry out of a cabin, swing onto a fine horse and gallop up the road.

"Chips" rode to the cabin door and saw that the place had been looted. The miners who owned the building were down in a deep hole and had heard nothing for the sound of their shovels and bars. Searching the cabin they discovered that the Mexican had made away with a pistol, money and a watch.

That was enough for "Chips." He followed the Mexican to Tuttletown, where he tried to borrow a gun or pistol, as he never traveled armed. But while he was carrying on a vain search for

weapons, the Mexican, sitting astride his horse in front of a native store, sighted "Chips" and made off.

It was not until the following trip that "Chips" saw the Mexican again. Then he came on him near Robinson's Ferry. The Mexican was riding a mule. This time "Chips" managed to get hold of a pistol and the chase began. The Mexican kept dropping bundles in the hopes of luring "Chips" into picking up at least one, but "Chips" was after his man.

It was the first time the pony rider had carried a pistol and his aim was evidently a trifle wild, for the Mexican managed to escape in the bushes, leaving "Chips" one mule, one Mexican saddle and an excellent lasso. Several weeks later the Mexican was captured, brought in to camp, sentenced to 25 lashes, washed in beef brine and banished for horse stealing and robbery.

The years brought power to various express companies, among them Wells, Fargo and Co., who bought out Reynolds, Todd, taking "Chips" along with the good-will. On March 3, 1853, "Chips" went to Stockton as express agent for Wells, Fargo, having sold out his mining interests. From then on the rivalry between Adams and the Wells, Fargo people was keen and men worked as many as 20 hours a day to beat the other with papers or letters from the "States."

During the following year, when the President's message was expected, "Chips" left Stockton with two extra horses, which he posted at different ranches along the road. Adams had done much the same thing, stationing horses at intervals all along the road out of Oakland.

"I reached Livermore all right," wrote "Chips." "Adams' folks got there about two hours after I did and went on, leaving horses on the way. Harry Rafael was their messenger. When I reached Livermore the owner was not going to let me stop; said there was a place three miles up where they kept a hotel. I told him that was the place for me to stay to meet the man from San Francisco. About that time his head man came out and said: 'What are you doing here, "Chips"?' I knew him well in Stockton, and told him about old Livermore. He said, 'That's all right, he's an old crank. Come into the house and have some breakfast.'"

It was a good breakfast: coffee, eggs and good bread. That was at eight in the morning but the messenger from San Francisco did not arrive with the President's message until nearly midnight. Three minutes later "Chips" was in the saddle.



"Half an hour after starting, it commenced to rain like seven demons," goes his story. "Found my first relay of horses in Patterson's Pass, Livermore Mountains; made a change and went on; got lost and wandered round the mountains till nearly break of day; could see a little light in the horizon, supposed it was the moon going down in the west and traveled from it; continued growing lighter until I could see the hands of my watch when it was 6:30 a.m.; knew then it was break of day—turned round and traveled for it; in about half an hour came onto the main trail; looking back could see Patterson's about six miles distant. Once during the night I came back to Patterson's place, called him up and asked him if he had an express horse for me. He said, 'No, the express man was here an hour ago and got his horse.'

"Neither recognized the other, and I supposed it was the other messenger, there being a stage road and a trail. My route was the trail and I supposed I had got on the other road. After break of day I traveled on towards Stockton.

"About eighteen miles from Stockton I met Old Pop Kelty, one of Adams head men, on his race horse, Sunday morning. I asked him where he was going. He said: 'The feed is short and I am looking for pasture.' I asked him if he had seen Rafael. He said, 'No.' We rode together to Slocum's Ferry. I inquired of Slocum if Rafael had passed. The same answer: 'No.' . . . Was there any chance to ford the river? He said: 'The banks were fifteen feet high, he could never cross.' Then I knew Rafael was lost.

"I came across the river. Old Pop Kelty stayed on the other side. He owned the stage line for Adams and Co., had a fine race horse he would have exchanged with Rafael. Soon after crossing the river came to French Camp. Just then saw old Col. Noble, asked if he had a good horse for me. He said: 'Yes, as good a horse as you ever rode.' We exchanged and a few miles from French Camp met a man looking for me. Asked him the first thing if he had seen Harry Rafael: 'No, shall I take your express?' 'No,' I replied, 'I can beat you in, for I have a fresh horse from the stable.' I put spurs to the horse and away we went, reaching Stockton about 3:00 p.m. I sneaked around to the back door because if Rafael was ahead, I did not want to be laughed at. I was warmly greeted.

"Rafael came in very late, ten or eleven o'clock; said he got lost and so did not hurry; was lost three or four hours. I was fifteen hours out of the way, so had he persevered he would have got in ahead."

In 1857 "Chips'" pony riding days were over. He became a messenger on the river steamers, where he worked between

Stockton and San Francisco for thirteen years, one of the Wells, Fargo's most trusted employees. The amount of treasure he carried can only be approximated, but from June 20, 1857, to June 30, 1858, he carried from Stockton to San Francisco, \$1,254,514 in coin and \$3,167,237 in dust, totaling \$4,421,751. There was an alternate messenger, who probably handled quite as much.

"So there was quite a brisk business on the river," was "Chips'" comment.

In 1869 he took the express run from Portland aboard the "Ajax." In 1870 he ran between San Diego and San Francisco. In May, 1876, "Uncle Henry" Wells suggested that "Chips" give an Express Reception, celebrating his 25th anniversary of service for the Wells, Fargo people. Five hundred guests attended the reception and "Uncle Henry" Wells recalled the days when he carried the express in his valise.

"Chips'" last trip to San Diego was made in 1877. During the years that followed he took charge of the steamer business for the company. In September, 1886, he went into the collection and C. O. D. department, traveling about San Francisco with a book under his left arm, a bag slung over his right shoulder and his left hand full of collections and envelopes.

"If a man had been disposed he could have hit me on the head, taken the bag of money and escaped before he could have been caught," wrote "Chips."

Forty-two years of service to the express, the perfection of the schedule, did "Chips" Hodgkins give. Then one day in September, 1892, he was taken sick. Pneumonia, the doctors called it. On the sixth, with his family about him, he suddenly raised up from the pillow and muttered:

"That express has gone wrong!"

And "Chips" was dead.









Vol. II

No. 4

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE

*Editor*

DOLores WALDORF BRYANT

*Assistant Editor*

SAN FRANCISCO

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DECEMBER 31, 1925



OFFICERS  
OF THE  
Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1925 TO JULY, 1926

---

**President**

CHARLES S. CUSHING

**Vice-Presidents**

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver.....	San Francisco
James K. Moffitt.....	San Francisco
R. R. Russ.....	San Francisco
William T. Hale.....	San Francisco
Jules Auradou .....	Healdsburg

**Treasurer**

CHARLES J. DEERING

**Secretary and Historian**

HENRY L. BYRNE

**Marshal**

J. H. P. GEDGE

**Directors**

JAMES P. TAYLOR	W. I. STERETT
J. H. SKINNER	E. G. GEARY
JOHN J. LERMEN	H. L. VAN WINKLE
O. P. STIDGER	DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN
F. de P. TELLER	

# PRESIDENTS

FROM ORGANIZATION TO DATE

1	WILLIAM DAVIS MERRY HOWARD	Mass.	1850-3
2	SAMUEL BRANNAN	Maine	1853-4
3	JACOB RINK SNYDER	Pennsylvania	1854-5
4	STEPHEN RANDALL HARRIS	New York	1855-6
5	THOMAS OLIVER LARKIN	Mass.	1856-7
6	ALEXANDER GURDON ABELL	New York	1857-60
7	PHILIP AUGUSTIN ROACH	Ireland	1860-1
8	HENRY MARTIN GRAY	New York	1861-2
9	OWEN PAUL SUTTON	New York	1862-3
10	WILLARD BRIGHAM FARWELL	Mass.	1863-4
11	JOSEPH WEBB WINANS	New York	1864-5
12	PIERRE BARLOW CORNWALL	New York	1865-6
13	ROBERT JOYCE TIFFANY	New York	1866-7
14	WILLIAM RUFUS WHEATON	New York	1867-8
15	WILLIAM HENRY CLARK	Maine	1868-9
16	RICHARD CHENERY	Mass.	1869-70
17	CHARLES DANIEL CARTER	New York	1870-1
18	ALEXEY WALDEMAR VON SCHMIDT	Russia	1871-2
19	PETER DONAHUE	Scotland	1872-3
20	JAMES LICK	Pennsylvania	1873 to Oct., '76
21	WILLIAM TELL COLEMAN	Kentucky	Oct., '76, to July, '77
22	PETER DEAN	England	1877-8
23	SERRANUS CLINTON HASTINGS	New York	1878-9
24	HENRY LEE DODGE	Vermont	1879-80
25	JOSEPH GREEN EASTLAND	Tennessee	1880-2
26	WASHINGTON BARTLETT	Georgia	1882-3
27	NATHANIEL HOLLAND	Pennsylvania	1883-4
28	LOUIS SLOSS	Germany	1884-5
29	JOHN NIGHTINGALE	New Jersey	1885-6
30	GUSTAVE REIS	Germany	1886-7
31	ISAAC ELPHINSTONE DAVIS	Mass.	1887-8
32	ARTHUR MERCEIN EBBETS	New York	1888-9
33	EDWARD KRUSE	Germany	1889-90
34	ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY	Ireland	1890-1
35	LIVINGSTON L. BAKER	Maine	1891-2
36	C. V. S. GIBBS	Rhode Island	1892-4
37	CHRISTIAN REIS	Germany	1894-5
38	HEBER NUTTER TILDEN	Vermont	1895-6
39	ELLIOTT M. ROOT	New York	1896-7
40	JOHN H. JEWETT	Connecticut	1897-8
41	AYLETT RAINS COTTON	Ohio	1898-9
42	NILES SEARLS	New York	1899-1900
43	E. W. MCKINSTRY	Michigan	1900-1901
44	WALTER VAN DYKE	New York	1901-2
45	HENRY BEAUCHAMP RUSS	New York	1902-3
46	JOHN JEFFERSON DEHAVEN	Missouri	1903-4
47	JOHN MAY BURNETT	Missouri	1904-5
48	WILLIAM WHITE HOBART	Michigan	1905-7
49	HENRY LOUIS BYRNE	Louisiana	1907-10
50	HART BOUTON	New York	1910-11
51	TITUS HALE	Missouri	1911-13
52	JOHN JACOB LERMAN	California	1913-14
53	JAMES PETER TAYLOR	Australia	1914-16
54	J. H. P. GEDGE	Tasmania	1916-17
55	FREDERICK RUSS	New Jersey	1917-18
56	M. STUART TAYLOR	Washington, D. C.	July, '18 to May, '19
57	W. H. WILLIAMS	New Zealand	May, '19, to Feb., '20
58	JOHN S. DRUM	California	1920-21
59	FRANK J. GEDGE	Tasmania	1921-Jan. 12, '23
60	H. L. VAN WINKLE	New Jersey	1923-25
61	CHARLES S. CUSHING	California	1925

## FORWARD

---

It must be understood that in giving this brief history of San Francisco in 1850, no attempt has been made to chronicle all the events nor all of the local color. Perhaps no other year in the life of the city has been so full of importance and incident. It was a year of extremes, a year of achievement, a year of tragedy, of comedy and of great rascality. The reader who travels back through the calendar to the city depicted in the following pages will find himself upon the high spots, as it were. If he is tempted to delve deeper into the story of this romantic town, the work of the editors will not have been in vain.

### SAN FRANCISCO, 1850

As California's Diamond Jubilee Year wanes with December, let us pause for an instant in our march with Time and look back upon a new-made town, the San Francisco of 1850.

Through the fog it rises, ragged with scaffolding, noisy with the sound of hammer and saw. Out of ashes and embers and smoking debris it struggles to life again, and faces the array of months which are awaiting with disaster, fame and new glory.

The fire of December 24th, 1849, has much to do with this story, for the gold-mad town of 1849 had been built of canvas and flimsy wood. There had been no time to bother with care in construction. The fire which broke out in Dennison's Exchange ate up the fragile stuff and swept away fortunes.

But money could be spared in the days of '49 and reconstruction began at once. By New Year's Day the city was bright with new boards, and lumber was piled in readiness for other buildings. No one thought to take precaution against another such orgy of flame and the structures were just as frail as those of 1849. It took more than one fire in 1850 to convince the cheerful losers of San Francisco that fire prevention meant a great deal more than fire fighting.

Among the men who faced 1850 with depleted pocketbooks was one Horace O. Gaylord, who told his own story in a plea presented by his attorneys:

"To the Town Council of the city of San Francisco.

The Memorial of Horace O. Gaylord respectfully shows—

"That at the late disastrous fire on the morning of the 24th inst. his building situated West of the Plaza in the rear of the Parker House and between Washington and Clay



streets, was pulled down by the command of Messrs. Brannan, Stewart and Simmons, acting in the name of the Town Council, of which they are members, under the impression that it was necessary to sacrifice the said building, in order to stop the further progress of the Fire. Without entering into any further questions of fact, your Memorialist is at present advised, that if the said building was so pulled down by Members of the Town Council acting by the authority of the Town Council conferred upon them by law, then your Memorialist is not to look to those members of the Town Council for compensation for the damages which he has sustained but that the Town Council is responsible for the same, and has the power after paying over the amount of damages to assess and collect the same from the owners of property benefited by the sacrifice of said building.

"Your Memorialist would further state that the building so pulled down was nearly completed, at an expense of about \$10,000, that your Memorialist was and still is paying a ground rent on the land upon which the same is situated of \$300 per month: that he had already underleased the upper part of said building at a rent of \$500 per month and could at any time have leased the residue for the rent of \$25,000. In view of the premises, your Memorialist respectfully asks your Honorable Body to examine into the facts of the case, and to make adequate recommendation for the damages which your Memorialist has sustained, and which he estimates at the sum of \$10,000, while he yet holds himself ready to meet the Town Council in a fair spirit of Compromise and Conciliation, in adjusting the amount to be paid on behalf of the corporation for the heavy loss which he has sustained.

Yours respectfully,

HORACE O. GAYLORD.

By Dwinelle Holt and Marshall his attorneys."

"San Francisco—Dec. 25th, 1849."

The fire of December 24, 1849, developed some new tricks in fire fighting which came in very handy during the subsequent conflagrations of 1850. And they were conflagrations! There was no high pressure system, no handy hydrant, no screaming fire truck with siren calling like a war-bound demon. No one had invented masks for firemen; in fact, there were no firemen, merely volunteers. And when volunteers were lacking, the property owners either hired or pummeled men into helping.

That burning Christmas Eve of 1849 saw houses burst into flames from the very heat of the livid buildings across the way.

Men hung wet blankets on the sides of their stores and paid as high as one dollar a bucket for water to hurl on the steaming cloth. Others spattered the mud of the mired streets on the walls. And most of the area between Washington, Clay, Kearny and Montgomery streets was dynamited in order to stay the march of the flames. The loss in that block alone was said to have totaled \$1,250,000.

While we are on the subject of fires, we may as well continue through the year of 1850 and see San Francisco fade in smoke and rise again three times. That does not allow for the several quarter million dollar fires which destroyed a number of buildings but did not spread any distance.

On May 4, 1850, fire broke out at four in the morning, starting on the east side of the United States Exchange. The building in which the fire began was set off by an incendiary, it appeared, but the police could not find evidence enough to put the few suspects on trial. The mayor offered \$5,000 reward for the capture of the criminal, but it was never claimed. At any rate, incendiary or accidental, the flames waxed hot and licked up three building blocks before eleven that morning. Buildings were wrecked, blown up and generally demolished to stay the flames. Most of Dupont Street was wiped out by its property owners before the fire arrived.

It was this fire which proved the need of a fire department and fire prevention, for men refused to fight the flames unless they were paid. Of course there were volunteers, but the old spirit of neighborliness was waning. Too many idlers and Sidney men. The police were kept busy preventing wholesale thefts of goods saved from the fire, and the disorder among the scoffing, surly Sidney men was enough to keep the small force on the jump.

As matters stood when the fire had been put out and smoking havoc lay between Kearny, Clay, Montgomery and Washington and Dupont, Montgomery, Washington and Jackson, the city was badly in need of fire fighting equipment and men. During the month the City Council passed an ordinance declaring that any person who refused to fight fire or help remove threatened goods would be fined not less than \$5 nor more than \$100. The most important move was the ordinance authorizing the mayor to contract for the digging of artesian wells and for the construction of reservoirs in various parts of the city. A third ordinance provided that every householder should have six buckets in readiness for use in fighting all fires.

The second conflagration, caused by a defective chimney, began at eight on the morning of June 14, 1850, destroyed the light frame bakery in which it started, gobbled up the Merchant's Hotel in front, rose with a high wind and swept to the waterfront. It started between Sacramento and Clay and stopped only when it had blackened the entire area between Clay, California, Kearny and the bay. Here and there a building stood, but for the most part the desolation was complete. This time, though reconstruction began at once, buildings were set up substantially and of solid stuffs. The good San Franciscans had learned that fireproof material is expensive to buy, but cheaper to keep.

It was not until September 17, that fire swept the city again. This time the flames rose from the "Philadelphia House" on the north side of Jackson, near Washington Street. It began at four in the morning, and before it subsided the low buildings between Dupont, Montgomery, Washington and Pacific had vanished. The damage was estimated between \$125,000 and \$500,000, a mere bagatelle, as it were. The new-born fire department worked valiantly, but the shortage of water was as great a handicap to them as it was to their successors one April morning fifty-six years later.

The last fire of the year leapt into being on the night of December 14. Strangely enough, it broke out in an iron building on Sacramento below Montgomery. Iron or not, the building became a liability and with it went several adjacent stores and their contents. This fire was in the million dollar class, but failed to arrive at the spectacular either during its best moments or in the after scene.

The city's fire department really sprang into being on the day before Christmas, 1849, when David C. Broderick and a number of other quick-witted citizens, formed a volunteer fire company, which became the Empire Engine Company. It was formally organized some months later on June 14, 1850. The other companies and their dates of organization were:

Howard Engine Company, June 14, 1850.

California Engine Company, October 10, 1850.

Knickerbocker Engine Company, October 17, 1850.

Monumental Engine Companies (Nos. 6 and 7), June, 1850.

St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company, June 14, 1850.

Sansome Hook and Ladder Company, June 14, 1850.

The fires of 1850 were no warmer than political feeling during the year. It was a new town and there was much to be done. New

precedents, new officers, new men and new ideas. All this to be brought about by the choice of a people who had come from the furthest points of the continent, even by people who had come from the furthest points of the globe, although they were not announcing that at the polls.

The first election day fell on January 8th, a cold, windy, rain-drenched day with the streets running mud. Red and brown muck, it was, with the dutiful voters lurching through it, sometimes falling in spite of themselves. The election was for the choice of members to the Legislature, of *alcaldes* and of the *ayuntamiento*. Feeling was intense and the paths to the polls were lined with bearded and heavily becoated men who poked election tickets in the faces of the passersby and shouted: "Here's for Geary and the old Council" or "Geary and the old Council forever."

One man, rocking his way through the mud, shouted back, "I go for a new Council, sidewalks and clean streets," And some one else advised, "Let's give a new one a chance at the public crib."

Off with the old and on with the new. It's much the same, whether in 1850 or 1925. In 1850 some of the old were retained and some of the new elected. The result of the ballot was as follows:

State Senator, David C. Broderick.

Member of Assembly, Samuel J. Clarke.

First *Alcalde*, John W. Geary.

Second *Alcalde*, Frank Turk.

*Ayuntamiento*, A. J. Ellis, Talbot H. Green, Wm. M. Stewart, W. H. Davis, Samuel Brannan, James S. Graham, Frank Tilford, F. C. Gray, J. Hagan, M. Crooks, A. M. Van Nostrand, and Hugh C. Murray.

On the first of the following April the first county election was held. The campaign for the sheriff's star was a three-cornered fight and held the public mind so thoroughly that little is recorded of the activities of the other candidates.

The Whigs offered Col. J. Townes; the Democrats, Col. J. J. Bryant, and the Independents, Col. John C. Hayes of the Texas Rangers.

Now Bryant owned the "Bryant House," formerly the "Ward House." As election day drew near fine liquors were served free over the bright bar of that hostelry. After the nomination, a band played on the balcony every day. Free lunches were served in the saloon and elegant free lunches at that! The building was richly

decorated with flags and buntings. All in all it was a powerful appeal to the impressionable voter.

On March 26th, by way of reprisal, a Hayes mass meeting was held on the Plaza. There was a parade headed by a band that "oompahed" up and down the main streets while the pedestrians and storekeepers cheered as loudly for Hayes as they had praised Bryant's liquor.

That night Bryant's busy Democrats assembled in the Plaza with torches and banners. There were transparencies, laden carriages, flags, and the entire town, to say nothing of the small boys. There were orations and roaring cannons, a parade, a speech by Bryant, and once more the populace was with the hotelman.

Then April first dawned. The argument about who should be judges at the polls was settled and voting began. It very soon came out that Hayes was the popular choice, or would be if matters kept on as they were. This was too much for the Bryant faction. Another grand parade was organized. Mounted men, carriages filled with puffy-cheeked bands, flapping flags and marchers passed through the streets, sweeping votes along with them. Public sentiment surged to Bryant, and for the moment he led the race. Just for the moment.

A handsome man on a black horse appeared on Montgomery Street. The man was bareheaded and alone. His horse minced, pranced and sidled, with neck arched and nostrils quivering. Though he reared and plunged, tossed and side-stepped, the handsome man rode calm and gracious. His aloof manner, his very air of confidence so overwhelmed the onlookers that they swept around him in cheers. Then Hayes, wise man, gave the horse full rein and the beast plunged down the street in a wild, mad gallop. It won Hayes the election. He became San Francisco's first sheriff. The other officers were:

County Judge, R. N. Morrison.  
 County Recorder, J. A. McGlynn.  
 County Surveyor, Wm. W. Eddy.  
 County Treasurer, G. W. Endicott.  
 District Attorney, Calhoun Benham.  
 County Clerk, John E. Addison.  
 County Assessor, David M. Chauncey.  
 County Coroner, Edward Gallagher.  
 County Attorney, T. J. Smith.  
 Clerk of the Supreme Court, E. H. Tharp.

On the fifteenth of April, the new city charter was passed by the State Legislature and the city limits were set at two miles



south of the center of Portsmouth Square on a line parallel with Clay Street. On the west the boundary was one and one-half miles west of the center of Portsmouth Square parallel with Kearny Street. The northern and eastern boundaries were the same as they are today, the bay and the ocean.

The city was also divided into eight, instead of four wards, so that the election on May 1st, called for two chief and two assistant aldermen from each ward and as many assessors. They were to hold office for a year. The results of that election were:

Mayor, John W. Geary.  
 Recorder, Frank Tilford.  
 Marshal, Malachi Fallon.  
 City Attorney, Thos. H. Holt.  
 Treasurer, Charles G. Scott.  
 Comptroller, Benj. L. Berry.  
 Tax Collector, Wm. M. Irwin.  
 Street Commissioner, Dennis McCarthy.

The eight First Aldermen elected were: Charles Min-turn, F. W. Macondray, D. Gillespie, A. A. Selover, Wm. Greene, C. W. Stuart, Wm. M. Burgoyne, M. L. Mott.

The eight Assistant Aldermen were: A. Bartol, C. T. Botts, Wm. Sharon, John Maynard, John P. Van Ness, L. T. Wilson, A. Morris, Wm. Corbett.

The eight Assessors were: Robert B. Hampton, Halsey Brower, John Garvey, John H. Gihon, Francis C. Bennett, John P. Haff, Beverly Miller, Lewis B. Coffin.

Of these men, Burgoyne, among the eight Aldermen, never took office, going East directly the election was over. Macondray resigned shortly afterwards, so on June 27th, an election was held and Moses G. Leonard and John Middleton were chosen to fill the vacant chairs. John Maynard, Assistant Alderman, resigned June 24th, followed a short time later by C. T. Botts. George W. Green and James Grant took their places.

There was little love between the Common Council and Mayor John W. Geary. For one thing he was a believer in economy. The Common Council was not.

While this august body was enjoying its new power, it passed an ordinance granting salaries to all its members and to the chief municipal officers, namely, the Mayor, Recorder and one or two others. The members of the Common Council, First Alderman and assistant, were to receive \$6,000 a year. The Mayor and the other chief officers were to receive \$10,000 a year.

In spite of the prodigious sop offered to Geary, he was bitterly opposed to the action of the Council, vetoing all ordinances and accompanying the last with the following message:

"With scarcely a dollar in the public treasury—without the means of discharging even the interest falling due on the scrip already issued—the city credit impaired and general bankruptcy staring us in the face, retrenchment should be the order of the day, rather than the opening up of new modes of making enormous and heretofore unknown expenditures."

This delighted the public, which had been holding mass meetings of indignation for some time, but it so displeased the Aldermen that they passed the ordinance, minus any salary at all for the Mayor. However, the protests of the Mayor and people had some effect; for the salary of the Aldermen was fixed at \$4,000 instead of \$6,000.

Political parties, like many other phases of San Francisco life, did not take actual form until 1850. Previously, each man had his following. Although the parties were such in name, each organization was broken up into many factions. But on March 9th, 1850, the Democrats decided to unite and met for that purpose on Portsmouth Square. About one thousand men appeared. There was a flag over the speakers' stand and several addresses were made. It was a peaceable assemblage until the time came to form the resolutions expressing the purposes and aims of the party. Each faction wanted its particular ideas to rule the entire party. The chairman could not get the sway of opinion, for each clique made such a roaring of assent or dissent that there was no deciding about it. And while the poor man was trying to catch the tone shades, the different factions began pounding "ayes" and "noes" out of each other in the hopes of bringing about a peaceable agreement.

It turned into a free battle. Eventually an armistice was brought about and a vote of hands was called, but so many held up both hands that someone suggested a withdrawal of Whigs. This lessened the gathering by one-half, which set the Whigs to cheering mightily when they saw how many were on "our side." That started another fight and the meeting adjourned.

Take it all in all, the spring of 1850 was an exciting one. During February, squatter troubles began. It was in the Rincon. The United States Government had leased some land to Theodore Shillaber, but when he tried to take possession he found it occupied by squatters, who had set up their tents and shanties. Most

of them were from Sidney, which was synonymous with trouble, and refused to either vacate or pay rent. Captain Keyes and twenty soldiers from the Presidio called upon the squatters of the Rincon and when they had finished, Mr. Shillaber's newly leased land had been freed of squatters, shanties and tents.

The Colton grants provided another land trouble during the month of March, and for some time afterwards. Horace Hawes, Prefect of the San Francisco district, had given G. Q. Colton, Justice of the Peace, orders to sell municipal lands in his district. He was to account to Hawes for the proceeds. The Court of First Instance granted an injunction restraining Colton, but Hawes annulled the injunction by mandate and Colton kept on selling. The Ayuntamiento made charges against Hawes, appealed to the Governor and finally succeeded in having Hawes suspended from the duties of his office. Then litigation began and continued for many a day.

While we are on the subject of squatters and land, we might mention the relief expedition San Francisco sent north during Sacramento's squatter riots. It was during August. Geary issued a proclamation calling upon citizens to volunteer and be ready to answer the call for aid. The California Guard, under Captain Howard, with 80 men, and the Protection Fire Company No. 2, under Captain McCormick, with between 40 and 50 men, reported and left on the steamer "Senator," which had been placed at their disposal by Charles Minturn. The two companies arrived in Sacramento at eleven that night to learn that the riots had subsided, so there was nothing to do but wait until time to go home. Sacramento turned the affair into a social gathering, entertaining the visitors several days before they returned.

Geary made another appeal to public sympathy on the 21st of August, when, through the morning papers, he informed the people of the "destitution, distress and extreme suffering of the immigrants to California by the overland route."

A committee was appointed to gather funds and provisions. Among the committee were John W. Geary, E. E. Dubar, E. C. Kemble, Talbot H. Green, Henry M. Naglee, W. H. Parker, Wm. Sharon and David C. Broderick. They told the story of the 10,000 immigrants on the other side of the Sierras unable to cross the mountains for the lack of teams, money or food, and before night, they had a huge supply of provisions and \$6,000 in cash.

They were a genial, kindly people, those early San Franciscans—a friendly sort and picturesque. There were between 25,000

and 30,000 inhabitants by the end of 1850, 3,600 of them having come in by sea during the year; about 2,000 were women. Of these 2,000, which was very little less than the entire bepetticoated population of the town, not a few came for the gold, the luring dance halls and gambling saloons of the city. Yet the man-made town of '49 was still so new to women that many of the "old timers" continued to doff their hats to any woman they passed on the streets. In fact, it was something of a custom, a sign of breeding.

It must have been a quaint and colorful town—great contrast to the San Francisco of today with its mounting crop of skyscrapers and its growing population, now approximated by the gas, water and telephone companies at more than 800,000.

It was a city of brick by the fall of 1850. There was a railroad line clattering along Battery from the steam paddy north of Happy Valley. South of the present Market Street was this Happy Valley, happy in what, only the residents knew, for, according to the records, it was a place of poverty and dirt until fall, when the industrial district sprang up, and then it was noisy with the racket of shipyard and foundry.

Between this haven of cheap rents and the town proper, heaved the dunes, and it was these dunes which were vanishing before the paddy. The sand was being carried on the gravity railroad along Battery Street, with a man blowing a horn from the leading car, and being dumped into the marshland of Yerba Buena Cove.

The store ship, Niantic, then a hotel, and other sisters of '49, lay well within the land. Out on the bay were ships newly manned with sailors returned from the mines. Steamers, laden with passengers for the States, churned out toward the Gate. Others, as heavily burdened with newcomers and gold seekers, came wearily in from Panama. There were river steamers, busy and numberless. Many of them were old sailing vessels made over, and it took very little strain on the boilers to send them flying into flinders.

At this time the cove was shot with wharves, on which stood stores, lodging houses and offices. Signboards made colorful the fog-soaked wood. The fruits of the steam paddy's labors did not fill in around the famous boat stairs of Long Wharf until the spring of 1851.

The wharves standing in 1850 were Central (Long Wharf), the Market Street Wharf, California Street Wharf, Howison's



Pier, Clay Street Wharf, Washington Street Wharf, Jackson Street Wharf, Pacific Street Wharf, Broadway Wharf, Cunningham's Wharf, and Law's Wharf, covering in all about two miles and costing about \$1,000,000.

What with the fires of 1850 and the constant rebuilding, it is difficult to hit upon an average of the city as it must have looked, for in the earlier part of the year there were light frame buildings through the center of town. But as winter drew near and the policy changed, red brick loomed in the business section, shot here and there with a sturdily built frame structure. It was only on the outskirts of town that one came upon the shanties and the canvas houses of old '49.

The center of town, of course, was the Plaza and the Old Adobe (Custom House), but that went up in the smoke of September, 1850. There was also the famous flag pole, 111 feet high, given to San Francisco by the people of Portland, Oregon. That, and a fenced-in enclosure shared the mud of the Plaza with the Old Adobe until June 7th, when the pole was removed and set up in front of the new Custom House at the corner of Montgomery and California streets. Incident with mention of the pole, it might be well to add that, though the pole itself was a gift, the city had to pay \$100 for the digging of a hole to house the base and \$200 for the rigging of halyards to lift a flag.

Mud and wooden sidewalks made up the streets that ran northeast and south of the Plaza. On the east the mud very soon faded out on the planking of the wharves. The buildings edging the waterfront were, for the most part, built up on piles even with the wharves.

Telegraph Hill was brown with hovels and shanties, the abode of Little Chile; a little below lay Sidney Valley, home of the Sidney Ducks. North Beach (the beach itself) lay between the Presidio and Telegraph Hill. There was little to see: just a small wharf and the planing mill of Williams and Meiggs. Not the famous Harry, but his brother, John C. Meiggs.

South of Market lay Happy Valley, as we have written, Rincon Hill—not the place of fashion it became some years later—and a vast area of marshland.

It was during 1850 that the famous Russ family defied the town and moved into the marshland, now Sixth and Harrison streets. It was a knoll, about the only really dry spot in the midst of marsh growth and water. But there a house was built and there the family lived, with a narrow causeway running to the knoll.



Not so many years later this knoll became the center of a popular amusement park, taking the name Russ Gardens.

There was a great activity in street improvements during 1850. Most of the main streets were planked, piles were driven into the sand to stay weak spots, "commodious sewers formed"—altogether it took up \$500,000, one-third being paid by the city and the rest by assessments on property owners.

During the fall, work was begun on planking the road to the Mission. Hitherto it had been sand and hard hauling. Freighting over this road amounted to \$15 and \$20 for a load of hay running from the Plaza to the Mission.

From mud to planks was the least of the streets' progress during 1850. Some of them were filled in with boxes of tobacco, wire sieves, rolls of sheet lead, cement and barrels of beef. Any excess cargo from the vessels in the bay would sooner or later find its way either to the auction block or a mud hole in one of the streets.

Prices had been so gloriously high in 1849 that merchants overbought in their optimism and the slump came in 1850, when the town was loaded with goods that could not be used. It was a joyous year for the auctioneer.

But to return to the streets. The spring of 1850 found them rivers of mud with travelers carrying lanterns at night and riding cautiously by day. Either afoot or on horseback, there was always the danger of stepping into a tangle of wires or debris and going down into the muck.

While they probably had no traffic officers of any sort in 1850, they must have needed them, what with the laborers piling freight on the sidewalks, the auctioneers shouting their bargains, the wagons backing up to the sidewalk's edge for loading "knocked down wares," the pack animals struggling through the mud, the men on horseback trying to show off their mettlesome beasts, the Chinamen scampering out from under the plunging hoofs and the restless men wandering from barroom to saloon and back again.

The streets of mud must have been bad enough, but one wonders what it was like when perchance the fog held off long enough for the muck to dry and the dust to rise!

The costumes of the year were little like the conventional "bags" and all their ramifications of 1925. There were miners in checked or woollen shirts of red and of blue. No white collars ever irked their throats. A kerchief was tied loosely above the open collar, and an untrimmed beard did for a necktie. The pan-

taloon, of a dark and durable material, were lazily tucked into the tops of high, worn boots. A slouch hat and as many weapons as the owner felt he needed for self protection . . . that was one style.

There was another . . . the gambler's. His was one of elegance—a white shirt with diamond studs, a breast pin of gold, a chain of gold specimens, a broad-brimmed hat with feathers or a squirrel's tail under the band, top boots and a bright colored sash thrown over his shoulder or wound around his waist.

One could tell the type of man by his costume. The Britisher clung to his shooting jacket, the Yankee to his blacks, the Parisian to his close cut clothes, his tall hat, his stiff collar. Then there was the newly favored black beaver, the frock coat, and for some, the sombrero. The latter was rather a thing of style with the young men of the day.

Of the women's costumes one finds scant mention. In fact, there is little to be found concerning the women of 1850. Even the men did the washing then, although the pond between Franklin, Octavia, Filbert and Lombard was called Washerwoman's Bay. The few women who worked there were Mexicans and Indians. They could not compete with the budding laundries, housed in tents, with huge kettles full of boiling clothes, and washboards slanting along the shores of the pond. But the big bruisers who managed these amateur laundries were muscular and dreadfully hard on clothes. It is supposed to have been the reason why a persistent story remains concerning the laundry that was sent to Honolulu and China at \$8.00 a dozen. Considering the length of time it took for a vessel to make the round trip, one wonders whether the owner of the clothes was rich enough to buy the desired garments or firm-willed enough to wear the same articles until the laundry came back from Honolulu or points west.

The pleasures of San Francisco were many. Lotteries, bull fights, bull and bear fights, theaters, regattas, horse races, prize fights and gambling thrived, although the latter was forbidden on Sunday by an ordinance made September 14, 1850. The bull fights were usually announced by a tall, black, bell ringer, conspicuous for a white beaver hat with a broad blue band.

Of course, there were innumerable bar rooms and gambling saloons where there seemed to be a glittering confusion of mirrors and pretty women and gay music. Some of the saloons opened wide on the street, and there was Sherreback's "Our House" on the rear of a lot at the southeast corner of Washington and

Kearny streets. It lacked both bar and counter. A table stood in the center of the room. Wine and refreshments, both liquid and solid, were on the table and all one did was help one's self.

Of theaters there were a number. Rowe and Foley established a sort of theater early in 1850, but the first theatrical performance was given by a company managed by Atwater and Madison in Washington Hall, on Washington Street opposite the Plaza, on January 16th, 1850. According to the story, the season ended on January 23rd, owing to the fact that the treasurer of the company lost the week's receipts at monte the night before pay day. This broke up the show.

During the month of January a concert was given in the California Exchange, and a series of recitals by Henri Herz, pianist, were held in April at the National Theater on Washington Street.

During February, 1850, the Virginia Serenaders played in Washington Hall, and Rowe's Olympic Circus added a stage, putting on such plays as Othello, William Tell and Richard III. Not long afterwards Rowe sold out to Foley, the clown, who was famous for having declared that he couldn't live on \$1,500 a month. In August, though, Rowe opened his "New Olympic Amphitheater" on Montgomery between Sacramento and California streets.

Washington Hall was destroyed by fire on May 4th, 1850, which also wiped out the New National Theater, opened on February 19th. It stood on Washington Street between Montgomery and Kearny, a sturdy brick building.

Another form of entertainment was the model artist exhibition and tableaux. The Phoenix Exchange went in for this sort of theatricals, opening March 24th, but the big fire of May 4th closed the show. Robinson and Everard's Museum on California Street opened July 4th, 1850, and did very well.

Besides the theatrical performances and tableaux, San Francisco went in for masquerades and grand balls. The first masquerade ball was held March 2nd in the National Theater. And the grand ball of July 3rd, 1850, held in the St. Francis Hotel, was an event to remember, for 60 ladies attended.

From entertainment in 1850 we may as well swing to uplift and religion for the year. It is strange indeed that the Powell street of 1850 should be the street of churches. Three were on Powell and four within a very short distance. The First Baptist was on Washington, Trinity on Powell, between Washington and Jackson; First Congregational on the corner of Jackson and Virginia; Methodist Episcopal on Powell; Grace Chapel on

Powell; Roman Catholic on Vallejo between Dupont and Stockton, and the First Presbyterian in the Superior Court Rooms at the City Hall. Open air preaching was also given at 2:30 every Sunday in Portsmouth Square, Reverend Taylor officiating.

Speaking of the Superior Court Room calls to mind the Court of First Instance and Judge William B. Almond. The Court of First Instance, created December 12th, 1849, to lift the burden of business from the Alcalde's Court, was restricted to civil cases concerning sums exceeding \$100. Almond was famous for his procedure in court. Slouched back in a tilted chair, his feet on desk or mantel, his hands restlessly rumpling his hair, manicuring his nails, or flicking particles from his lapels, he would handle cases involving fortunes, giving judgment sometimes after hearing half an hour of argument.

He was noted for his just decisions and his cases were seldom appealed. The late Cornelius Cole recalled an occasion when Almond's feet and chair came to the floor after a windy argument on the part of the two counsels.

"Gentlemen," rapped out the judge, "I don't know just what the law in this case is, but I know what it ought to be."

And he gave his decision.

But to return to our story and education. The city still lacked a public library. There was an unsatisfactory substitute in the Merchant's Exchange Reading Room, Montgomery and Washington streets. There one could read papers from all parts of the world. Its competitor was the Clay Street Reading Room, on Clay between Kearny and Montgomery.

The school system was forming in 1850. On April 8th, 1850, the San Francisco Common Council passed an ordinance creating the first public school for the city. Originally there had been a school conducted by the Rev. Williams, but he gave it up to turn his attention to his church. A Massachusetts man named John C. Pelton opened a private school shortly afterwards in the Baptist Church on Washington Street. He furnished the writing tablets and such equipment, but was not required to pay rent. At first he had but three pupils. Later the attendance increased. Tuition fees, donations and the proceeds from the sale of school books were depended upon to pay profits, but they did not, and in the spring of 1850, he appealed to the Common Council. The ordinance of April 8th paved the way for the Council to take over the school, paying Pelton and his wife \$500 a month salary.



It is a long leap from schools to newspapers, but one could do it quite easily in 1850, for the papers were far less sensational and far more near literary excellence than the average today. And 1850 was a year of journalistic births. There was, to begin with, the changing of the *Alta California* from a weekly to a daily. This took place on January 22nd, the weekly being retained as a sort of summary of the news. It might be likened in bulk alone to the weekly supplements of papers today. As for reading matter—that is something else again.

Politics, not the indiscretions of the infamous, filled the greater part of these supplements. Letters from Washington City, New York and Europe were given in full. Printed in fine type, they were heavy with information and education.

Then on January 23rd, the *Journal of Commerce* came into being. Six weeks later the *Pacific News* appeared as a daily. On June 1st, the *San Francisco Daily Herald*, in no way related to a paper of that name today, was first published. The first of August the *Evening Picayune*, first of the evening papers, appeared. Others were the *Courier* and the *Balance*. These gave the city a wealth of journalistic competition.

It might be well, before proceeding to the hospital, cemeteries and various events of the year, to mention the banks. The year was not a happy one for the express companies who conducted banking businesses, or for such people as Henry W. Naglee, James King of William, and Messrs. Burgoyne and Company, as the decline from the pinnacle of finance in 1849 had been a swift and perilous one. Real estate had collapsed, the three largest fires had made matters worse, and to finish the disaster off nicely, people began going bankrupt.

Then firms assigned their properties to their creditors and there was trouble enough. On September 7th, 1850, there was a run on all the banks. Naglee's suspended payment during the day, but the others mentioned managed to keep their doors open throughout the day and well into the night.

Now for the hospital. It was conducted by Dr. Peter Smith, was known as the City Hospital and stood at the corner of Clay and Powell streets. It housed every ill, either mental or physical, and had a hard time of it during that brief but terrifying flurry of cholera in the fall of 1850.

The cholera came over the plains for one thing, and up from the Isthmus for the other. It is said that the steamer "Caroline" brought cholera up from Panama on October 7th, 1850. One-third



of her passengers were buried at sea and the rest came ashore with cholera and Panama fever to give away. It was a short epidemic but the papers ran grim columns for days, listing the cholera deaths.

Fortunately, the new cemetery had been opened months before. Yerba Buena Cemetery it was called and it had been set aside as a burial ground in February, 1850. Hitherto the dead had been put under ground at any convenient spot, sometimes on Telegraph Hill, sometimes on Russian Hill. There were few funeral processions. One merely escorted one's dead to a shallow grave and lowered the cheap coffin into it. If the dead had no one to mourn, so much speedier the burial.

Yerba Buena Cemetery offered little to cheer in either its location or its gardening. In fact, there was not even an attempt at beautifying the graveyard. The little cemetery lay in a hollow among the sandhills. Above creaked the branches of twisted trees and all about were doleful, twisted clumps of brush, shrubs that rustled as if swept by ghostly fingers, and fat tumble weeds, rolling with the gusts of whining wind. A sad and lonely place, that little burying ground.

Speaking of funeral processions, or the lack of them, recalls a momentous cortege which passed through the streets of San Francisco on August 29, 1850. News had arrived of the death of President Taylor and the townsfolk felt moved to fittingly mourn the dead President.

A procession was quickly arranged, in which military and fire companies, Masons and Odd Fellows, the army, navy, the consuls, the city, the State and county officials, citizens of prominence, and the "China Boys," glittering in their costumes and led by As-Sing, marched to the swing of slow and stately music. The Hon. John B. Weller was grand marshal of the affair, which terminated at a speaker's stand on Portsmouth Square. Rev. Augustus Fitch made the prayer and the eulogy was given by Hon. Elcan Heydenfeldt.

Out of this procession grew the Society of California Pioneers. Quite by chance, the pioneers of the new city had chosen to march in a body, and the success of action brought about the organization of the Society on August 31, 1850.

During the following month the first city directory was published. It was a tiny book, holding some 2,500 names, and gotten together by Charles P. Kimball. One gleans much color of the

town from this suggestion printed in the back of the little directory:

"In conclusion we shall touch upon but two things, about which little has been said by others, but which we think are of importance, and first, the one brought more particularly to our notice as connected with this work, that of numbering the Streets.

"Under the present settled state of change it is very plain that all plans of numbering the buildings will very soon become defective from the building-up and tearing-down process continually going on, nor will it be likely to be better for some time to come. . . . Now we enjoy the opinion that we have one . . . , which for all business operations, would answer every purpose. It is this: to have the streets, commencing at Bay street on the north and Front street on the east marked off by posts, or otherwise into spaces of fifteen or twenty feet, more or less, as would seem to be the most convenient. By having these spaces numbered, you have your streets marked off perfectly independent of any change which may occur in the building. This could be done by the city government wholly, or they could merely designate the number of feet to each space, and any one, by means of a map, could easily tell what their number should be, and put them up accordingly. The other subject is that of bell ringing as it is now practiced by our churches. We have seen the whole congregation of a religious meeting start from their seats at the ringing of the bells of other churches, supposing it was for fire and how are our firemen to know whether our bells are ringing to call them with all their powers, to fight the devouring flames, or, with their most devotional feelings, to attend a prayer meeting. . . . This is certainly wrong, and we think our City Council should make it the duty of bell-ringers, in all cases of business or for Church, to set the bells at regular intervals, as they do in the Atlantic cities."

And now we come to the truly great event of the year, the Admission of California into the Union.

During the previous October, the Constitutional Convention was threshing words and precedents in the little town of Monterey. It had been a busy session. But on October 13, 1849, the work had been completed, and Lieutenant Hamilton was finishing the last pages of the great Constitution, his hands stiff and swollen as his pen cautiously traced the letters.

For engrossing the Constitution, Hamilton received \$500, a figure questioned by some. But those who saw Hamilton's hands thought it fair enough.

At any rate the pages were ready for the names of those who were to sign. At one o'clock the convention met for the last time. In fact few had dared to leave the hall for lunch, else the return be too difficult.

Feeble and tremulous, Robert Semple called the session to order. As Halleck, Secretary of State, signed the document, a signal was given and guns began to boom distantly, rumbling over the still water of the crescent-shaped bay. Flags slipped up through the sunlight, and from the main top of a British vessel in the harbor. This was a rare courtesy, for a number of American ships forgot their patriotic manners and left their flags in the lockers below.

Struck with the drama of the occasion, as gun after gun boomed and man after man took up the pen, emotional old John A. Sutter stumbled to his feet, waved his hand over his head and cried:

"Gentlemen, this is the happiest day of my life. It makes me glad to hear those cannon: they remind me of the time when I was a soldier. Yes, I am glad to hear them. This is a great day for California."

Tears glittered on his cheeks. He sat down, confused and trembling, while the great crowd cheered. The thundering of the guns went on as the pen passed from hand to hand. . . .

And so the year had passed. A year and three days, it was, when the Oregon, her masts aflutter with signal flags, her best flags flying from bow to stern, banners on her sides, everyone cheering, loomed around Clark's Point with the news. California was a State; had been since September ninth. Such was isolation in 1850.

Newspapers went mad with ink and speed. The news was on the streets an hour after the vessel appeared. Newspapers sold at from \$1 to \$5 a copy. While the newsboys were scampering about like bewildered water beetles, flags ran up on masts, on hill tops, on flag staffs. Flags of all nations fluttered with that of the United States.

Over on the Plaza two guns barked at intervals, smoking ominously meanwhile, and small boys stood around, fingers ready for small ears, more pleased with the noise than with the cause of all this celebration.

The streets were crowded with jubilant townsfolk. Lights twinkled in windows of buildings and of homes. Balls and

parties were held; there were great bonfires on the hilltops. Rockets cut the night air like shooting stars.

The 29th of October was the day of the big parade. In the *Weekly Pacific News*, published for the steamers "Northerner" and "Panama," the first Admission Day celebration was extolled with much use of adjective and the superlative. Our first Admission Day ceremonies were carried out with all the "pomp and circumstance" that ever commemorated "a festival occasion." It was "gorgeous beyond the most sanguine expectations and as brilliant and attractive as the pageants that characterized the ancient festival days of the Old World."

The sun, peering over Diablo, was greeted that morning by a national salute, fired from the faithful guns on the Plaza, and the flag fluttered up the staff. The public buildings, offices, hotels, and even the ships in the harbor had been decorated to the limit of ingenuity, style, originality and material.

At ten that morning the parade began, forming on Montgomery Street, under Grand Marshal Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson, the right resting on Jackson Street. As it counter-marched, the various organizations fell in line from the side streets. As the parade moved along Montgomery, with bands zooming, horses mincing and prancing, the first of a one hundred cannon salute was fired on the Plaza, under the direction of Lieutenant H. G. Gibson and a detachment from the Company M., 3rd U. S. Artillery.

At the same hour, on September 9th, 1925, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union, the ferry siren screamed the call to whistle and horn, as the police stepped forward up Market Street at the head of a five-hour procession. Thousands and hundreds of thousands lined the streets, peered down from buildings, perched on crazy structures built of boxes on delivery trucks.

Think of that Admission Day parade with its countless costumed marchers, its lines of color, undulating in wave on wave, its flower-covered floats, its entire pageant of history—a procession of the centuries passing by to the lilt of quick music and the rush of cheering voices.

Recall our pride. Then read of the first parade and realize that our pride was empty conceit compared to that of our State makers, for we had abundance to choose from and they had nothing.

The line of march was led by the grand marshal, five aids-in-chief, who were followed by four buglers abreast. Then came the five marshals who were succeeded by a delegation of native Cali-

fornians bearing a banner of thirty-one stars upon a blue satin ground with the gold letters :

*"California, E. Pluribus Unum."*

Next in line were members of the Society of California Pioneers, holding aloft a banner on which appeared a Yankee stepping upon golden shores, an American flag in his hand. Facing him was a native Californian with lasso, serapa and an astonished expression on his face. In the center was the seal of the State and the words :

*"Far West. Eureka, 1846. California Pioneers, organized August, 1850."*

They were followed by a brigade band who, in turn, were succeeded by the California Guards under the command of Capt. W. D. M. Howard.

The Washington Guards came next under Capt. A. Bartol. Next were the marshals' aides and a barouche containing the orator and clergyman of the day. They were succeeded by the officers of the army and navy, "followed by a long array of jolly tars."

Next were the resident Britishers with flags. The China boys, glittering in their costumes and led by As-Sing followed. He carried a flag of blue, trimmed with yellow, capped with rosettes and bearing the inscription in gold, "The China Boys."

Then, glorious sight, came "the triumphal car," drawn by six white horses. On the car were thirty boys, all of the same size, "dressed in black pants and white shirts" and each bearing the national breastplate surmounted by stars and on which was the name of each State. In the center was a little girl in a white dress trimmed with gold and silver lace, bearing a similar breastplate and the word "California." She held a white banner with the inscription "California, the Union. It must be preserved."

Then began the second division, led by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen and judicial officers. There was also "an appropriate and tasty banner, with the words, 'San Francisco, the commercial emporium of the Pacific.'" The police and City Marshal had a blue banner with a gold eagle and the words, "San Francisco Police Department, organized Oct. 12, 1849." With them were the fire companies. The St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company did very well with flags, but the Sansome Hook and Ladder Company went in for stunning all eyes.

A platform had been set up over a truck and on it had been constructed an arch of ladders and pikes. At each corner stood a



boy "appropriately dressed, bearing flags with the inscriptions, 'Though last not least', 'A treasure found', 'Admitted for the good of all' and 'In Union there is strength'." Beneath the arch "was a bright-eyed miss, tastefully dressed" and with the banner "The belle of the Pacific." Above the arch was a flag, "We raze to save" with an American eagle, quite alive, flapping his wings in apprehension and uncertainty.

There followed a "large body of watermen." The banner they carried informed the world that "United we pull a more perfect stroke."

Next in line was a car drawn by four horses. It carried the first cast iron press manufactured in California, and as it passed along the streets the printers on the car threw out copies of the Admission Day Ode, pulling them from the press in a fine show of speed and efficiency.

The rest of the parade was given over to the various lodges: the Masons, Davy Crockett Lodge, Odd Fellows, Society of the Sons of the Pilgrims, Eureka Chapter United Order of United Americans. Then men on foot and horseback and the surging crowd.

It all wound up at the Plaza, where the Rev. R. T. Huddart, Episcopalian, made the prayer of the day, followed by the Hon. Nathaniel Bennett, orator. The ode, written by Mrs. Wills, of Louisiana, was sung by a choir under the direction of Charles Horst and J. F. Atwill. *It was a chorus of from five to ten thousand voices* which joined the choir at the end. Then the five or ten thousand stood up and sang lustily, finally giving nine cheers for the orator, six for the author, three for the grand marshal, three for the mayor, nine for the State and hurried home for dinner.

The grand ball of the evening was something of hitherto undreamed splendor, if one takes the *Pacific News* literally.

In the first place, the evening developed just the kind of a misty fog that real San Franciscans love, and the "brilliant lights" of coal oil lamps peered murkily through the veiled night. There were fireworks, and Montgomery Street from Jackson to Sacramento was one blaze of golden windows. The *Herald*, the *Pica-yune*, the *News*, the Montgomery Baths, Delmonicos, and most of the auction houses and other business places along the street had set lamps in each window. The El Dorado and the Verandah on the corner of Washington and Kearny "made the grandest appearance, owing to the height and their numerous windows on both streets, all brilliantly lighted." The gleaming eyes of the

houses on the hills to the west of town glowed fussily through the fog. Rockets and fireworks swished up through the night from Telegraph Hill. A beacon shone on Goat Island, lighting "the forest of masts" in the bay, and was answered by a similar light on Rincon Point. Guns, pistols, firecrackers and bells filled the night with noise and jubilation, "but not an accident occurred to mar the festivities, other than the melancholy disaster mentioned in another column," which was the explosion of the steamer "Sagamore" while still at the wharf Tuesday afternoon, just before she was to leave for Stockton. Between thirty and forty were killed and many more badly burned. That disaster and the lurking horror of a cholera epidemic did what they could to dampen enthusiasm that day.

The grand ball was held on the lower floor of a "large new building at the corner of Clay and Kearny streets." Twelve musicians (picked and accomplished) worked harder than any synco-pating jazz band of today. Above this dozen of 1850 harmony makers hung a portrait of Washington surmounted by an eagle and surrounded by any quantity of flags, devices and mottoes. Flags, wreaths, banners and greens practically covered the walls.

Busy floor managers hurried about among the crowds. They were J. L. Folsom, Gilmore Meredith, F. C. Bennett, Wm. Burling, Jas. S. Wethered, A. J. Bowie, Lucien Hermann, Jas. E. Wainwright, H. Sparks and J. D. Stevenson.

At half past nine the ball opened with a quadrille waltz. Among those present were: Governor Peter H. Burnett, State Treasurer Major Roman, Gen. Persifer F. Smith, Lt. Gibson, Lt. Stoneman, Col. Hiram Leonard, Major Geary, the Aldermen, army and navy officers, judges and everyone that was anyone.

There were so few women in the city that the reporter devoted many adjectives and much enthusiasm to a column of copy on the charming ladies at the ball. Let us quote:

"The lady of Captain Grayson, the female pioneer of California, dressed with becoming modesty and taste, received much attention. Her sister, Miss Pettit, a sweet little treasure, was a highly prized jewel in the casket. Miss Hill, a tall, graceful lady in white, did not dance as frequently as would have graced the occasion. Mrs. Wm. Hart, the lady of the popular auctioneer in Montgomery Street, was tastefully dressed and danced well. The lady of President Green was in her usual good spirits, while Mrs. J. D. Hawks, a newcomer amongst us, arrived just in time to lend her presence to the enchantment of the scene. Mrs. Wills, the authoress of the Ode, was, of course, among the observed

of all observers. Mrs. Hermann, with her fine bust and graceful carriage, made decidedly a good impression upon all, while her daughter of "sweet sixteen" was as graceful as a sylph, and danced with spirit. Mrs. Wm. N. Burkhead wore a beautiful straw colored satin skirt and black bodice, with appropriate head dress. A gay little widow in white, whose name has escaped us, with a superabundance of laughing curls and a mischievous eye, received the marked attention of the gallant Colonel, who marshaled the procession. Mrs. Wm. Fell, whirled through the mazy waltz with ease and grace. Mrs. Sullivan, who recently escaped from her witching widowhood, appeared in a neat pink satin and danced gracefully. Mrs. T. Maguire wore a pink water silk, fringed with crepe, and appeared in very good taste. Miss Sherwood, a lass from Yankee land, attracted much attention. Miss Bryant wore a figured satin with outside of lace. Mrs. Palmer, the lady of the senior partner of Palmer Cook & Co., was as gay and brilliant as ever, as was Mrs. Noyes, the merchant's lady, as well as Mrs. Hooper, the accomplished lady of one of the firm of Cross, Hobson and Co. Miss Brewer, from the Sandwich Islands, looked exceedingly neat and modest in white. Mrs. Stillman was dressed in blue velvet and danced with becoming grace. Mrs. White, the merchant's lady, wore, very becomingly, a rich pink satin. Mrs. Mellus appeared very modestly attired and was usually entertaining in conversation. Mrs. Capt. Wm. Webster, Mrs. Robert and Miss Gates were each appropriately dressed for the occasion and danced well. Mrs. Roland appeared in white, with a tasty head dress and danced with admirable taste."

And that was San Francisco in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Fifty, when the water had begun to slip back from the growing sands before Montgomery Street, when the songs of '49 stood, freshly printed, on the few pianos of the town, when dunes and swamps lay in lonely wind-swept silence where now a great city thunders night and day.

Before we turn to the genial Johann Knoche and his recollections of that early town, let us consider the rich foreigner who came to San Francisco in 1850 that he might invest a portion of his fortune. He stayed here several days and then left hurriedly—without investing his money. Not long afterwards he wrote to a friend:

"As soon as you reach San Francisco you will think everyone is crazy and without great caution you will be crazy yourself."

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHANN EDUARD KNOCHE

Johann Eduard Knoche is my name. I was born on the first day of March, 1819, in Salzderhelden, on the river Leine, Kingdom of Hanover, Germany, under the reign of King George the IV, who was at the same time King of England.

My father's name was Karl Ludwig Knoche, my mother's maiden name Ernestine John. My father was a linen merchant. This business, up to the time of my birth, had been a flourishing one in Germany. The entire peasantry depended upon it, as they sowed and prepared the flax. Then in winter the women spun it by hand and the men wove it. In spring it was bleached in the sun, and then the merchants bought it and sent it away in all directions. My father sent the cloth mainly to Hamburg, Bremen, Zwoell, Holland and New York, also once to San Domingo (this broke him.)

In my early youth cotton became king. Linen thread sank more and more in value. One merchant after the other failed: as did my father. Thereby he left us children nothing but an education.

I learned the trade of a gold and silver smith, serving five years as an apprentice, father paying one hundred dollars for the privilege. During these years I received nothing but my board.

In 1846 I emigrated to New Orleans. I here found my trade to be a poor one, and as I had an attack of the yellow fever, and as during 1848-1849 the reports of the big lumps of gold in California began to be published and I myself saw samples of the yellow metal from California exhibited in the show windows of Charter Street, I resolved to leave New Orleans. In the spring of 1849 we fortune-seekers left in the bark "Montgomery" for the land of gold, the land of promise! The voyage took nine months and, barring slight mishaps, was a fair one.

Before leaving the Mississippi River one of our passengers died of the cholera and was buried overboard, seaman fashion. Another (four masted) schooner was towed down stream with us; by losing the cable of the tug-boat, she ran into us. Both vessels were considerably damaged, and we went to the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, for repairs. Here we stayed ten days.

The port of Montevideo was next entered to take in water. As we approached we had fine weather. All at once the captain



discerned a small cloud in the distance and declared that a "pampero" was approaching. All sails were taken in. Hardly had the last sheet been rolled up when a storm of terrific force, accompanied by rain and hail, struck us. But for the timely foresight of our captain, we would in all probability have been sunk. As it was, the vessel stood the shock bravely and no damage was done.

Half an hour later we had the finest sunshine. The sailors had to respread and fasten the sails. When just completed, the captain cried out "another pampero." The entire performance was repeated, and soon the mildest of sunshine was again present.

Our ship was run on strict temperance rules, and although our cargo consisted of whisky and flour, not a drop of liquor was to be had. Now when the sailors were so exhausted, some of the passengers secretly gave the men some brandy from their flasks. But again a third "pampero" came. The sailors were worn out. Then the captain came and begged the passengers for whisky for the men; and the latter fought the "pampero" once more. If a fourth had come, we certainly would have been lost, as all sailors were like dead.

We passengers volunteered, brought the ship into harbor and cast anchor. We lay there ten days and saw no more "pamperos." The finest water of our voyage was here taken in; it was rain water caught in stone cisterns.

Montevideo had then been beleaguered for five years by the Argentinians under General Rosas. The latter was entrenched in plain sight of the harbor, between the town proper and a fortified hill opposite the harbor inland. We could see their big flag displayed over their camp. They had fifteen thousand men.

The fortifications of Montevideo were in a pitiable, amusing condition. The walls were about three feet high and were guarded by a few ragged soldiers, some eighty, some fifteen years old. These were clad in a colored woolen shirt, a round woolen cap with a ribbon bearing the number of the company around it, and all were barefooted (whether they had pantaloons or not, I do not remember). On the ramparts I saw a cannon, which was supported on one side by a wheel, the other by a big stone, the wheel having rotted away.

During the fifth year of the siege, 30,000 inhabitants had left the city. A long street of fine buildings and stores was forsaken and empty. The people offered our captain forty dollars a barrel for all the flour on board. But he could not sell as he was bound to deliver it in San Francisco. There it eventually brought less



than ten dollars in retail, after all the high lighterage, etc., had been paid. Meat was forty cents a pound in Montevideo.

In the harbor lay the American man-o-war "St. Louis," Captain Graham, also other warships. When we entered the harbor the St. Louis saluted our flag and we theirs. Afterwards the crew and officers visited us, and we them. We felt at home under the Stars and Stripes.

Our ship was loaded too heavily and some old seamen among the passengers appealed to Captain Graham to force our captain to discharge some of our freight. After an inspection, the commander declared that our ship could pass the Horn and he would not compel the captain to lighten our ship.

However, he said that our second cabin would probably be washed overboard. This was pleasant, for we had twenty-four passengers lodged there in that cabin. But by accident it stayed on and we arrived safely at our destination.

A consolation, however, came from the "St. Louis" in the shape of a present of a big hind-quarter of fresh beef. This was received three times. In the city the beef was forty cents a pound, as before mentioned, but just outside in the land of the hostile Argentinians, as many bullocks as were desired could be bought for two dollars a head. Our warship simply sent a large boat, flying the American flag, around the fortified hill and got all the meat it wanted.

From here we went around the Horn, through the Strait of La Maire. The passage was made on a stormy day and at night the gale drove us back again far into the Atlantic. But the next day we again had good wind and sailed through the Strait again. In the distance we saw Cape Horn, a small, grey rock surrounded by high, foaming breakers.

The captain put into the harbor of Valparaiso to take on water and fresh provisions. Our stay was ten days. We met thirteen vessels there from all parts of the world, bound for California.

The first day out, a very heavy wind from the right direction drove us 240 miles in 17 hours. The passengers thereon began to figure how quickly we should reach San Francisco. Boots and money were bet that we would be there in no time. However, the captain had selected the wrong route; instead of going far out west to catch the trade winds, he kept on straight towards the north. The wind which had been of the very best at the beginning, gradually died out as we reached near the Equator. Here for weeks we hovered, sometimes making one mile in twenty-four

hours, the next day to be sent back half a mile. When we arrived in San Francisco the vessels we had left in Valparaiso had been there three or four weeks already.

Up to this voyage, I had never seen a Chinaman. Our steward and our cook were both Chinese. The former, later on, was prominent in the Mongolian quarter. His sign at the corner of Kearny and Sacramento streets, read: "Chief of the China Boys." He also was interpreter for the missionaries.

In Valparaiso we had heard the latest news from California. Gold was said to be plentiful, but the Americans would not allow the foreigners to dig it in peace. Bloodshed and fighting was prevalent. Then everyone on board of our vessel (including the four ladies), excepting myself and a few other peaceful, timid fellows, armed himself so as to be ready for emergencies. Some carried a rifle and one or more revolvers (of the heavy, old-fashioned, six-barreled ones), perhaps, in addition to an eight or ten-inch bowie knife, or at least a sling shot.

As we entered the harbor of San Francisco and cast anchor, two American boat-men came aboard to carry passengers ashore (one dollar a person). They were thunderstruck when they saw the warlike multitude. They laughed and asked, "For God's sake, where do you want to go to?"

"We are ready to fight the thieving foreigners."

"Well, if you come on shore and show anyone a knife, they will hang you, sure. Today they hung one on shore and another on board a man-o-war."

In less than no time every weapon had disappeared. All conceit had vanished.

After we landed, some went directly to the mines, others found work at good prices. I could find nothing whatever to do. I boarded on North Beach, at Hilke's. The food there was good, plain and substantial, no luxuries. It cost twelve dollars a week.

A fellow passenger, Hohenschild, and myself had bought a tent in Valparaiso. We put it up on Hilke's lot, and paid six dollars ground rent a month. Hohenschild's wife had a baby, and they forced me to take back the money which I had paid, and put me out against my will and protestation (for it was raining fearfully).

At Hilke's the board included the privilege of sleeping in the house, as far as there was room. Every possible place was, therefore, occupied; some lay on the dining table, some underneath, some even camped under the matrimonial bed of Hilke. The

house consisted only of dining room and kitchen. As the ceiling was well made of board, some climbed up by a ladder and slept in the loft.

Now when I was put out of my tent, I tried to find shelter, but every place was occupied. Just then one of the boarders who had the cholera, died; his friends buried him, and to my joy, I got his empty place. There we lay peacefully together like herrings, warmed on each side by a neighbor.

The first work I found was to line a large barn-like house with cleating from the floor to the ceiling—a long and tedious job. At prices then paid for labor, it was certainly worth eighty dollars, but they jewed me down to twenty. Yet I thought it better than nothing and took it. I did not quite make my board by it. The building stood on Jackson Street, a little above Kearny, and as soon as completed, was rented to a Chinaman for one thousand dollars a month rent.

From my shop in Charter Street, New Orleans, I had several dozen watches, some jewelry and my tools. As I could find no work I resolved to risk it and began my old trade again. With this in view I rented from Mobius and Duisenberg a store on the eastern (lower) side of Kearny Street between Pacific and Jackson, about the middle of the block. The store had seven feet frontage, a window, a door and sleeping bunks. There were five steps from the street up on the sidewalk the entire length of the block. My rent was \$175 a month.

On one occasion a man rented a bunk at a dollar for a night. The landlords had a store in the same building. It was fine weather when I moved in and everything looked promising. But as soon as I was installed, it began to rain and it rained in torrents as only a California storm can.

The water came down Telegraph Hill and Pacific Street and brought down to our lower side of Kearny buckets, washtubs, firewood and other trash and mud. The space between street and sidewalk, where the steps were, was filled in. The mud reached the height of my store and swamped me out. I moved.

At the time I rented the store, I had not enough cash to pay in advance and, as was the custom, I showed a letter of introduction to Mr. Burgoyne, the banker, which I had, to Duisenberg. On this he gave me credit to pay the rent in the course of the month as I made it.

During the entire month that I stayed there, travel and business were excellent on the upper (western) side of Kearny, and the

stores there coined money. But to us on the lower side, no one could come without a boat or long rubber boots. So it happened that at the end of the month I had less than at the beginning and could not pay. Mobius was very angry, but Duisenberg let me go in peace. I left them my four trunks as security, which I redeemed as soon as I had the money.

At this time I became acquainted with a man by the name of Von Recklinghausen. Together we started a coffee stand. We rented the privilege to place a table, two by seven feet, on the porch of the City Hotel, at the southwest corner of Kearny and Washington streets, opposite the Plaza, for the sum of one hundred dollars a month. Until then, a cup of coffee in the street had been sold for twenty-five cents; we cut the price to a bit, thereby still making lots of money. Our bill of fare also contained chocolate, tea, bread, pies and cigars.

The business flourished; we took in as high as ninety dollars a day. I now could redeem my trunks. It was hard work to keep such a restaurant in the street during the storms of '49. However, we stuck to it until one day, just after having paid our rent of \$100 in advance the day before, the sheriff came and ordered us to move.

We appealed to our landlord for protection. He said we could arrange it to suit ourselves. The sheriff returned, and as he threatened to throw everything into the street, we vacated.

Then, as February had come, accompanied by sunshine, all our customers who had been detained by the bad weather, rushed off to the mines. We hardly took in two or three dollars a day, so we decided to quit.

At that time we rented, in addition to our coffee stand, a sleeping room in a house at the southern end of Webb Street where the alley goes down from Kearny to Montgomery, in the California Market. Our room was nine by four feet. On the roof side it was two feet high with a window one and one-half feet square. The rent was \$40 a month. Our kitchen was further up the hill on Pine Street, under a bush (where the California Market now is).

We cut our wood further south, near Bush and Dupont streets. The heavy, ceaseless rain made it hard to keep the fire burning. In order to cook the coffee we had to protect the fire with an umbrella, and thereby leave the water run down our backs and soak our shoulders, but we had no time to think of that.



After the beverage was ready it had to be delivered at the City Hotel. To carry two kettles of hot coffee through that mud uphill and down was a hard task.

Webb Street, between California and Sacramento, went through a ravine about fifteen feet deep. One day we found the deepest place filled in with beans and boxes of chewing tobacco.

My partner made coffee at four o'clock in the morning and stood all day, while I ran about on errands.

During the day I wore no stockings, as the mud would flow in at one end and out at the other. At evenings I would take the stand, then, immediately, I would don a pair of dry socks and slippers, thus I never had a cold although exposed to the worst weather.

Late at night when I quit, I put our inventory in a box under our table, took lantern and kettle in hand, the coffee machine with perhaps one or two gallons of hot coffee in it on my back, and started for home. The corner of Kearny and Sacramento streets was a slippery place, and as one side was ten or fifteen feet higher than the other, it occasionally happened that I would slide down with the hot coffee flying over my head and shoulders and down my back.

Our life was a hard one. When we gave up business we decided to have a good sleep. We went to bed and slept two days and two nights at one stretch.

As soon as we could, we had rented a lot twenty-five feet square at the corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. We were situated on a hill about one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the street. We had a fine view of the entire bay and Telegraph Hill.

The rent was \$25 a month. Our landlord kept the Montgomery House below us, adjoining the Russ House. On our ground we built a house with our own hands, carrying the lumber on our shoulders. The edifice had a door and a window, a good floor, and was covered with a kind of felt. The material cost us \$400. Now as we had our own house with four bunks, we felt as happy as the king of the Cannibal Islands.

When we were obliged to give up our coffee stand, my partner followed the example of his customers, and also went to the mines. I tried to sell the house but was unable to do so, and as the landlord wished to cut down my hill to street level, I had to move.

In the winter of 1849 I saw a young negro wearing rubber boots stuck in the mud on Jackson Street above Kearny; as a last



resort, he pulled his feet out of the boots, drew the latter out and walked off barefoot. In Montgomery Street, in 1850, a team was stuck in the mud. The poor horses could not get out; the driver tried everything, but the animals gave up and died on the spot.

Once I heard a baker ask for the price of flour. "Forty dollars," answered the merchant.

"Why, I only paid ten dollars yesterday."

"Yes, but it is forty everywhere today."

At breakfast the next morning the baker raised the price of bread from one dollar to two for five loaves. The landlord refused to give it, but could not get bread in the city for less. He then raised our board from twelve dollars to fourteen, ten to sixteen per week.

In the spring of 1850, as we were building our house, lumber was \$500 per thousand feet, or fifty cents a foot. When I came back from the mines in the fall of 1850, I worked on Broadway near the waterfront. One day we heard a loud crash. Immense quantities of lumber and ready-made houses (which needed only to be placed together) from Boston, New York, Stockholm and Sydney, had been piled so high that the wharves gave way and precipitated them all into the bay. There it lay for months among the piles and no one cared to pick it up. Lumber was so overstocked that it did not pay to do so.

An acquaintance of mine, a bank clerk in New Orleans, had put all his savings, \$3,000, into lumber and sent it to San Francisco. He was obliged to pay one-half of the freight in advance. He came to San Francisco to make his fortune in his investment. The lumber arrived, but he never claimed it, as it would not have paid to bring it on shore.

In 1851 I saw matches being sold daily for forty cents a gross. I could have had as many as I chose, but did not buy. One day I received an order to buy matches. Although I tried hard, few were to be found and those were five dollars a gross, and they remained at this price for a long time.

In 1850 I tried hard to get employment, but could find none. I asked in shops and in stores. I told them I could speak four languages: German, English, French and Spanish, that I would do any work, but nobody wanted me.

Once I carried two boxes of chocolate from one store to another and got \$1 for it—good pay. Another time I carried paper down Clay Street to the old "Niantic," a hard half day's job, for \$1.

This reminds me that later on in 1851, a three-story building was erected on the hull of the old "Niantic" at the corner of Clay and Sansome. There we (the Mariposa Store) rented the store on Clay, paying \$400 a month. Under the floor lay the old hull.

At the end of the first three months it began to rain, and after a little while it commenced to drip into our place, then the water came in torrents. We moved our goods from one place to another all night to try to save them. When morning came I went upstairs to see what kind of a roof we had. I found there was no roof at all. Our landlord, although getting \$400 from us and \$500 from a hardware store adjoining, had not money enough to put on a roof.

After I returned from the mines, I looked again for employment, but in vain. Once I saw a sign, "Men wanted to ship for Panama."

In I went and was told that the captain wanted a cabin boy and to return at three o'clock to sign the articles. Outside I met a friend, who asked me what I was doing in there. When I told him he said, "You are a fool to run off now."

So I promised to try it again. A laborer here advised me to go home and exchange my white shirt for a woolen one and then try. I did, and succeeded and found employment as a plate washer the same day. Since then I have never been out of work. The woolen shirt, I wore a long time as a souvenir of my success.

Soon after I found employment as a waiter at \$80, then as goldsmith, my old trade. The latter on the corner of Clay and Montgomery. Here I made \$8 a day. As goldsmith I had interesting work. At first I made mudlers for bar rooms, mounted meerschau pipes, made thimbles and snuff boxes, and the only pair of spurs I ever saw. All of good fine gold, 20 caret, not 12 as they work now (1890). There never was any complaint that the work was too heavy or took too much time (which items made things costly), but the only consideration was to make things as nice and good as possible.

In our shop we also made some clumsy specimens of California work for the World's Exposition at London. One bracelet weighed a pound; a ring a quarter of a pound. There was nothing handsome about it, but it was typically Californian.

In the restaurant where I was employed as dishwasher, the bill of fare was beef steak, hot cakes and fish balls (made of dried fish and boiled potatoes). Hot cakes done brown was my speciality.

After some failures I became an expert in this manufacture. My wages were \$75 a month, the cook got \$150. We arose at five o'clock in the morning and worked until eleven at night. We slept like rats. One morning they told us that there had been a big fire. I went out and as far as I could see everything was in ashes. But we slept so soundly we had heard nothing.

My boss kept two restaurants, one "Lovejoy" on Broadway, the other farther up town. During the day we saw little of him, as his brother was leader in our establishment. But at night Mr. Brown slept in one of our bunks.

One day there was a big uproar in the other place. A lucky miner had deposited \$6,000 for safe keeping with the bar keeper. During the night the latter was smothered by a robber and the money taken. The bar keeper was accused of theft and imprisoned, but nothing could be proven against him. Then the man declared that Brown himself was the thief. What the final end of it was I do not know.

As soon as I could go, in April, 1850, I, with four other Germans, started on foot for the mines via Pacheco Pass. My companions consisted of two former volunteers of the Stevenson Regiment; one a bookkeeper named Buchholz was from Hamburg; the other, Doctor Muhlhausen, from Cassel; the rest were the two brothers, Jander.

One of the latter, a harness maker, I found to be an apiarist in Anaheim in 1886. The other, a soap maker, for years a porter in a San Francisco dry goods house, was killed by falling into his own vats while pursuing his trade in Los Angeles. Buckhotz I found later, was an inmate of the Mariposa Poorhouse. Our Doctor Muhlhausen worked as a laborer in 1851 in a Mission Dolores brickyard. Afterwards I heard that he was famed as the best physician in Santa Barbara.

When we started for the mines there was no fence from San Francisco to the Mariposa. North of San Mateo Creek there stood an old two-story adobe building, now long gone. As the site of the present city of San Mateo, our eyes, so long used to the bare sand hills of San Francisco, beheld such a paradise of flowers and trees that if we had had the means, we would have settled there on the spot. After passing the San Francisquito (near Palo Alto), we saw a settler erecting the first house. From Lawrence Station to Santa Clara there was no stream bed, but the entire plain was covered with four to six inches of flowing water.

In Santa Clara it was raining for the last time. We found shelter in a two-story adobe house, where the College Theater now stands. Here a crop of fleas of extra quality and enormous quantity made life miserable. In the morning, as soon as we were out of town, we disrobed and sent them to pasture in the green fields of grass.

The Alameda, connecting San Jose and Santa Clara, was a grand sight. The trees were willows with an occasional poplar. They were planted in three rows and were then in their prime, about fifty years old. Such an avenue would have been an ornament to any civilized country, how much more so to this.

In Gilroy we met the old man after whom the town was named. Our first rattlesnake (nine rattles) we met in the San Joaquin Valley. Here, also, one day I was quite a distance ahead of my companions and laid down to take a short nap. When my companions reached me, they awoke me and pointed to two gray animals which were watching me. I thought first they were deer. On looking close I saw they were wolves. These were the only gray wolves I have ever heard of in California.

We camped once where the Merced River joins the San Joaquin. At night our dog made a great noise, but we were too tired to look out. In the morning some one said that a stray mule had been around. A few steps from camp, however, we found the tracks of a huge grizzly, who had been our visitor.

In the celebrated promised land—the mines—I made nothing at all. When I left San Francisco I was well equipped and had \$60 cash. I returned to the city minus everything. In going up my outfit had to be carried on my back. It comprised blankets, blanket-coat, clothing, gunpowder, shot and provisions. It was so heavy that it is a wonder to me that I could have carried it over hills and mountains, but I was young and full of hopes and spirits.

Muhlhausen, Bucholz and I stopped in Aqua Frio. We took possession of a deserted cabin. My partners were old miners and initiated me into the mysteries of my profession. They taught me how to bake flapjacks, using one bacon rind for a fortnight to grease the pan, and how to turn the cakes by throwing them high in the air.

As the others had nothing, I, the capitalist, had to pay for the necessities, such as pick and pan and provisions. Flour cost 30 cents a pound, meat 10 cents and coffee \$2 a pound. The cheapness of the meat was due to the fact that the butchers stole the cattle in the valleys.



Whenever I went to the Mariposa to buy provisions, I also privately indulged in the luxury of a loaf of bread at the cost of 50 cents. Before I got home I had eaten it with as much relish as I would candy. I always had such an appetite.

The first day we sank a hole about five feet deep to pay ground. On returning the next morning our hole was filled with water. I asked the doctor how we were to get down to the bottom now. He whispered, "We must go in at the dry end."

So he jumped into the cold water and commenced to bail it out. I followed. The spot yielded \$4, no more. This did not come up to my expectations, so I sold out. I kept all the gold on hand, the others the inventory of picks, pan, shovel and a little flour. We parted as good friends.

I then went with the Janders further south, where it was said the big coarse gold was to be found. We traveled through a beautiful country, but gold, we found none.

We came to where a small stream (Chowchilla) comes out of the Sierra. There we found an Indian village of forty bark huts, all neat and well made. They were built in a circle and were extremely well swept and clean. Yet they were entirely empty of furniture or living beings.

From here we went east, high up in the mountains, until we found snow (in July). Up here we also found a burned down corral. On the south side this needed no fence as a precipice served instead. Here the Indians had kept their slaughter house and butcher shop. The bones of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of horses lay scattered about. Now everything was empty.

No evidence of the presence of Indians could be seen. Only at one spot in the sand of the creek we found the imprint of a large foot. All the red men had stepped into this footstep, Indian fashion. As our dog had made much noise the night before, they were probably near us, but we did not see them.

Some time previous there had been plenty around. In '48-'49 they worked for General Fremont, who, it was said, had taken out an ox load of gold. Later in 1850, 1851, the State raised volunteers to fight these Indians.

Coming down from the mountains we wandered north. We came to a beautiful spot, a bottom where three small creeks joined, running north and probably the creek which runs by Wawona, on the Yosemite stage road. Here we camped at the base of a large tree. From this base by twos we went prospecting.



It occurred to me that the Indians might take possession of our camp and goods and shoot us with our own rifles, so I returned home to get the guns. Approaching I saw much smoke arising. Suspecting Indians I crawled near, but saw none. The grass had caught fire from the campfire and was burning. I at once tried to save what was possible of our belongings. What was aflame I pulled into the creek, my clothes bag, the pack saddle (we had found a runaway mule that the Janders had brought across the plains) and a tent, all half burnt, so as to be useless. The poorest clothes I had on; my good ones which I had carried way from San Francisco over hill and dale were now burned, so I was about naked. The goods of my companions were not injured. All blankets were saved as well as my blanket-coat. The latter I had to wear in July to cover my nakedness. As I approached my burning sack, I remembered that there were two pound sacks of powder in it, so I rushed to get it out of the way before it exploded. The lead was already molten when I threw it away. I thought they would explode in my hands, they were so hot.

As we were now out of provisions and were discouraged, we gave up prospecting for the coarse gold and dissolved partnership. Just then I was lucky enough to sell my gun, two pounds of powder and some shot to a party of Mexicans for four ounces.

Herewith I settled a debt of \$2.50 with my partners, bought a pair of thin cotton pantaloons, a shirt and some provisions. Shoes I wore no more. I learned, like the Mexicans, to cut sandals from an old pack saddle. Until I reached San Francisco these make-shifts sufficed.

After Janders and I had parted I went to Aqua Frio again. Three weeks before, this had been a lively place, for 800 men were digging there. In the evening there were always several monte games being played on a blanket spread on the ground. Candles gave a brilliant illumination.

Now everything was deserted. When I left the place I met two well dressed gentlemen who turned out to be my old friends Bucholz and the doctor. We sat down to enjoy a good talk, lunch and whisky. They had stayed at the same place, getting one dollar a day per man, but this last week they had struck a rich stream but had exhausted it. They had spent their fine gold on clothes, etc., and now, with well-filled purses, were on their way north, where they expected rich diggings.

For four weeks I then worked on a big bar on the lower Mariposa. The bar was formed by three large boulders. I made one dollar a day, but no more, yet I knew that there was plenty of gold below the boulders at my feet, but I could not get at it, for I was alone and had no money to buy a wheelbarrow, powder or to hire help, so I had to abandon the mines and go to San Francisco.

In 1882, as I came down from a pleasure trip to the Yosemite, I looked up my old haunts again. This particular spot seemed to be gone, as the creeks and surroundings had changed their appearance. After a while I found a friendly Irishman who was glad to talk. This man had a good house, a little garden and a mill with two stamps which he worked with his own water power four months of the year. He recollected this place well and told me that he and four partners had screwed up the boulders with jackscrews and had made \$250 a day to the hand.

Mariposa, which had consisted of 20 tents in my mining days, now (1882) was the county seat. They said that the most gold had been taken out in 1854, while in 1850 we could not make our living, and everybody left as the mines were considered worked out.

From Mariposa to Stockton I rode with a teamster. His span was composed of mules and the wagon had no springs. It cost me half an ounce. All my bones seemed to be shattered from the ride. During the night we saw the tules burning for miles and miles.

Previously I had known the bartender on one of the steamboats, and now I had hoped he would take me down to San Francisco. The fare was \$25 up the river and \$30 down. I found the boat in Stockton, but my friends had gone to the Trinity Mines. They had no compassion and would not take me for nothing.

However, the mate looked at me and offered me a pair of pants. Though I needed them badly, I refused them and told him I never had accepted cast-off clothing and could help myself as soon as I reached San Francisco. I paid \$5 to go down in an open boat. That night I camped somewhere on shore.

In the year 1851, in my boarding house (the William Tell on Bush Street), I became acquainted with two men, Jack Richard of Alsace and Edward Auzerai, a Frenchman from the Normandie. We joined our little capital which made altogether \$1700 and went into partnership. We decided to start in business in San Jose. Our first shop was in an old stable in Pacheco Street. At

that time the first Legislature was in session in San Jose, and Colonel Fremont was running for United States Senator.

Now we helped to elect him by furnishing the necessary moisture. To Fremont's private residence, the El Dorado, by order of his black butler, or manager, I carried on my own shoulders, one after the other, thirty baskets of good champagne, and also the other necessary stuff—wine, gin, whisky and cherry cordial. The bill amounted to \$800, which Fremont honorably paid after the election.

In addition, we had to supply old man Chatel of the Eagle Hotel, close to the State House, with the essential inspiring fluids. Here it was—in the Eagle Hotel—where the legislators and their friends celebrated the election of Fremont by a treat all round. There were so many drinkers that old Chatel and his bartenders could keep no count of it, and when asked, "How much?" said, "I could not keep count, but call it a thousand drinks."

They were paid.

Our business in San Jose rose far beyond our expectations. We made plenty of money; so much in fact, that my greedy partners tried every trick to push me out. When at last I did go, they paid me about half what my share would have been worth, not considering the goodwill. As I did not wish to have a lawsuit, I was forced to draw straws about it. I lost and went. I received \$4,000 for my share. Auzerais bought out Richards six months later for \$11,000. Later on the latter offered Auzerais \$50,000 to be taken back and was laughed at.

After our shop in Pacheco Street, we bought the old gambling house—the Mariposa, and ever afterward the business and, even we, were known as the Mariposa throughout the valley. It made Auzerais the richest man in the county.

As I had always intended to farm, I now rented a portion of the Stockton Ranch, west of the Guadalupe Creek. I planted onions, potatoes and cabbage, had a hard year's work and at the end was \$1,500 short, in spite of the fact that I received \$25 a sack for my last onions and 10 cents a pound for my last potatoes. However, I had little to sell as four-fifths of my crop rotted. It rained so much that it was impossible to get my stuff to market. If I could have done so, I would probably have made \$14,000.

In the autumn of 1852 it began to rain, and it rained and rained, night and day. The river roared and raised. The flood swept over the entire valley. We had to pull out potatoes through the river to the other side and there dry them in order to get

them to Alviso. During this operation I had two mules on the other side. In trying to ford the stream one was almost through when he gave out. I had to plunge in and swim to get near him, when he jumped up and ran out. The other mule I tied to a tree and in the morning found the water had risen and drowned him.

A month before the heavy rains had set in, my brother, sister and a young girl, Louise Seibrecht, had come around the Horn to San Jose. Soon after their arrival, the latter became my wife. At first our honeymoon looked promising, our farm was pleasant enough, but when such a flood set it, it was awful. Night and day we heard the roaring of the Guadalupe. We lived in a tent, intended for summer use only, but the winter and with it the flood, caught us there.

It was a hard life for a young girl just out from the comforts of a civilized country. Like the noble woman that she was, my wife stuck bravely to me through thick and thin. Our summer shelter had to serve us now, as our crop held us all year. Then came the flood. We had the swift flowing water about one and one-half feet deep in our tent. For ten days all our trinkets, firewood, etc., had to be kept in our bunks. The rats and gophers climbed up to save their lives and I had to hit them on the head with a club. We raised our stove so that the fire burned an inch above the flowing water.

Once more I went to town to try my trade, and I combined it with a variety store. The confinement, however, would not agree with me and as it did not pay, I tried farming again. I now purchased a place in the northern part of San Jose. Here I raised apples, chickens and cows; even fine horses. The latter, however, came too high. I imported various fruit trees (prunes and pears) from Germany, also mulberry trees. The latter were planted extensively with the object of raising silk worms. This again proved a failure financially. The fine avenue of mulberry trees is still standing.

Owing to the fact that I bought a small town lot in San Jose on which I built a brick house, and to my wife's hard labor and economy and my own, we are now well to do in our old age.

In 1870 the death of four children drove us to Germany, where we remained four years. In 1890 our oldest son, Gustave Knoche ( a life member of the Pioneer Society) died. Our youngest son and only surviving child is now living with us.



## SCATTERING NOTES

In 1850 I saw one man hanged by law and one man lynched. In 1851 two men hanged from the beams of a house on Battery Street, San Francisco, by the Vigilance Committee.

While I was keeping my coffee stand I had the last watch. I kept open as long as the gambling houses were in full blast and illuminated, for after they were closed the gamblers came after a cup of coffee. They were generally half drunk, made a big bill and paid liberally. Many a time after they were gone, I took my lantern and picked up \$2 to \$5 change which they had scattered around.

So 'twas here on Christmas night I stood when I heard the cry of fire. In no time the whole block below the Plaza, the El Dorado, the elegant Parker House, were ablaze and burnt down. The next morning when passing the El Dorado the cinders were still burning, but the landlord and contractor were on the spot making arrangements for a building. They proceeded to lay the foundation, throwing a bucket of water here and there to quench the flames.

On New Year's Day, January 1st, 1850, accompanied by music and drinking, gambling was in full blast again. The anxiety to rebuild the El Dorado was caused by the high rent the gamblers paid. The building contained about a dozen gambling tables—monte, faro, roulette—and each paid an ounce (\$16) rent per night. Then each drink cost 25 cents, and to animate and encourage the miners to let themselves be robbed, the gamblers treated liberally, all hands round each time spending two or three dollars.

In the fall of 1851 our partner, Richards, was down to San Francisco with the boat to buy goods for our store in San Jose. A German firm offered to put his cash in their safe and he accepted. During the night fire broke out in the upper part of town and the wind drove the flames down to the wharf. Richards ran down to his boat, as the tide was going out and later on it could not be moved. Everybody was rushing his goods down to the wharf and throwing them into the boats. My partner told them to stop, but they heeded not, so he threw the goods overboard as fast as they were thrown in. Finally he succeeded in reaching deep water. The owners of the safe above mentioned, had to move it twice and Richards had to pay \$25 as his share of the drayage.



## A BULL AND BEAR FIGHT

The last bull and bear fight in San Jose took place in 1851. It was set for a certain holy day, Corpus Christi, I believe. A day or two before a number of vaqueroes set out for the Santa Cruz Mountains and lassoed a very big grizzly. He was brought to town on his back, securely tied on a old strong careta. When he arrived at the circus (where the Postoffice now stands) he was unloaded.

Everything was handled on horseback. It was extremely interesting to see the vaqueroes handle the ugly beast. They untied him and on a gallop, dragged him into the arena to a pole rammed into the ground; made him embrace it with his four legs, and wound the lariats around him and the post until he was helpless and looked like a sea lion.

The next day, bulls were dragged in, one at a time. Each was thrown by a horse and lasso and a lariat tied to his front feet, the other end to the hind feet of the bear, then both animals were let loose. The bear had had enough, and tried to escape, but he was dragging the bull also. The latter gave the bear a hook in his hind parts; then the bear turned around and bit him, breaking the bull's jaw bone. Both had enough and would fight no more. In this manner the bear disabled four bulls. It was an interesting, but a cruel and awful sight. Still, ladies were the main spectators.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Johann Eduard Knoche died on October 29, 1903, having survived his wife but a very short time. He was some months over eighty-seven years of age, and of his six children, but one, Louis A. Knoche, lived to mourn the aged pioneer.]















Y0-BTL-103

